

Kriegspiel

Episode One

by

Callum McKay

07925 275978
callum.mckay95@outlook.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CHELSEA BRIDGE - NIGHT

Heavy rain lashes down on the windscreen of a black BMW scything its way through a stream of night buses, taxis and nightclub posers in their modified Subarus. Horns blast and lights flash as the maniac swerves across the lanes into oncoming traffic, darting this way and that.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A frightened man, OWEN REYNOLDS, 30s, is sawing at the wheel as his eyes dart from mirror to mirror through a pair of glasses. There's no obvious threat, but Owen floors it.

EXT. CHELSEA GATE - NIGHT

At the end of the bridge the BMW slews right, barely missing an oncoming bus. It speeds off into the darkness, past a sign reading: Battersea Park, Chelsea Gate.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Owen keeps looking around. He frantically wipes the condensation from his lenses. The momentary distraction sends him veering off course. His eyes widen in fright as he slams on the brakes.

EXT. CHELSEA GATE - NIGHT

A dark blue Volvo enters the park at speed, but its driver is much more in control, there is no sliding or skidding.

EXT. BATTERSEA PARK - NIGHT

Smoke escapes from beneath the twisted metal of the BMW's bonnet. The one remaining headlight dimly illuminates the bollard that the vehicle is wrapped around.

Owen scurries away from the wreckage. He looks around, disorientated. Through the trees he sees the blue flashing lights of justice fast approaching. He turns tail and flees.

A few moments later, the unmarked Volvo arrives.

INT. UNMARKED VOLVO - NIGHT

Blue flashing lights illuminate the wrecked BMW. A fist pounds the wheel. The fist belongs to Police Constable HOLLY RYAN, late-20s, a frustrated scowl on her face.

JORDAN (V.O.)
(through radio)
Lost visual.

Holly presses the talk button on the radio pinned to her sodden stab vest.

HOLLY
(into radio)
Bastard's on foot again. Battersea
Park.

JORDAN (V.O.)
I'll call it in. Sit tight.

HOLLY
We'll lose him.

JORDAN (V.O.)
He's armed and it's pitch black.
Wait out.

Holly impatiently taps the wheel. After a few beats, she unbuckles her seatbelt and steps out into the storm.

EXT. BATTERSEA PARK - NIGHT

Holly staggers through the deluge. A screeching, startled fox gives her a fright. Shaken, she unsheathes her baton. There's a splash, she wheels round to see a silhouette scrambling up from a puddle.

HOLLY
Owen!

Owen takes off down a path. Holly sneaks through the trees to intercept.

EXT. BATTERSEA PARK - NIGHT

Owen reaches a crossroads, lit by a single gloomy Victorian-style lamp. As Holly's nowhere to be seen, Owen catches his breath, only for Holly to charge out from the trees. Startled, he pulls out a pistol. By the feeble glow of the lamp, Holly sees Owen turn it on her.

Bang! Holly hits the deck as the round whizzes over her head. Two more shots zip through the darkness. Owen seizes his chance to bolt towards the exit. Ears ringing and breathing hard, Holly fights to compose herself.

HOLLY
(into radio)
Shots fired.

JORDAN (V.O.)
What? Where --

HOLLY
In pursuit.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Fuck's sake, Holly!

HOLLY

Suspect has left the park, heading
east on Prince of Wales Drive.

JORDAN (V.O.)

AFOs and a dog team are on site,
they'll handle it.

Holly doesn't respond as she reaches the park exit.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Acknowledge my last, constable.

EXT. PRINCE OF WALES DRIVE - NIGHT

Holly barges past a young couple huddled under a large
umbrella.

BOYFRIEND

Watch where you're going, pig!

Holly's only focused on Owen up ahead. Seeing her gaining,
Owen fires two wild, indiscriminate shots. The couple
screams in fright as the rounds pierce the umbrella. Holly
throws herself against a car out of the line of fire.

Owen darts out into the road, waving his pistol menacingly.
Cars screech to a halt, some collide.

Holly clammers over the bonnet of a crashed car. Owen goes
to fire another shot. Click, the magazine is empty.
Desperate, he flees down a side road.

HOLLY

(into radio)

Suspect seen entering Battersea
Academy.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Don't even think about it. Armed
response three minutes out.

EXT. BATTERSEA ACADEMY - NIGHT

Holly scales the locked school gates and silently drops into
a clump of bushes. She scans the playground, everything's
eerily still and quiet.

Baton poised, she skulks across the playground, stopping on
the chequered concrete of an outdoor chessboard. She looks
around until she's spooked by rustling from the bushes
behind her. She squints...

Wham! Out of the darkness, the pistol smacks her in the
face, stunning her. Owen pounces, tackling her to the ground
and punching her in the face.

AFO OFFICER (V.O.)
(through radio)
Control, Trojan, approaching target
location.

They wrestle like wild animals. Holly manages to wield her baton. She swipes frantically.

A crunching thud and cry of pain from Owen signal she's landed a hit. Seizing her opportunity, Holly scrambles to her feet and hits him again.

AFO OFFICER (O.S.)
Armed police!

Torches pick out Holly standing over Owen as the AFOs and JORDAN, late-20s, handsome, also uniformed, approach the scene. It's clear Owen has submitted, but Jordan sees Holly reach to her chest.

JORDAN
Holly!

Holly pulls the trigger and zaps Owen with fifty thousand volts from her Taser. After a few seconds Jordan reaches her, pulling her away from her vanquished adversary.

JORDAN
Enough!

The two lock eyes for a moment.

AFO OFFICER (O.S.)
Shit, can you hear me, mate?

Holly and Jordan turn to see the AFO fighting to hold their suspect down as he writhes and convulses in agony. The Taser has caused him to have a seizure.

JORDAN
Oh Christ, no. I need an ambulance
here now!

Holly looks on, numb from the cold rain and the spectacle unfolding before her.

JORDAN (V.O.)
What the hell were you thinking?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A dank, dark, windowless room. Jordan leans over a table, looking down at Holly sat before him. A sheet of paper rests between them.

HOLLY
I wasn't going to let him get away.

JORDAN

You ignored my direct order, again.

HOLLY

I busted my arse to bring him in.

JORDAN

You took a stupid risk, just so you could play the hero. Then you go and zap him and --

The door flies open, almost off its hinges. Holly snaps to her feet as her boss, INSPECTOR HERRIOT, 50s, enters.

INSPECTOR HERRIOT

Sit.

(to Jordan)

Out.

Jordan exits shaking his head at Holly. She sits, staring at her boss' haggard face, straight into the eyes of a man at the end of his tether. He snatches up the paper.

INSPECTOR HERRIOT

All that time on suspension and you only manage one side of A4?

HOLLY

There wasn't much to say, sir.

INSPECTOR HERRIOT

That's strange because Reynolds' lawyer has plenty to say, namely police brutality.

There's an uncomfortable silence as Herriot reads.

INSPECTOR HERRIOT

(reading)

Resisting arrest?

Holly points to her shiner.

HOLLY

Yes sir.

INSPECTOR HERRIOT

Witness statements confirm Owen Reynolds was incapacitated.

HOLLY

There was a struggle.

INSPECTOR HERRIOT

You disobeyed orders, used excessive force, put my department in the spotlight. I want your transfer request on my desk ASA-bloody-P.

Before Holly can protest, Herriot marches from the room. She watches the door close with a definitive slam.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A grey spectacle. Dilapidated grey blocks of flats line the cracked, potholed grey roads. Even the junkie crouched beside the bins wears a tatty grey fleece.

The only colour, besides the rust on an abandoned Ford Scorpio, is the blue on the uniform of two Police Community Support Officers walking their beat.

The junkie starts coughing violently, one of the PCSOs rushes to his aid. The good Samaritan is PCSO ARJUN RAI, mid-30s, with a long black beard that's well kept. On his head he wears a turban. His partner, DAZ, late-30s, walks a few more paces before turning to look back.

DAZ

Forget him, Arj.

Arjun crouches beside the junkie. As he does, the junkie goes wild-eyed and manic. Arjun tries to restrain him.

ARJUN

Woah, woah, it's okay.

Arjun helps him to his feet, though leaps away in disgust as the junkie vomits against the bins. Arjun releases him and he slopes away. Daz can't help but smirk.

DAZ

Don't know why you bother.

ARJUN

Got to keep the streets safe.

DAZ

Doesn't apply to these streets.

ARJUN

Yeah, well, once I get to Hendon they won't be my problem anymore.

DAZ

Just Amirah to worry about, then?

ARJUN

Leave it.

DAZ

Doesn't take an aspiring detective to figure out what's wrong, mate.

ARJUN

I know what's wrong. I just can't deal with it right now.

Up ahead, a woman screams as a hooded man robs her.

ARJUN

Stop!

Arjun and Daz give chase.

INT. COACH - DUSK

Holly crashes into a seat. The coach is empty except for a few gormless teens and zombified pensioners.

Her phone pings as she receives a text from Inspector Herriot: 'Try not to cock it up.'

Seething, Holly deletes the text. The coach departs and Holly leans despondently against the window, watching her concrete battlefield get left behind.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A beautiful Indian woman, AMIRAH RAI, early-30s, kneels on a prayer mat, lost in contemplation. Her peace is shattered by the deafening roar of a plane landing overhead. Trinkets and photos, including Amirah and Arjun's wedding photo, are shaken perilously close to the edge of a cabinet.

Amirah gathers herself and tries again, but a second plane disturbs her. She admits defeat for another night.

Arjun enters to see her angrily balling up the prayer rug and flinging it onto the sofa.

AMIRAH

They get lower every day.

ARJUN

Hello to you, too.

Amirah breathes deeply, composing herself. She picks up the prayer mat and folds it properly.

AMIRAH

Sorry.

ARJUN

Don't be. They're a pain in the arse.

A third plane flies overhead, as if proving his point.

AMIRAH

You know the worst thing about all those planes flying over?

ARJUN

What?

AMIRAH

That I'm not on any of them.

ARJUN

I'm working on it. I just need you
to wait for me a little longer.

Arjun pulls her into a hug. They share a moment of affection. When a fourth plane ruins that too, Amirah pushes Arjun away and retreats into the bedroom, leaving Arjun alone to curse his lot.

INT. COACH - DAWN

Holly slowly wakes in her seat, stretching and nursing a pain in her neck. Her window is filled with vast moorlands that are shrouded in mist from constant, miserable drizzle.

The coach passes a road sign: Welcome to Cornwall.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The drizzle is unrelenting as Holly trudges up the steps to the station.

INT. MCCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

A basic office. Industrial fluorescent lights bathe the tiny room in a cold light. Holly bounces on the spot, struggling to get warm as she looks around.

The room is dotted with hints of a distinguished past. Behind the door, a dusty baton of honour is nestled on the end of a shelf. On the wall is a hand written letter of thanks. It's framed, but clearly been crumpled and torn before it was hung up.

Behind the neatly arranged desk, Holly spots another frame, poking out behind a rain coat hanging on a hook on the wall. She goes to push the coat out the way to see it...

A man enters. She jumps away from the coat to face her new commander: Chief Inspector DUNCAN MCCLAIR, early-50s, Scottish. He carries two cups of tea. Holly notices his right hand is trembling.

MCCLAIR

You should have said you were
coming. I'd have sent Roy.

HOLLY

Couldn't get a signal.

MCCLAIR

Aye, we're in the sticks here.

HOLLY

Out of the way.

MCCLAIR

You got a problem with that,
constable?

HOLLY

No sir.

MCCLAIR

Good. Because Inspector Herriot
told me about you.

HOLLY

I'm sure he did.

MCCLAIR

There are no heroes here, and
that's the way I like it. Clear?

HOLLY

Sir.

MCCLAIR

In that case, something to get you
started.

He hands her a file. Holly skims through it, less than
impressed.

EXT. ALLOTMENT - DAY

Holly shakes from the cold rain, struggling to take notes in
her saturated pad as TED MOLE, 60s, a rural Cornishman, digs
up mud.

TED

Not like her to go wandering off.

HOLLY

Did you check the local shelter
before calling the police, Mr Mole?

TED

There ain't no shelter.

HOLLY

Has she gone missing before?

TED

No. Just told you, didn't I? Not
like her to run off.

HOLLY

Right, sorry.

TED

Reckon something spooked her.

HOLLY

She's just lost, Mr Mole. Dogs get lost all the time.

TED

You'd better go out and find her then.

HOLLY

We're doing what we can.

TED

You ain't going to find her here, are you? She wouldn't be lost if she were here. Bloody time waster.

Ted shuffles away. Holly, taken aback, scribbles 'time waster' in her notepad.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET/THE CHAIN LOCKER - DUSK

Holly walks alone through the drizzle. She arrives outside the local pub, only to see it boarded up. With a look of glum resignation, she walks on.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The lights flicker as Holly bangs the ancient fuse box in frustration. They fail, plunging her cottage into darkness. Her phone torch lights the way to the living room.

Her face is illuminated by the glow of her laptop. She scrolls through Twitter posts by the Met Police commending their officers for arrests and distinguished work.

HOLLY (V.O.)

This can't be it.

INT. MCCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

A stand off. Holly is up in McClair's face as if they're about to go the full twelve rounds.

MCCLAIR

This isn't London. We don't face the Purge every other day.

HOLLY

You could have fooled me. In two weeks I've had nothing but graffitiiing, bank card theft, lost dog --

MCCLAIR

How's that coming along?

HOLLY

Fucking crime of the century.

MCCLAIR

So what? You'd rather some
axe-wielding nutcase butchering his
way around town? Something juicy to
catapult you out of here?

HOLLY

Which do you want me to answer
first, sir?

A tense moment between them.

MCCLAIR

You bolloxed it up in London, and
you'll go the same way here, so
sort yourself out.

HOLLY

I didn't --

MCCLAIR

Don't argue with me. Go on, get
out, get to work.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Holly throws off her soaking coat and dumps a carrier bag
onto the dining table. Grabbing a glass, she unpacks four
bottles of red wine. Cracking one open, she sits at the
table, silently drinking and staring into space.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A cramped room that time seems to have forgotten. Flecks of
paint peeling from the walls, a broken clock hangs beside a
faded football poster from the 1970s. Photos of officers
long gone stand on filthy, cobwebbed shelves.

Holly's head rests on her hand as she absent-mindedly trawls
through the national crime database. An email flashes up:
'Duncan McClair RE. Missing Dog.' Holly ignores it.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Holly silently sits drinking her wine. The lights flicker,
Holly does not react except for despondently glugging the
whole glass and pouring another.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

The howling wind rouses Holly from her slumber. Groggy, she
sits up. As she does she puts her foot straight through her
empty glass lying forgotten on the Merlot-stained carpet.

HOLLY

Shit!

She clasps her foot, gingerly brushing off shards of glass.
Holly fights back tears, tears that quickly turn to anger.

Opening Twitter, she writes a post: 'Only in this country could a dedicated cop be punished for wanting to make a difference. #ThinBlueLine #victim.'

INT. MCCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

McClair sits at his desk. Holly stands before him.

MCCLAIR
I don't tolerate tardiness.

HOLLY
Did I miss anything?

MCCLAIR
No.

HOLLY
Didn't think so.

Holly, realising her insolence, looks meekly at her shoes.

MCCLAIR
If you've got something to say I suggest you say it.

HOLLY
It's not what you think.

MCCLAIR
Yes, it is. Sit.

Holly does.

MCCLAIR
You look like death.

HOLLY
Feel it too, sir.

MCCLAIR
You've been looking like this more and more recently.

HOLLY
Nothing else to do around here.

MCCLAIR
You're bitter. I get it. Do yourself a favour, accept your lot. You'll go spare, otherwise.

HOLLY
Is that what you did?

MCCLAIR
Excuse me?

HOLLY
Met police baton of honour.

MCCLAIR
What about it?

HOLLY
How does Hendon's top recruit end up here?

McClair's hand tremors again. He clenches it tightly.

MCCLAIR
Don't be late again, Holly.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Holly squeezes behind her desk. Across the room is her colleague, ROY, late-40s. His coffee mug hovers at his mouth, he's too absorbed in his phone to drink.

HOLLY
Roy?

ROY
You've caused quite a stir.

He holds up his phone so Holly can see. Holly's Twitter post has received hundreds of supportive and abusive comments.

Among them is a post from an anonymous user, commenting, 'That won't do. Something must be done.'

INT. OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: Two months later.

Holly, McClair and Roy are gathered around an old TV. A picture of a middle-aged man is shown with the caption: 'Sir Murray Leslie missing.'

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
(on TV screen)
The actor's disappearance is the latest in a series of missing persons cases, though police insist the incidents are not connected.

MCCLAIR
How many's that now? Seven? Eight?

HOLLY
Who cares? Not our problem.

A handsome young man appears on the screen. Holly sits up in disbelief. It's Jordan, outside Scotland Yard being bombarded by the press.

HOLLY
Smarmy git made detective.

MCCLAIR
He's just fodder for those
vultures.

JORDAN (V.O.)
(on TV screen)
Sir Murray Leslie is considered a
national treasure. Needless to say
we are treating this as suspicious,
and are doing all we can to return
him to his loved ones. Thank you.

There's a bang from the end of the room.

HOLLY
Keep it down. We're watching this.

ROY
Lord Almighty.

Holly turns to look. She stands, shocked by the sight before her.

A young woman stands in a blood-soaked chequered pattern dress, gagging and choking. Holly rushes to her just as she collapses. McClair looks on, dumbstruck, his hand trembling.

MCCLAIR
Oh God, no.

HOLLY
Call an ambulance! Come on love,
just breathe for me. Just breathe.

Holly tries to help but it's no good. She sees the terror in the woman's eyes as the life drains out of her.

A moment of stunned silence as Holly backs away.

MCCLAIR
Get yourself cleaned up.

Holly looks at her blood-stained hands and slowly exits, leaving McClair alone. He battles to suppress tears as he stares at the woman lying dead in the office.

EXT. STREET/GURDWARA - DAY

Arjun and Amirah meander through the bleak urban jungle. A HOMELESS WOMAN approaches.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Got any change?

Arjun drops some shrapnel into her hand.

HOMELESS WOMAN

That all?

Arjun tries to hurry Amirah past, but the woman blocks them.

ARJUN

I haven't got any more.

HOMELESS WOMAN

What 'bout her?

Arjun shoves past and shepherds Amirah along.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Cheapskate!

After a few brisk paces, Arjun looks back, the woman's vanished in a haze of street fumes.

ARJUN

You all right?

AMIRAH

It's nothing new.

ARJUN

Look, I promise, after graduation things will be different.

AMIRAH

Only thing that will be different is your uniform. Nothing changes.

ARJUN

It will. I'll make sure.

They reach the street's only clean building, the Gurdwara. There's the blast of a car horn. The driver faces up to a pedestrian. Arjun and Amirah pass as the first punch lands.

ARJUN

I might just, I mean I should probably...

Arjun turns back to break up the scuffle. Amirah waits outside the Gurdwara, her face a picture of disdain.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Holly ignores the usual flickering lights. Her wine is untouched as she studies the crime scene photos.

There's a knock at the door. She answers it and is surprised to see McClair standing before her, visibly distressed.

HOLLY

Sir? Is something wrong?

MCCLAIR

Sorry, I know it's late, but...

Holly pulls him inside.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

McClair sits clutching his trembling hand as Holly pours him some wine. He looks to the flickering lights.

MCCLAIR

That not bother you?

HOLLY

They'll be fine in a minute.
Here...

She hands him a glass.

HOLLY

Plenty more where that came from.
You need it more than me for once.

MCCLAIR

That's why I came to you and not
Roy.

Holly gives an uneasy laugh, trying to make McClair comfortable. McClair swirls his wine but doesn't drink.

HOLLY

You knew the victim?

MCCLAIR

Hannah Bailey. She taught at the
local school.

HOLLY

Not the sort of place you make
enemies.

MCCLAIR

She had no enemies. She was a gem.

HOLLY

Obviously someone disagreed.

Holly notices the colour's drained from McClair's face.

HOLLY

She was special to you?

He nods.

HOLLY

Bit young for you, wasn't she?

MCCLAIR

Fuck you. Just because someone's special doesn't mean you want to explore the bedsheets with them.

HOLLY

Sorry. What then?

MCCLAIR

When I first got here. She...
She...

HOLLY

She helped you accept this place.

MCCLAIR

No one wants to come here. She helped me get past that.

HOLLY

So why did you come here?

MCCLAIR

Got anything stronger?

McClair hands back the untouched glass of wine.

HOLLY

Afraid not. Shop's only got cheap scotch and I learned during training never to touch that stuff.

McClair gives a small smile.

MCCLAIR

I'm letting Roy take the reigns on this one.

HOLLY

Why?

MCCLAIR

He's my most experienced officer.

HOLLY

That's just a nice way of saying he's been here longer than the wallpaper.

MCCLAIR

He knows how to get the job done.

HOLLY

More than me? He's a nice guy, but he's hardly experienced when it comes to serious crime.

MCCLAIR

You have him there, I admit.

HOLLY

Well then.

MCCLAIR

He wouldn't make a big deal out of it. He wouldn't, for example, see it as his ticket back to London.

Holly's visibly stung by this remark.

MCCLAIR

Tell me I'm wrong.

HOLLY

You're wrong, sir. A woman's dead. Finding her killer is what matters.

McClair ponders this before squaring up to Holly.

MCCLAIR

This is no blockbuster, do you hear?

HOLLY

Sir.

MCCLAIR

Say it.

HOLLY

Not a blockbuster.

MCCLAIR

Keep your head down, crack on, and find this bastard.

Holly waits for McClair to exit before returning to the crime scene photos. She toasts them with his wine glass.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Holly crouches beside Roy, examining CCTV footage of Hannah Bailey staggering into the police station.

HOLLY

She can't have travelled far on foot. Any other cameras we can use to retrace her steps?

ROY

Afraid not.

Holly looks out of the window at the familiar drizzle.

HOLLY

And it's not like we can follow the blood trail.

A commotion can be heard beyond the office doors.

ROY

Old Mr Porter's mouthing off again.

HOLLY

Probably had his turnips nicked.

Holly and Roy are alarmed by a mob of parents charging in.

PCSO #1 (O.S.)

You can't go in there!

PARENT #1

Officer! Please, please give me some good news. We can't bear not knowing.

HOLLY

I'm sorry?

PARENT #1

Our son? I reported him missing last night. You must have something, anything, that you can tell us.

A number of other parents chime in, echoing their leader's desperate pleas.

HOLLY

We're still looking for your son, sir.

She gives a subtle look to Roy, who's staring at her, utterly lost.

PARENT #2

What about our daughter?

PARENT #3

And ours?

Holly's phone vibrates with a message.

HOLLY

I've just had an update. Try to remain calm.

(to Roy)

I'll be back.

ROY

Holly?

Two PCSOs try to pacify the mob as Holly battles through.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

A cold, sterile room. Hannah Bailey lies under a sheet on a stainless steel operating table. The PATHOLOGIST leans over her.

She fishes around her throat with a pair of tweezers as Holly inspects Hannah's bloodied clothes.

HOLLY

What a mess. So come on, doc, who we looking for? Freddie or Jason?

PATHOLOGIST

Neither.

HOLLY

With that amount of blood?

The Pathologist lifts up the sheet to show Hannah's body.

PATHOLOGIST

Not a scratch.

HOLLY

It's not hers?

The Pathologist shakes her head.

PATHOLOGIST

Forensics haven't got a match yet.

HOLLY

So it could be Freddie or Jason?

PATHOLOGIST

How many slashers self-harm to this extent before they get down to business, or rather, don't get down to business?

HOLLY

Okay, point taken. But this is murder? Tell me it's a murder.

PATHOLOGIST

Definitely, and not a pleasant one. Cause of death was asphyxiation. I just don't know what on yet, the bugger's lodged right in there.

The Pathologist picks up a scalpel and makes an incision in Hannah's throat. Holly struggles to look.

HOLLY

You couldn't have done this before you called me?

PATHOLOGIST

Huh, that's a new one.

Holly leans in to see the Pathologist pulling out of Hannah's throat: a chess piece.

HOLLY

A pawn?

The Pathologist photographs it and drops it in an evidence bag. Holly examines it, on the base is written 'E4'.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Holly enters, lost in her thoughts. She collides with Roy. He's flustered and sweaty.

HOLLY

Roy?

ROY

Eight. Eight kids missing.

HOLLY

Jesus. Okay, what do we know?

ROY

If we had a fan, the shit would have hit it by now.

HOLLY

That's a given. Anything useful?

ROY

The parents stopped wailing at me long enough to say the kids were on a school trip out on Bodmin Moor, under the supervision of...

Roy loads up a class photo. Front and centre is...

HOLLY

Hannah Bailey.

ROY

Perhaps the blood's from the kids if she fought to save them?

HOLLY

Or it's our kidnapper's.

Holly's phone pings with an email. She opens it and freezes, struck dumb in disbelief.

ROY

Holly?

She shows him the phone.

ROY

That can't be right.

INT. MCCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

McClair looks at the frame on his wall. When Holly barges in he hurriedly covers it back up.

MCCLAIR
Jesus, Holly, what?

HOLLY
Hannah Bailey, sir. We've got a DNA match to the blood. You're not going to believe this.

She hands over her phone.

MCCLAIR
You're sure?

HOLLY
Hundred percent.

McClair stares at the phone. The mugshot staring back is none other than Sir Murray Leslie.

INT. LA PALMA - DUSK

Arjun and Amirah are bathed in blood red mood lighting of a greasy spoon posing as an Italian restaurant. Nestled by the window, they keep to themselves as a few patrons watch a commotion unfolding before them.

DINER
This is fucking dog food!

MANAGER
You don't like, you pay and you fuck off!

Arjun glances over. Amirah's fighting to block it out.

AMIRAH
Can't even have a romantic meal without something ruining it.

ARJUN
Just ignore it.

AMIRAH
Been trying that for years.

Arjun holds his glass aloft.

ARJUN
To our future.

Amirah reluctantly toasts Arjun's smudged, unwashed glass.

ARJUN
Not long now.

Amirah picks a hair out of her tiramisu.

ARJUN

I know it's not ideal, but it's just --

AMIRAH

Don't tell me it's just a little longer. It's six months. Six months you expect me to be alone, here.

ARJUN

You manage just fine as it is.

A moment as Arjun realises he's put his foot in it.

ARJUN

I mean --

AMIRAH

I know what you mean. It's fine. I'm fine playing second fiddle to your job. I'm fine being left alone in this godforsaken place. I'm fine putting up with the same empty promises day in, day out.

ARJUN

Amirah...

AMIRAH

Aren't you going to be late for another night shift?

Arjun stays put, though he checks his watch.

AMIRAH

Don't let me keep you.

Dejected, Arjun exits, leaving cash on the table. Amirah doesn't look at him as he leaves. A few moments after he's left, there's a knock on the window. Amirah turns to see a gang of teenagers making lewd gestures. One thrusts at her.

TEENAGER

Oi babe! He wants you to suck him off!

The teenagers all laugh as they run away, leaving Amirah alone, the darkness hiding her tears.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Holly stares vacantly at her computer. Roy enters cradling a mug of coffee like a newborn baby. He sips it.

ROY

Sweet nectar.

Holly thumps her computer.

ROY

No luck on a connection?

HOLLY

Plenty, all of it bad. I mean if I said to you Hannah Bailey, eight kids and a celebrity, you'd say...

ROY

Walked into a pub?

They break into hysterical, exhausted laughter.

HOLLY

National treasure goes missing, school teacher murdered, eight children snatched. What links them?

ROY

Sir Murray disappeared first, what if he managed to escape, but his kidnapper caught up with him? Maybe Hannah and the kids were just wrong place, wrong time?

HOLLY

You serious?

ROY

Twenty quid.

HOLLY

So Sir Murray disappears from his London home, rocks up on Bodmin Moor chased by his kidnapper and happens to run into a party of school kids.

ROY

You read about stranger things.

HOLLY

I'm not finished. He's recaptured, so his kidnapper cuts him, makes him bleed all over Hannah, chokes her with a pawn he happens to have with him, and bundles them all into the minibus? Then he drives into town and orders Hannah to come here, before vanishing without a trace?

ROY

Right now if you've got anything better I'm all ears.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - NIGHT

Arjun and Daz patrol a wasteland surrounded by ugly council apartment blocks. Gnarled trees and overgrown bushes block the street lamps, casting long shadows that make it look as if they're walking through a haunted forest.

They pass the grey junkie who's sleeping on a bench.

DAZ

It's your friend.

Arjun doesn't bat an eyelid.

DAZ

Hey, come on, she's just upset.

ARJUN

I'm losing her, Daz. She wants me to choose between her and the job.

DAZ

No, she's not. She's forcing you to choose between her and your dream. Big difference. This is a job, and this is shit. You get through Hendon and you're on to the big time, but you need Amirah with you.

ARJUN

You think I don't know that?

SKINHEAD #1 (O.S.)

Oi! Raghead!

Arjun and Daz turn to see a gang of young skinheads approaching them.

ARJUN

What did you say?

SKINHEAD #2

You heard him, Paki. Jog on, this is our turf.

DAZ

Watch it.

SKINHEAD #1

What's he gonna do? Blow me up?

Arjun and Daz cover their faces as the skinheads start pelting them with stones. Arjun howls in pain as one strikes him in the back of the head. He collapses to the ground, clutching his wound as blood seeps through his fingers.

Daz hauls Arjun to his feet as the skinheads advance on them and together they flee.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Arjun and Daz hide, melting into the shadows of some filthy industrial bins. Daz splashes in a foul puddle.

 DAZ
This is piss, I swear.

 ARJUN
Shhh.

Arjun watches as the gang saunters away, all still laughing.

 DAZ
Fuck this beat, man.

A sudden thud gets their attention. A silhouette stands at the end of the alley over what appears to be a large sack.

 ARJUN
Fly tipper?

They emerge from their hiding place.

 DAZ
'Scuse me, mate.

The silhouette looks up at them and immediately flees. Daz and Arjun give chase with Arjun holding his head wound.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Arjun and Daz burst onto the street and are trapped in a mass of vagabonds, crackheads and night crawlers, all lost in the fog of burning weed and engine fumes.

 ARJUN
Move! Police!

There is a cry of sarcastic cheers.

 VAGRANT
Head's up! Plod's out and about!

The rabble closes around Arjun and Daz. They struggle but Arjun sees their suspect disappear into the night.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Arjun and Daz return to the gloomy alleyway, guided by their phone torches. Arjun kicks the wall.

 DAZ
Forget it, mate. One fly tipper
won't make a difference.

Arjun's light shines over the sack. It doesn't look like hedge trimmings. He kneels beside it and loosens the strings to prise it open.

DAZ

Oh Christ.

Daz steps away, gagging. Arjun pushes himself up against the alley wall, trapped, with nowhere to look but straight into the face of a dead woman.

INT. MCCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

McClair stares through a broken slat in his blinds out at a gathering of reporters braving the drizzle.

His tremor starts again.

HOLLY (O.S.)

Sir.

MCCLAIR

One of the parents must have tipped them off.

HOLLY

They're asking for a statement.

MCCLAIR

Give them nothing. You hear me?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Holly looks out of the window with Roy.

HOLLY

We can't just not release a statement, can we?

ROY

I'm staying out of it.

HOLLY

They must know the kids are missing. An appeal for information might --

ROY

Hol, McClair said give them nothing. In my experience with him that's usually what's best.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Holly is assaulted with microphones and camera flashes. She's overwhelmed as journalists bombard her with questions.

INT. POLICE STATION - LONDON - NIGHT

Arjun's chained to his desk, sifting through menial paperwork as he talks on the phone.

ARJUN
 (into phone)
 We got them on bodycam, what more
 do you need?... That's ridiculous
 and you know it.

Daz reaches him just as he slams the phone down.

DAZ
 No dice?

ARJUN
 Insufficient evidence my arse.

DAZ
 Forget trying to investigate. Let's
 just bulldoze the place, do the
 world a favour.

Arjun receives a text message from Amirah. Daz leans over to
 read it: 'Get toilet roll'.

DAZ
 Wow, poetry.

ARJUN
 Leave it.

DAZ
 Still no progress?

ARJUN
 That look like progress to you?

DAZ
 I'd have thought she'd at least be
 a bit more sympathetic after seeing
 your war wound.

ARJUN
 I haven't exactly shown her yet.

DAZ
 Mate...

ARJUN
 I know what she'd say.

DAZ
 So face the music.

ARJUN
 I will.

DAZ
 Are you even meant to be on
 tonight?

Arjun says nothing.

DAZ

Jesus.

Arjun stares at the floor wrapping his hands over his head. He recoils in pain as he brushes the large scab on his neck.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arjun cowers as Amirah strikes him, tears streaming down her face.

ARJUN

I'm sorry.

AMIRAH

So am I. Sorry I ever came here.

ARJUN

You came because you love me, and I love you.

AMIRAH

But I'm still here because you love your job more.

A plane causes the house to rattle. It's all she needs to unleash a fresh round of strikes on Arjun.

ARJUN

How many times? After Hendon things will be different.

AMIRAH

You're not seriously still going?

ARJUN

Of course I'm still going.

AMIRAH

So even physical and racial assault can't change your mind?

ARJUN

The assault is why I have to go.

AMIRAH

Listen to yourself, acting like some saviour of the damned. You'd rather make things right for them than your own wife.

ARJUN

I wonder why?!

Arjun realises too late he's crossed the line. The painful silence is broken only by another infernal aircraft.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Holly shivers with every step through the familiar drizzle. Her phone rings.

HOLLY
(into phone)
Not like you to phone, Roy.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Roy's staring anxiously out the window.

ROY
(into phone)
Holly, what have you done?

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION.

HOLLY
I had a rough night. Look, I'm not far away, McClair won't be bothered if I'm only a few minutes late.

ROY
What? No, I mean --

Roy falls silent as McClair walks briskly past into his office, slamming his door behind him.

ROY
(into phone)
Just hurry up and get here.

Roy hangs up. Holly pockets her phone, nonplussed. She walks on, fighting the wind to keep her coat hood up.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Holly is blindsided by the mass of reporters who have descended on the police station. They're crowded around her, bombarding her with questions.

REPORTER #1
PC Ryan, do you know who made the post?

REPORTER #2
Have you made any arrests?

HOLLY
I can't comment on --

REPORTER #2
Any leads on the children?

HOLLY
I'm sorry, I can't --

REPORTER #1

How are Sir Murray and the children connected?

HOLLY

What did you say?

Before Holly can get an answer, she is buffeted by the crowd towards the police station.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Holly enters, bewildered, to see McClair and Roy watching the TV. An interview with Holly is playing.

HOLLY (V.O.)

(on TV screen)

We are doing all we can to locate these children and return them safely home.

HOLLY

Sir, we might have a problem.

McClair doesn't look at her.

MCCLAIR

I told you to give them nothing.

HOLLY

I didn't.

MCCLAIR

What do you call this, then?

He points to the TV screen.

HOLLY

I had to give them a statement.

MCCLAIR

Did you now?

HOLLY

I told them what they already knew, the kids are missing, we're looking for them.

MCCLAIR

Which they'll still use against us.

HOLLY

I'd like to see them try.

MCCLAIR

Shut up. What did I say?

HOLLY

Give them nothing.

MCCLAIR

This is not a blockbuster!

HOLLY

Sir, what you see is all I said.

MCCLAIR

And a little bird told them of Sir Murray's link with the kids?

HOLLY

That's the problem I wanted to talk about, sir.

MCCLAIR

You're telling me with a straight face you don't know about this?

HOLLY

Sir?

ROY

Have you not checked your Twitter?

HOLLY

No.

Roy opens Holly's Twitter profile. Her cover photo has been changed to a picture of the eight kids. They're stood, blindfolded, in front of Sir Murray Leslie, lying on the ground, bound, gagged and blindfolded. They're pictured in front of a white stone wall.

HOLLY

The sick bastard hacked my account.

Roy scrolls down Holly's feed past tweets linking to news stories about the image.

ROY

It was originally uploaded as a comment to a post you made.

He reaches Holly's drunken outburst. The photo is posted by an anonymous account. It has thousands of comments.

HOLLY

Can you track the IP address?

MCCLAIR

That's it. My office, Holly, now.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A smart black Volvo pulls up and is swamped by the press. A man steps out carrying a briefcase. A few reporters recognise him.

REPORTER #1

Detective!

He runs the gauntlet to the station.

REPORTER #2

Will the Met be taking over this case?

INT. MCCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

McClair paces restlessly. Holly remains still.

MCCLAIR

Explain.

HOLLY

Sir?

MCCLAIR

Posting something like that?

HOLLY

You can't seriously think that image was me?

MCCLAIR

Obviously not. Your original post, what were you thinking?

HOLLY

I don't know. I was drunk and upset.

MCCLAIR

You were irresponsible and foolish.

HOLLY

What?

MCCLAIR

Victimised officer solves murder, saves missing kids. You thought this has blockbuster written all over.

HOLLY

I posted that back when you had me on lost dog duty.

MCCLAIR

You think that matters to those parasites?

HOLLY

I don't care what matters to them. I care about solving the case.

MCCLAIR

And if you fail? You've put the sword of Damocles over our heads.

HOLLY

Our?

MCCLAIR

Who gave you the case?

The door opens and Jordan saunters in, brandishing his Met Police warrant card in Holly's astonished face.

MCCLAIR

You heard of knocking, laddie?

JORDAN

DC Jordan Rose. I did phone ahead.

HOLLY

Must have missed it, we're very busy.

JORDAN

I noticed.

MCCLAIR

First the press. Now the Met. You can't just leave us be?

JORDAN

Afraid not, sir.

MCCLAIR

(to Holly)

You'd better solve this. Because I won't be their fall guy, not again.

HOLLY

Sir?

McClair realises he's said too much.

MCCLAIR

Go on, and get this snotty wee toerag out of my sight.

HOLLY

Gladly.

Holly escorts Jordan from the office. McClair sinks into his chair, head buried in his hands.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Holly leads Jordan to her desk.

JORDAN

What's his beef?

HOLLY

You by the looks of it, and he's not alone. What the hell are you doing here?

JORDAN

I'm with CID.

HOLLY

So you just popped in to rub it in my face? Thanks a lot, detective.

JORDAN

Come off it. Sir Murray's my case.

HOLLY

He's linked to my investigation.

JORDAN

Well done you.

HOLLY

I don't need you to solve this, you pompous twat.

Jordan sets his briefcase down on Holly's desk.

JORDAN

Shall I leave you to guess the combination, then?

Holly glowers at him. After a few beats she relents. Jordan unlocks it with a smug smirk and hands over a file.

Holly examines a selection of crime scene photos of the dead woman slumped in the bin bag.

JORDAN

Lisa McQueen, found dead a few days ago.

HOLLY

Who is she?

JORDAN

Mid-30s, unmarried, nothing spectacular.

HOLLY

Must be something if she was worth coming all this way.

Jordan pulls out an evidence bag. It's a creased page torn from a book, it's the rules to chess.

JORDAN

Lodged in her throat.

HOLLY
Same as Hannah Bailey.

Jordan returns it to his briefcase.

HOLLY
That's it?

JORDAN
It's not much, granted.

HOLLY
It's nothing.

JORDAN
Nothing obvious.

HOLLY
No, nothing. Certainly nothing to justify you muscling in on my case.

JORDAN
There looked to be a potential pattern. Young women murdered using a chess related item to choke them to death. If there was a connection there then perhaps there was a connection to Sir Murray.

HOLLY
It's flimsy at best.

JORDAN
I thought it was worth following up. That's why I dragged my arse all the way down here.

HOLLY
Well done you. Now turn around, and piss off back to London.

JORDAN
I can't.

HOLLY
Why?

Jordan gives Holly a knowing look. It's her turn to smirk.

HOLLY
Still playing teacher's pet?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Arjun stands before a mirror, tying the tie of a shabby grey suit while Amirah ignores the usual din of landing aircraft.

ARJUN

That's one good thing, I won't have
to hear those planes for a while!

Amirah doesn't respond.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

A TAXI DRIVER leans against his car, smoking, waiting as Arjun and Amirah emerge from their ugly, weather-worn concrete tower block.

ARJUN

I'll call when I get there, yeah?

Amirah can't even look at him.

ARJUN

You going to wish me luck?

AMIRAH

Good luck.

Arjun gives her a tentative hug. Amirah doesn't reciprocate.

TAXI DRIVER

Hurry up! I got other jobs.

The driver snatches Arjun's case from him and dumps it carelessly in the boot. Arjun climbs in and looks to wave goodbye, only to see Amirah already walking back inside.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jordan drives with Holly through the barren moorlands, barely visible through the mist and drizzle.

JORDAN

Does it ever stop raining?

HOLLY

Why do you care?

JORDAN

If I'm stuck here some sun wouldn't
go amiss.

HOLLY

Take it up with Herriot.

JORDAN

I will. As SIO he needs to know
everything.

HOLLY

He's your SIO. Down here I'm the
primary.

JORDAN
I'm the detective.

HOLLY
You know damn well I'd be CID too
if you hadn't --

JORDAN
Don't even think about it. You
messed up.

HOLLY
I did my job and you torpedoed me.

JORDAN
I gave Herriot what he asked for.

HOLLY
My point exactly.

JORDAN
Can't believe you're still pointing
fingers. It's pathetic.

Holly turns to look out the window in a sulk. They drive on
in silence.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Holly and Jordan watch as a LAB TECHNICIAN conducts various
forensic tests on the sheet.

HOLLY
You'd better hope something comes
out of this, otherwise you're
driving straight back to London.

JORDAN
So you're walking home, then?

Holly grinds her teeth in frustration.

HOLLY
Anything?

TECHNICIAN
Plenty, none of it pretty.

HOLLY
Not a problem. Right, Jordan?

Jordan appears a little queasy as the technician produces
the forensic report.

TECHNICIAN
There's faint traces of blood all
over the page, though none of them
match Sir Murray Leslie.

HOLLY
Ah, what a shame.

JORDAN
Hang on. You said 'none of them'?
There's more than one sample?

TECHNICIAN
Eight, to be exact. All around the
edges which suggests the page was
used to cut --

HOLLY
The kids. The sadistic freak.

TECHNICIAN
Save it.

HOLLY
There's more?

TECHNICIAN
Your killer also wrote something.

JORDAN
We would have spotted it.

TECHNICIAN
Surprised you didn't smell it, to
be honest.

HOLLY
You're not serious?

TECHNICIAN
Afraid so. Semen makes a great
invisible ink.

Holly and Jordan watch as the technician heats the page with
a bunsen burner. Writing appears scrawled at the top,
'@HollyR_Met', Holly's Twitter handle.

HOLLY
The fuck?

JORDAN
In future, just let your admirers
slide into your DMs.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Holly's sprawled on her sofa, wine in hand. The news is on
but she's not paying attention as she searches through her
Twitter followers. She's interrupted by Jordan calling her.

HOLLY
(into phone)
What do you want?

INT. BEEFEATER - NIGHT

Jordan sits alone at a table in the restaurant of his budget hotel.

JORDAN

(into phone)

What is your gaffer's problem? I've just had an earful for giving the press a statement. Excuse me for wanting the public to stay vigilant.

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION.

HOLLY

What did he say?

JORDAN

Some bollocks about being like the rest of them, in league with the press against him. What's that supposed to mean? Rest of who?

HOLLY

Wouldn't you like to know? Can I get back to my night in now?

JORDAN

Fine.

Holly hangs up and sees on the TV a reporter standing outside the police station.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)

(on TV screen)

While it now appears Sir Murray's disappearance is connected to a wider investigation, the senior officer here refused to comment.

Behind the reporter, Holly spots McClair peering out of his window.

Holly closes Twitter and opens Google. 'Duncan McClair' returns a million useless results. She clicks on 'News'. Jackpot, she clicks the first of a long list of articles:

A young McClair helps a bloodied civilian from Russell Square tube station. Above the image, the headline reads, 'Met-iculous failures that could have prevented 7/7.'

Holly keeps digging. Each article criticises the police, and each one uses McClair as its scapegoat. The bottom article has the headline, 'Met Chops Top Cop'. The photo features a forlorn McClair boarding a train with a suitcase.

INT. MCCLAIR'S OFFICE - DAY

McClair stands with his back to Holly. Gazing out through his fogged-up window at the mass of journalists.

HOLLY

Why didn't you tell me?

MCCLAIR

Look at that. Not even a downpour will dampen their bloodlust.

HOLLY

You were exiled for doing your job. We're peas in a pod.

MCCLAIR

No. I was scapegoated for doing my job. You were removed for failing in your duty.

HOLLY

And now I have the chance to make it right and you'd prefer me to keep it quiet. Why? Afraid I'll leave you behind?

MCCLAIR

You have no idea.

HOLLY

Seems pretty clear cut to me.

MCCLAIR

No, I wanted you to keep it quiet because succeed or fail, you haven't the first idea of what's coming at you.

HOLLY

Is that so?

MCCLAIR

Yes, that's so.

McClair pushes his raincoat aside and removes from the wall the frame that's been peeking out. Holly takes it from his trembling hand and sees it's a High Commendation for bravery on July 7th 2005.

MCCLAIR

I was awarded that six months after 7/7. Within the year I was gone. Dumped here and forgotten.

HOLLY

Why?

MCCLAIR

Because people with bigger offices
had bigger agendas.

HOLLY

That doesn't mean you had to come
here.

MCCLAIR

My hand was forced. Stay and be
their poster boy for failure, or
disappear. It cost me everything,
but at least here I was safe, until
you brought the swarm down upon us.

HOLLY

You didn't want me to make a big
thing out of this so you could
remain hidden.

MCCLAIR

I was trying to protect you, as I
would any of my officers, from
going through what I went through.

HOLLY

By protecting yourself?

Holly's snookered him and McClair has no response.

HOLLY

You don't need to hide away. We
don't need to keep this quiet.

MCCLAIR

Not that we can anymore.

HOLLY

Exactly. But also because you did
nothing wrong, so why not stand
tall and set the record straight?

MCCLAIR

Didn't you hear me? Success can
still be used against you.

HOLLY

Sir, all that matters is solving
the case. We do that, who's to say
we don't get our lives back?

McClair hesitates, contemplating an answer. Before he can
respond, Roy rushes in.

MCCLAIR

I'm not in the mood, Roy. This
better be good.

ROY

Sorry sir. But, we've got a location from the IP address.

HOLLY

Where?

EXT. THE CHAIN LOCKER - DAY

AFOs converge on the boarded up entrance with Holly and Jordan in tow. Using crowbars on the rotting wood and a battering ram on the door, they force their way in.

AFO OFFICER

Armed police!

The AFOs storm inside. Holly and Jordan wait.

AFO OFFICER (O.S.)

Clear!

INT. THE CHAIN LOCKER - DAY

Thin shafts of light peek through the boarded up windows of the dusty, decaying pub. Holly and Jordan scour around the moth-eaten sofas and broken tables. Holly grimaces at the smell as on the floor in the corner, her phone torch picks out the body of a dead sheepdog.

JORDAN

Still better than the Red Lion.

HOLLY

Could you not?

Holly moves around to behind the bar, scanning the line of dusty taps. The far tap catches her eye. It's clean, devoid of cobwebs, unlike the others, and the drip tray is damp.

HOLLY

He's not long gone.

Her torch light lands on a trapdoor. Tentatively, she opens the hatch and looks down into darkness.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Holly slowly descends the steps. Her breath is visible in the torchlight as she reaches the cellar. Several barrels line a white stone wall, it matches the wall in the photo.

She scans the floor. The light picks out a phone sitting on a cardboard box. As she approaches she spots something.

HOLLY

Jordan!

The torchlight shines on the box. Her name has been crudely scratched onto the top.

INT. GURDWARA - DAY

Amirah prays before the Guru Granth Sahib. She stands and turns to exit, passing a suave man in his 30s. This is ELVIS. He gives her a warm smile.

EXT. GURDWARA - DAY

Amirah's smile vanishes as she emerges from the clean, peaceful Gurdwara into the dirty, noisy city. The Homeless Woman from before strides up to her.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Any change today?

AMIRAH

No. Sorry.

Amirah tries to walk away, but the Homeless Woman blocks her. She pulls out a switchblade.

HOMELESS WOMAN

You sure?

Amirah backs away, but the woman just advances on her.

AMIRAH

Please...

ELVIS (O.S.)

Hey!

Amirah sees Elvis charge towards them. He shields Amirah.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Move, man. This ain't nothing to do with you.

Elvis stands defiantly before the Homeless Woman.

HOMELESS WOMAN

You asked for it.

She lunges at Elvis, who calmly sidesteps and grabs her outstretched arm, twisting it back behind her head until she drops the knife.

ELVIS

Don't let me catch you around here again.

The Homeless Woman scurries off muttering obscenities under her breath.

ELVIS

Are you all right?

AMIRAH

Fine, thanks.

ELVIS

It's just one thing after another
for you, am I right?

Amirah gives him a quizzical look.

ELVIS

It's just I saw you inside. You
looked a bit down.

AMIRAH

You could say that.

ELVIS

Well, look, if you're not averse to
the kindness of strangers, I know a
place that does great brown water
pretending to be coffee.

Amirah laughs. Elvis gives her another warm smile as he
holds out his hand, which Amirah accepts.

INT. SPORTS HALL - DAY

Arjun and his fellow trainees are running the bleep test
under the supervision of an INSTRUCTOR.

INSTRUCTOR

Level four. Keep it going!

Arjun's out in front, pushing harder than his colleagues.

INSTRUCTOR

Pace yourself!

Arjun ignores him. As he turns to complete another length,
his foot slips out from under him. He falls, clutching his
ankle in agony. The Instructor rushes to his aid. He tries
to help Arjun up but Arjun's unable to stand.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Holly and Jordan stand at Holly's desk.

HOLLY

I knew you'd try and pull a stunt
like this.

JORDAN

It was just a suggestion.

HOLLY

To have me reassigned?

JORDAN

I'm watching out for you.

HOLLY

Just like last time, when I ended up here?

JORDAN

You can't keep throwing your shit in my face. You disobeyed orders.

HOLLY

So are you. I'm the primary, I'm ordering you to let me handle this.

JORDAN

Holly, you're being targeted. Don't you get that this is not safe?

HOLLY

If you're scared then you can piss off back to London. I'll let you know when I've solved it.

JORDAN

Jesus, you are impossible.

Jordan's phone rings.

JORDAN

(into phone)

What?... Sorry, any news on forensics from the pub?... Shit... No, I'll come down. I need to get out of here for a bit anyway.

Jordan hangs up and stalks out, barging past Roy as he goes.

ROY

What's the matter?

HOLLY

Don't worry about it.

She joins Roy at his computer, the phone from the pub is connected to it. The box sits beside it.

ROY

As we already knew, this was the phone used to upload the image to your Twitter page.

HOLLY

But how did he access my account in the first place?

ROY

There's an app for that, if you can believe. It's frightening, the world we live in.

(MORE)

ROY (cont'd)

Looks like he was able to access your account once you'd logged in. So I guess he used your drunk post as his key.

HOLLY

Keep your voice down.

She glances at McClair's office.

ROY

Unfortunately that's pretty much all we can get. Sim card was removed, obviously, and there was no other data beyond the photo and the apps he needed.

HOLLY

And it only would have been active to upload the image.

ROY

Most likely. No trace of it on any cell towers or call logs.

HOLLY

He wanted to lead us to the pub and nothing more.

ROY

Chances are the hostages were moved long before he uploaded the image.

HOLLY

What about the box?

ROY

Well, you'll be pleased to know it's not booby trapped.

HOLLY

He's having too much fun waving his dick in my face to blow me up.

ROY

Same handwriting as the page they pulled out of Lisa McQueen. He's very keen to get your attention.

HOLLY

He got it when Hannah Bailey stumbled in here.

Holly inspects the box, feeling around the sides. She slowly prises it open. Both her and Roy look inside.

ROY

Oh crap.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jordan drives through the foggy drizzle. His phone rings, it's Holly. He denies the call. A few seconds later, Holly rings again.

JORDAN
(into phone)
What?

HOLLY (V.O.)
Get back here, now.

JORDAN
I thought you wanted to handle things your way?

HOLLY (V.O.)
You need to see this.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jordan marches in and approaches Holly's desk.

JORDAN
This better be good.

He doesn't need an answer. He sees what's sitting on Holly's desk: a chessboard.

JORDAN
What the hell?

ROY
We were so busy looking at the forensics, convinced he was enjoying his little games.

HOLLY
Trouble is we were looking at the wrong game.

JORDAN
Any link to Sir Murray? Or the kids?

ROY
Nothing beyond the obvious.

HOLLY
We need results from the pub. We know they were there, so there must be something we can use.

JORDAN
I'll get something useful for you.

Jordan turns to exit.

HOLLY
Cheers, I appreciate it.

Jordan exits. Roy turns to Holly, perplexed.

HOLLY
It's complicated.

Holly studies the chessboard. She turns it over to examine the underside. Only she sees what's there.

INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amirah enters, engrossed in a phone conversation. She moves into the kitchen and grabs a drink.

AMIRAH
(on phone)
I had a great time too. When am I going to see you again?

The familiar rumble of an aircraft disrupts her.

AMIRAH
Don't worry about it. It's just a plane. So, you doing anything at the moment?... Oh stop.

She enters the living room and jumps in surprise. Arjun is sat before her, slumped, dejected, broken.

AMIRAH
I've got to go.

She hangs up.

AMIRAH
What are you doing here?

Arjun pulls up his trouser leg to reveal an ankle brace.

ARJUN
Couldn't even hack the bleep test.

AMIRAH
So what happens now?

ARJUN
What do you think? I get better, and I go again next year.

AMIRAH
Never mind.

ARJUN
Never mind? I thought you of all people would jump down my throat for keeping you trapped here.

AMIRAH

It is what it is.

ARJUN

Who were you on the phone to?

AMIRAH

Just a friend.

ARJUN

Who?

AMIRAH

Just a friend, all right? Relax.

Amirah receives a text. She laughs to herself as she exits, leaving Arjun alone, suspicious.

INT. STAR AND GARTER - DAY

A dingy, squalid drinking hole. Arjun and Daz sit at the bar, Arjun glumly sips a juice as Daz downs his pint.

DAZ

That's shit, man. How long you got to wear it?

ARJUN

Two weeks. Sarge is giving me desk duty. But afterwards we can get back out there.

DAZ

Sorry mate, I'm out.

ARJUN

What? No, you can't be out.

DAZ

Gave in my notice few days after you left.

ARJUN

Now I'm back you can cancel it, yeah? We'll carry on as normal.

DAZ

I ran into those skinheads again. They jumped me, tied me to a tree and rubbed dog shit in my face.

ARJUN

We'll get them. Together.

DAZ

I'm done. Fuck it. Let the place burn.

ARJUN

Mate, we're partners. Are you just going to drop me in it?

DAZ

You'll get someone new. Some fresh faced thing with shiny shoes and a hard-on for justice. Won't take long for you to break them in.

ARJUN

What are you going to do?

DAZ

Get another pint. Beyond that, don't know, don't care.
(to barman)
Yes please, mate.

ARJUN

Need a piss.

He takes up a set of crutches and hobbles to the toilets.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE - DAY

Arjun sits on the broken toilet seat. He breathes heavily, fighting back tears as he looks around at the graffiti that covers the walls.

A fist bangs on the door.

ARJUN

Occupied.

It bangs again.

ARJUN

Get lost.

DAZ (O.S.)

Mate, you've been in there for ages.

Arjun doesn't respond.

DAZ (O.S.)

Look, mate, I'm sorry, I didn't think it was a big deal. I mean, if you'd made it you'd have transferred and left me behind. Way I saw it we were both getting out.

Arjun goes to wipe his eyes with toilet roll. The dispenser's empty, so he punches it instead.

DAZ (O.S.)

Anyway, it's not like we won't still hang out. And you've got Amirah.

ARJUN

Have I?

A moment of silence.

DAZ (O.S.)

Why? What's happened?

Arjun hauls himself to his feet and unlocks the door.

ARJUN

Nothing. I mean, I can't prove anything yet.

DAZ

Mate...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Amirah is praying on her rug. This time ignoring the planes as they fly over.

ARJUN (O.S.)

Who are you phoning?

Amirah turns to see Arjun standing behind her.

AMIRAH

I told you. Just a friend.

ARJUN

Before you couldn't stand one more minute here. Now suddenly you don't mind being stuck for a year. You think I'm stupid?

AMIRAH

Stupid enough to insult me with ridiculous accusations.

ARJUN

Yet I don't hear you denying it.

Amirah squares up to him.

AMIRAH

I get you're angry at dropping out, but that doesn't give you the right to take it out on me, after all the support I've given you.

A tense face off. Amirah nods at her prayer mat.

AMIRAH

If you don't mind?

After a few more seconds Arjun backs down. He hangs his head and hobbles from the room. As he departs, Amirah receives a text message: 'Fancy a chat? X'

INT. BEEFEATER - DUSK

Jordan and Holly sit at the counter of the empty, run down Travelodge-style hotel bar.

JORDAN

Forensics found nothing inside the pub or the cellar.

HOLLY

Damn. Don't suppose they got anything off the dog?

JORDAN

Broken neck. Our guy probably wanted to stop it giving them away.

HOLLY

That's where they all start, isn't it? Killing animals.

JORDAN

Your admirer may be a creep, but he's calculated.

HOLLY

You have to be to like chess.

JORDAN

A creep?

Their icy friction is thawing as Holly grins at the joke.

JORDAN

Did you get anything from the board?

HOLLY

No.

JORDAN

Any idea what it's all about? What the link is?

HOLLY

To the victims? Not a clue.

JORDAN

I don't like being played like this.

HOLLY

He's taunting us. That's all his chess stuff is, his way of showing us he's always a few steps ahead.

JORDAN

Cocky bastard.

Jordan takes a sip from his pint and splutters.

JORDAN

Christ, that's disgusting.

HOLLY

Can't be worse than The Whip?

JORDAN

Don't know. I'm still barred.

HOLLY

Still? Jesus, it's been two years. Mick doesn't half hold a grudge.

JORDAN

It was a good night, though.

HOLLY

Yeah.

For the first time, there seems to be signs of friendship.

JORDAN

Holly, I've been thinking, about this whole situation and Herriot --

HOLLY

Forget it.

JORDAN

No, seriously, maybe I could have a word with him?

HOLLY

He wouldn't listen.

JORDAN

We all know that op was a car crash. It's worth a go.

HOLLY

No, it's not.

JORDAN

It is if it stops you thinking you've got something to prove.

Holly doesn't say anything.

JORDAN

I knew it.

HOLLY

What did you expect? I've spent months working the most pointless crap.

JORDAN

I thought all police work was good police work?

HOLLY

Easy for you to say. You've probably been off foiling bank jobs or whatever.

JORDAN

Just once a week.

This joke falls flat.

JORDAN

You know I'm kidding? Look, you don't have to always play the hero.

HOLLY

You sound like McClair.

JORDAN

But I'm right, aren't I?

HOLLY

Doesn't matter. I'm not blowing this.

JORDAN

You just said this nutcase likes to make a point of being a few steps ahead. You sure you're not just playing straight into his hands?

HOLLY

Have some faith in me.

JORDAN

You know I do. I'm just saying, watch yourself. It wouldn't be the first time you've --

HOLLY

Are we really doing this again?

JORDAN

I just mean... Forget it. Just know I've got your back, yeah?

Jordan holds his glass up for Holly to toast. They drink together. Holly grins as Jordan grimaces again.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Holly enters the deserted office carrying the box. She sets it down on her desk and pulls out the chessboard. Looking around to make sure she's alone, she then flips the board over to reveal a phone number: 07925 275978.

Holly searches on her computer for the number in call logs, but it's nowhere to be seen. Checking her surroundings again, she takes out her phone and dials the number.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
(through phone)
Kriegspiel. Kriegspiel. Kriegspiel.

The line goes dead.

HOLLY
No, no, no.

Holly dials again, but there's nothing but static. She tries again and again, but there's nothing.

She looks back to her screen, the phone doesn't register on any cell tower call logs.

HOLLY
Shit.

INT. GURDWARA - DAY

Arjun kneels before the Guru Granth Sahib. He holds his head up with his eyes shut. When he's finished, he's helped to his feet by some of the congregation.

INT. GURDWARA - SHOE ROOM - DAY

Arjun struggles to put his shoes on. He stumbles, knocking into a man behind him. It's Elvis. When Elvis sees Arjun's PCSO uniform he raises his hands in mock panic.

ELVIS
I swear it wasn't me officer!
You've got the wrong man!

Elvis drops the pretence and breaks into a warm laugh.

ELVIS
Just kidding. You all right?

ARJUN
Fine. It's just this stupid thing.

ELVIS
You want a hand, officer?

ARJUN
Thanks. And I'm only officer when you're in trouble.

Elvis kneels to help Arjun put his shoe on.

ELVIS

In that case I hope I only ever
have to call you by your name...

ARJUN

Arjun.

Arjun watches Elvis tie his shoe laces.

ARJUN

Haven't seen you around here
before.

ELVIS

Yeah, normally it's not my sort of
thing. But you know, new girlfriend
and all that.

ARJUN

Trying to make a good impression?

ELVIS

Anything for my queen! You got a
girlfriend?

ARJUN

Married. Or at least I was when I
left the house.

ELVIS

Trouble in paradise. I've been
there.

ARJUN

I don't know. I mean, I do. I
should be on duty but found myself
needing some guidance.

ELVIS

No offence, but it doesn't take a
Guru to tell you to love your woman
if you want to keep her.

Elvis receives a call.

ELVIS

Look at that, my queen is calling
me. I should go. Good luck Arjun,
not officer.

Elvis exits giving Arjun a friendly pat on the back, leaving
Arjun to ponder his words.

EXT. GURDWARA - DAY

Arjun dashes out into the street as fast as his crutches
will allow. He takes out his phone and dials.

ARJUN

(into phone)

Amirah? Look I love you, and you're right, I was putting the job and this place ahead of us. I got too wrapped up and lost sight of what's really important to me. Well not anymore. First thing tomorrow I'm handing in my notice and we're going to start looking for somewhere out of the city. We can start over, together. I promise.

INT. OFFICE - DUSK

Holly's sat at her desk, fixated on her computer screen. She's startled by McClair coming out of his office.

MCCLAIR

You still here, Holly?

HOLLY

Just want to go through this first, sir.

MCCLAIR

New lead?

HOLLY

No, just trying to get an electrician to sort my lights out.

MCCLAIR

Good luck with that. It wasn't long ago this lot discovered fire.

Holly gives a small smile.

HOLLY

Night, sir.

She waits until she's alone before searching 'Kriegspiel'. All she gets is information on an old Prussian war game.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Arjun puts a bottle of non-alcoholic wine into a cooler bucket on the candlelit table, ready for a romantic meal. He puts on some music, turning up the volume to compete with the roar of the planes overhead.

He waits, looking expectantly to the front door.

INT. OFFICE - DUSK

Holly types in another search. She slaps the desk in triumph as she gets a selection of results. The top is the Wikipedia page, 'Kriegspiel (Chess)'. She clicks it.

Holly reads the page, skimming over key phrases like 'blind chess', 'umpire is required', 'Fog of War'. Her excitement growing the more she reads.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

The room is lit only by the dim glow of dying candles. Arjun finishes his wine and pours himself another glass.

He takes out his phone.

ARJUN

Come on, come on.

(into phone)

Hey, it's me. Thought you'd be home by now. Can you call me when you get this? Love you.

Arjun's unrest grows as he repeatedly checks his phone. There's no response. He dials again.

ARJUN

(into phone)

Sarina?... It's Arjun. Is Amirah still at work?... Yeah, I've messaged her... Really?... I don't care what you think, just get her to call me if you see her...

From the hallway there is the sound of a key in the door.

ARJUN

(into phone)

Never mind. That's her now.

Arjun hangs up as the front door opens.

ARJUN

You were starting to worry me. Listen, I've got a surprise.

Arjun exits the kitchen.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Holly steps out into the familiar drizzle, but for once she wears a satisfied expression on her face.

EXT. THE CHAIN LOCKER - NIGHT

Walking past the police cordon surrounding the building, she takes out her phone and scrolls through her recent calls to the number from the chessboard.

HOLLY

Come on, come on.

The line's dead. She hangs up.

HOLLY

Talk to me, you cocky bastard.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Holly rummages around for her keys. Finally, she finds them and goes inside.

INT. COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Holly switches the light on. To her surprise they don't flicker. She kicks off her shoes and dumps her bag onto the table.

She pours her usual glass of wine. Her phone pings as she receives an email from McClair: 'My office, 9am tomorrow'. Attached is a link to a news article. It features a large image of Holly beneath the quote, 'We will get them back'.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Holly's face is illuminated in a ghostly white glare from her phone as she reads the article. Reaching out to the wall, she switches on the light. She looks up at them, pleased to see they too are not flickering. She looks down and gasps in horror.

Arjun is standing before her, tears streaming down his face. A suicide vest is strapped around him with a mobile phone taped to the front, and several leads feeding into plastic bottles full of explosives fixed to the waist.

ARJUN

Help me!

Holly looks on in shock, eyes wide with fear.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.