

## EXT. OUTSIDE BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY (MONDAY)

We are outside a modest, three-floored block of flats situated in one of the nicer parts of Central London. From inside we can hear the hurried and anxious voices of two men having an argument but in hushed tones so we can't make out what they are saying. In front of the block stands one of those sinister but all-too-familiar yellow crime boards. It reads "Murder. On Saturday 15th May 2004 the body of a 26 year old female was discovered. She was shot twice in the back. It is estimated that the shooting took place between the hours of 3:00 and 4:00 a.m. A white male, in his twenties, had been seen leaving this block of flats and police are urging witnesses to come forward and provide us any information they have with regards to these events. Please call 0800-100-100." Out of the block of flats emerge 56-year old, Detective Bill Baxter and his younger assistant 28 year old PC Steve Syon. Syon picks up the crime board and they stroll up to a waiting parked police car. As they do we hear a female voice on his walkie talkie giving instructions to another police officer. Syon grins as he hears her voice.

PC SYON

I'd like to roger her.

Handing Detective Baxter a cup of tea is general Dogs Body 33 year old PC Hawkins and at the steering wheel sits a troubled and unhappy looking 38 year old, Detective Sam Donaghue. Syon puts the crime board in the boot.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

(triumphant)

Right then men. We have good reason to believe that our long, thankless, arduous, painstaking search for one class A drug dealing murderer is finally at an end. Which, one would have thought, would be good reason for certain people to smile.

He gives Detective Donaghue a playful slap on the chops.

SAM

What I want to know is, if  
everything is all wrapped up,  
then why do we still need to keep  
officers here?

As he says the following words his eyes are on a young lady  
entering the house opposite carrying a large black holdall  
with the aid of a young man, Maxwell. It is Lateesha  
Svenson but we only see the back of her as she enters.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

Because it was the PM's daughter  
Sam and we still need someone  
around just to keep an eye on  
things.

Detective Baxter enters the passenger seat and the two PC's  
get in the back seats.

INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - DAY (MONDAY) (MOMENTS LATER)

Hawkins reads a golfing holiday brochure whilst Detective  
Baxter talks and drinks his tea.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

Our man will be getting back into  
London sometime tomorrow and to  
make things easier our source  
will bring him straight to us.  
The downside, of course, is that  
Smiley here won't be around to  
see it as he has a rather special  
dinner engagement. How are things  
with you two? Bad I assume?

SAM

That's why we're having this  
dinner.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

This tea is disgusting. (to  
Hawkins) You should have stuck to  
being a teacher.

PC HAWKINS  
(not looking up from his  
golf holiday brochure)  
I would have had the school not  
burned down.

Syon looks over and notices him reading the brochure and  
rudely snatches it out of his hands. Syon is young, cocky  
and clearly has no respect for his older work colleague.

PC SYON  
Whats that?

PC HAWKINS  
I'm taking the Mrs to America  
next year on a golfing holiday.

PC SYON  
(suddenly interested)  
I didn't know there was Mrs  
Hawkins. What's she like?

PC HAWKINS  
Why do you wanna know?

PC SYON  
(winding him up)  
I'm curious.

PC HAWKINS  
(taking back the brochure)  
She's nice.

PC SYON  
When am I going to meet her?

PC HAWKINS  
You're not going to meet her.

PC SYON

Why not?

PC HAWKINS

Because you think with the wrong organ and have a very sick obsession with attached women, and knowing that would make me feel very uncomfortable about introducing you to her.

Syon wiggles his tongue in a vulgar, sexually suggestive way designed to antagonize Hawkins but Hawkins does not bite.

PC SYON

(knows what he likes)

I only go for attached women Hawkins. Ordinary relationships are just so boring. There's nothing naughty or wrong about them. It's the wrongness that makes it so right. Is she fat? She's fat, right?

PC HAWKINS

I'm not biting.

PC SYON

I think I'd like to roger her.

As Syon continues to annoy Hawkins we focus back on the two detectives. Detective Baxter holds a photo but we can't see it.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

In 24 hours we'll have our man.

SAM

We'll have your man Detective.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

Come on Sam. It's clear cut. The

evidence is overwhelming.

SAM

Not at all. We are quite along way from overwhelming. There are so many loose ends.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

Which, by tomorrow, will all be tied up. Meaning that Tweedle-dum AND Tweedle-dee will have to be on duty tomorrow night.

Syon and Hawkins stop arguing and listen to this obvious reference to themselves.

PC SYON

You'll be missing Freddie's leaving do tomorrow then sir.

SAM

Yeah, Freddie Fagan, the REAL villain.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

We all know he's a bit dodgy but unless we catch him in possession there's nothing we can do. You, more than most, should know that.

SAM

Come on. We've known that a big coke deal has been on the cards for a long time. All of a sudden one of our detectives has decided to emigrate. Now THAT is what I call overwhelming evidence.

A different female voice calls through in Syon's walkie talkie. Another female voice means that Syon's face lights up again.

FEMALE VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE

Steve, can you advise the everyone that their new guns have been issued and are ready for collection. You already have yours.

Syon makes a stud/tiger growl in acknowledgment.

FEMALE VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE CONT'D..

They've even got their initials on just so they don't get them mixed up.

PC SYON

I love you sweet-lips.

FEMALE VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE

(obviously well acquainted with Syon's ways)  
Piss off.

She cuts out.

PC SYON

I'd like to Roger her.

AN AERIAL SHOT OF THE CAR AS IT DRIVES INTO THE BUSY LONDON SKYLINE. THE MUSIC STARTS AND THE OPENING CREDITS APPEAR ON SCREEN IN THE FORM OF NEWSPAPER HEADLINES.

DETECTIVE BAXTER (O.S.)

I'm also on CCTV duty tomorrow night. I've switched shifts with Rita.

PC SYON (O.S.)

Is that the butch one with the cropped hair? Errggh! I don't think I'd roger her.

THE OPENING CREDITS ARE INTERWOVEN WITH THE REAL NEWSPAPERS HEADLINES FROM NUMEROUS TABLOID AND BROADSHEET PAPERS ALL COVERING THE SAME STORY: THE BRUTAL MURDER OF THE PM'S

DAUGHTER AND HOW THE POLICE ARE CLOSING IN ON THEIR MAN. THE SEQUENCE ENDS WITH A HEADLINE FROM THE "THE SUN" "THE CHASE IS ALMOST OVER". WE ZOOM IN ON THIS HEADLINE AND THEN WITHDRAW TO REVEAL.....

INT. NICK'S CAR (STATIC) - EVENING (TUESDAY)

..The same newspaper and headline is sitting on the passenger seat of the car of Nicholas Jackson, a 28 year old hospital trainee. He should be fully qualified, fully trained and fully paid by now but he's not. It's 6 p.m the following day. A phone-in chat show is on the radio discussing marital problems. This seems to fit Nick's mood as he sits staring into space. Perturbed, something definitely weighs heavy on his mind. He empties his pocket to reveal a box of Viagra and his mobile phone. He checks a new text message. It's from Layla, his girlfriend. "Can't wait for tonight. We've needed a special night like this for such a long time". As he finishes reading this we hear an advert for Viagra. Nick's phone rings, he looks at the number and sighs, knowing who is on the other end. He answers and we can hear both ends of the line.

NICK

Yep.

HOSPITAL ADMIN

Bad news Nick. Alan is still off sick so you're gonna have to do duty tonight.

NICK

Great.

The man hangs up. Nick turns off the ignition and radio. A solemn looking Nick gets out of his car and looks at his house with sense of foreboding. He enters mumbling and muttering to himself.

INT. NICK & JOEYS LIVING ROOM-EVENING (TUESDAY)(CONTINUOUS)

We see a 21 year-old, slovenly, uncouth slob spread out on the settee watching TV. Meet Joey Jackson, Nicks younger

brother. On the coffee table in front of him are numerous pills and medicines as well as some, fairly impressive, early sketches for car designs. Nick enters the living room and surveys it. It's a mess. The silence tells us everything. A long beat.

NICK

You've excelled yourself. I AM impressed. No, I'm not just impressed, I'm blown away. What have you been doing all day? Actually I don't want to know. Here's me thinking that you're never gonna get your life sorted out when clearly you already have. Not only do you not need to pay me any rent and bills money but you don't even have to keep the place clean because I'm the mug who does it for you. You remember that Motorcycle accident I had in Greece all those years ago and I cut my legs really badly? Well you remind me of one my scabs.

Nicks storms into the kitchen, which is also a mess, to make himself a drink of orange. On the side are what appear to be onions but on closer inspection we realise they are Joey's toe-nail clippings! He opens the fridge and scorns at even more pills and potions inside. A long awkward beat.

NICK

Is all this shit REALLY necessary. Hypochondriact.

JOEY

I've been trying.

NICK

(interrupts)

Bullshit. You've done nothing. You've been bone-fucking-idle

ever since mum died. I thought we were going to buy her a decent headstone?

We follow Nick as he makes his way through the living room and upstairs to the toilet continuing his conversation with Joey.

JOEY (O.S.)

I've been stressed. Anyway I have been working.

INT. NICK & JOEYS TOILET - EVENING (TUESDAY)(CONTINUOUS)

Nick takes a wee and shouts downstairs to Joey.

NICK

Oh on those wonderful car designs? You've been sending them off for years now and you haven't even had a response. Not even a courtesy "will you please piss off and annoy somebody else!". Stressed, there's nothing wrong with you!

Nick finishes the last of the toilet paper, wipes himself and pulls the flush chain.

JOEY (O.S.)

Anyway, you're wrong. I have done something. I fixed the toilet.

Nick rolls his eyes cynically, climbs on top of the toilet and inspects main basin. Inside we see the flush is held together, very flimsily, with blue-tac. He tears it out and shakes his in despair. He makes his way back downstairs.

JOEY CONT'D

There are some letters on the table.

INT. NICK & JOEYS LIVING ROOM-EVENING (TUESDAY)(CONTINUOUS)

Joey is just about to get up but Nick pushes him back.

NICK

Oh and when were you going to tell me about them?

Why don't you stay there and do the one thing you do with any consistency....fuck all!

INT. NICK & JOEYS KITCHEN - EVENING (TUESDAY) (CONTINUOUS)

Nick makes his way to the kitchen again and rummages through the junk mail on the table. We can still see Joey in the shot. Nick flicks through until he reaches an important looking brown package "Nick Jackson". Nick was clearly expecting it. He checks the delivery date "the 18th". He looks over at the calender on the wall "the 21st", he scowls at Joey. He opens the package and inside there is a tape marked "tape 2", a letter, two photographs and a second unmarked envelope. One of the pictures is of an older, wealthy looking man and the other is of an attractive, business lady in her mid twenties. The letter reads "as instructed, here are the details in full. Same with tape 1, play and then destroy". He takes the tape, inserts it in a tape player, plays and listens as he peruses the photo's. An older male speaks.

VOICE ON TAPE

The man is Fredrick Fagan. A detective inspector who is shortly to be leaving the country for an early retirement. The young lady is Roxanne Fagan, his daughter. A very keen and very conscientious law student. Unfortunately Freddie is not as conscientious as his daughter and a few misdemeanours means he is in a spot of bother: hence leaving the country. Roxanne, as hard working and as law-abiding as she is, is outrageously naive.

She has no idea that her father is a crook and he intends that it stays that way. Before he leaves England he needs to conclude an important business deal without Roxanne's knowledge. What he needs is a young, charming, good looking guy who will chaperone her for a night whilst he does this. I've picked you. Roxanne's dedication to study means she is single and has not had a boyfriend in a long time so she is in need of a little flattery and some wooing. BUT, as I told you there are two elements to this task and that is the first. Roxanne has spent the last year working for the reputable law firm, Slaughter & May. On the night of you taking her out she will have about her person a briefcase. A very important briefcase. She has to deliver some very important evidence for a very important investigation the following day so it is likely, remembering how conscientious she is, that the briefcase will be chained to her for the whole evening which makes your second task very difficult. You must, MUST, real emphasis on the word must, switch the evidence she'll have in the briefcase for the envelope in this package. Obviously, without her knowledge. I cannot reiterate enough how important that is, so I won't even bother. You know. Roxanne herself doesn't know what the evidence is. Mr Fagan has been very kind to

inform me of the code to the case: treble 4, treble 5. You'll have one evening to charm the pants off of her and make the switch. One final point, just because Freddie is pulling the wool over his daughters eyes doesn't mean he doesn't love her. She's his only child and he'd kill for her. So just you remember that if she ends up upset or unhappy we, or rather YOU, will have big trouble on your hands. They'll be arriving at yours for a couple of drinks before Freddie goes to his night-out-stroke meeting so make sure your place is presentable as first impressions count. They know your address. I told Freddie you work for me. I suppose you do really. You owe me. They'll arrive at 8 O'clock on the 21st.

Panic stricken Nick again glances at the calender, unfortunately it doesn't change, that really does mean tonight. He checks his text messages and re-reads the message earlier from Layla. We can see the agony in his face as he phones her to cancel. She answers.

LAYLA (O.S.)

Hey babe.

NICK

(tortured)

How you doing sweetheart? Listen. I'm phoning about tonight.

LAYLA (O.S.)

(excited interrupts)

Don't panic. I've sorted everything. I've had to sell my soul to get a night off and I've

just had world-war three to get my housemates to clear out for the night. But it's done. Which means we've got the place to ourselves. You and me: alone. I can't wait. I've got some nice wine and I'll be cooking up something really nice to eat. I promise you it's going to be really special.

A beat. How can Nick let her down? It's simple: he can't.

NICK

Sounds beautiful, looking forward to it.

LAYLA (O.S.)

See you later. I love you.

Layla hangs up. Nick is up a certain creek without a paddle. He dials again and a friend answers.

NICK

Cobi, I need a big favour....

We cut to the end of the conversation. Nick has obviously filled him in about his dilemma.

NICK (CONT'D)

...so I need you to pretend to be me.

This is greeted with raucous laughter. We know what Cobi thinks about Nick's idea. A speedy sequence of Nick flicking through the names on his phone and different voices laughing follows. He has asked all of his friends without any luck. Nick is out of options; almost. He glances over at the creature sprawled out on the settee in the living room.

MONTAGE:

The montage covers the next couple of hours: Nick's unenviable task of turning a bombsite into something that resembles a house AND turning his scruffy, lost cause, never-had-a-girlfriend complete plank of a brother into Jude Law. Throughout this sequence the visuals are interspersed with pieces of dating wisdom from Nick, the ladies man to Joey, the rookie. Like a man possessed, Nick dusts doors, wipes windows, hoovers carpets, scrubs floors and polishes skirting boards in a spring-cleaning frenzy. This explosion of energy is in complete contrast to a very lacklustre Joey who feebly attempts to smarten himself up. Trying on various suits and looking embarrassingly uncomfortable. He ventures into the shower for the first time in a while.

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY)

JOEY

(looking into a mirror)

This will never work.

NICK

It will. You just need to be confident.

Joey's attempt at being confident entails a ridiculous smile, a James Bond done badly. Nick cleaning outside sees this.

NICK

I told you to be confident not make a complete dick of yourself.

INT. NICK & JOEY'S BATHROOM - EVENING(TUESDAY)MOMENTS LATER

Joey is shaving and is pulling faces as he does so, looking absurd. We hear Nick's voice recapping his duties.

NICK (O.S.)

So. You know what you have to do.  
You need to charm her, that's all. You don't need to get her into bed, just makes sure she

enjoys your company and has a nice night. That's it. You can't even shave!

JOEY

This is not easy for me, you know. Women just don't like me. You just have to enter the room and .....vaginal lips are quivering.

NICK (O.S.)

(realising the need to instill some confidence)  
That's not true.  
Women do like you, you just don't believe it. You have to switch the envelope in her case for this one here and she must not suspect a thing. The number is treble four, treble five. What's the number?

JOEY

Treble four, treble five.

NICK

Good. I have faith in you.

MONTAGE ENDS

A quick shot of all of the rooms shows how, amazingly, the house looks great. Even more amazing; Joey has scrubbed up pretty well. Nick puts the finishing touches to Joey as the doorbell rings, it's 8 O'clock.

NICK

(low and very serious)  
I am relying on you.

He pushes a reluctant Joey downstairs to answer and then climbs out of the bedroom window.

EXT. NICK & JOEYS FRONT DOORWAY-EVENING(TUESDAY) (SECONDS

LATER)

Joey opens the door and standing there are Freddie and Roxanne Fagan. The voice on the tape was right, she has the briefcase chained to her arm. There is a long, painful beat before a petrified looking Joey actually speaks.

JOEY

Hi, I'm Nick. You must be Roxanne  
and you must be Fred.

ROXANNE

(can this really be the charmer her dad was  
talking about?!)  
Hi, pleasure to meet you.

FREDDIE

(cold and distant)  
Hi.

Throughout this we see Nick escaping, without their notice, from the bedroom window.

ROXANNE

I'm starving. I can't wait for  
food. What have you cooked?

We see Nick grimace at the thought of Joey cooking. This gets worse and worse.

Joey just laughs nervously as he let's them in, meaning "nothing". This could be a long night.

INT. LAYLA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

A romantic, candle-lit table is laid out in Layla's living room. The curtains are open meaning we can clearly see the moon-lit back-garden. Nick and Layla, an attractive twenty five year old, sit at the table and we can only hear the sound of contented munching. A beat.

LAYLA

(out of the blue)  
Are you having an affair?

NICK

(shocked, laughs with mouth full)  
Where did that come from?

LAYLA

(off. Definitely not the jolly person we  
heard on the phone earlier)  
Tell tale signs: working late.  
Always seems like there's  
something on your mind.

Nick finishes his meal and gets up to reassure Layla with  
tenderness and kisses.

NICK

I thought this was our special  
night. This steak was delicious  
by the way. Stop worrying: I-love  
you.

Not entirely convinced Layla takes the empty dishes out to  
the kitchen. Nick goes to open a bottle of wine and shouts  
out to her.

NICK CONT'D

You've been talking to your mum  
again. What else has she said?

LAYLA (O.S.)

She got a letter the other day  
from my dad....my real dad.

A beat.

NICK

From Australia? What did he say?

LAYLA (O.S.)

He wants me to go and see him.

A beat.

NICK

I think you should go. I know how much it'd mean to you to meet him.

LAYLA (O.S.)

Maybe you could come with me. But I suppose we can't risk you losing your job. Particularly now.

Nick is curious at the last part and is just about to pull her up on it when she continues.

LAYLA (O.S.)

What's Joey upto tonight?

NICK

Believe it or not he's entertaining a lady. Could even cooking for her.

LAYLA (O.S.)

Good on him. You underestimate that boy. I can just see him in the kitchen with a spatula in his hand.

NICK

(low and to himself)

It'd make a change. He's usually in his bedroom with his dick in his hand.

INT. NICK & JOEY'S STAIRS - NIGHT (TUESDAY)

Joey sit's on the stairs and listens in to the conversation between Roxanne and Freddie from the kitchen as Roxanne finishes her meal. It's clear that not all is going according to plan. He is looking at the hallway mirror which is reflecting into the kitchen showing the briefcase which Roxanne has taken off but has by her foot. Joey's (small) brain is trying to work out just how he can get it.

ROXANNE

...Right back when Uncle Ronnie died. Do you know how he died?

FREDDIE

Testicular Cancer.

ROXANNE

He never checked for lumps. All men should check atleast once a week. Just in case. Do you check?

FREDDIE

(embarrassed)

Not now Roxy.

Joey, the hypochondriac, is interested by this and immediately goes upstairs.

INT. NICK & JOEYS KITCHEN - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Roxanne leaves a non-too appealing plate half full.

ROXANNE

Those onions were revolting.

FREDDIE

(Gets up to leave)

I've got my meeting.

ROXANNE

You're not leaving me here, with him. The guy is weird. You told me he was a ladies man?

FREDDIE

Maybe he's nervous because I'm here.

INT. NICK'S & JOEY'S STAIRS - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Freddie ascends the stairs and notices Joey's bedroom door

ajar. He opens it tentatively to reveal....

INT. JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

...Joey stands slightly hunched with both of his hands down his trousers. Even though he is facing Freddie he continues to search his testicles for a lump, concentrating hard. Until...

JOEY

Are your balls totally round?

A long beat.

FREDDIE

(threateningly calm)

Just you raise your game.

Freddie exits leaving Joey a little shaken by the menace that lurked behind those words. We hear Freddie say goodbye to Roxanne from downstairs who then comes up the stairs herself with the briefcase in her hand.

ROXANNE

Where's the bathroom. I'd like to freshen up.

JOEY

It's err, through there.

Roxanne goes into the bathroom but leaves the door ajar. Joey peeks through and the crack in the door. She places the briefcase by the door and begins to freshen up. This is Joey's chance.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Joey rushes into Nick's bedroom and searches frantically for something. #Note we know it is Nick's room as there are framed photo's of Layla dotted around. He finds a briefcase which he quickly brushes down and runs back to the bathroom door. We can see that all Roxanne needs to do is turn round slightly to notice the briefcase has gone. What Joey needs

to do is switch the briefcase temporarily in order to switch the envelopes inside. Has he got time? He sneaks down and is ready to enter the bathroom.

INT. NICK & JOEY'S BATHROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

The shot shows both Roxanne doing her hair and Joey shuffling towards the briefcase. Roxanne is almost done. Joey switches the briefcase but in doing so, clumsily knocks the door. Roxanne turns round and there is long beat. Joey has her briefcase behind his back.

ROXANNE

(sceptical)

I'm done.

Joey has had a temporary reprieve. Roxanne hasn't noticed the switch, she just thinks he's wierder than she thought he was before! Giving him strange looks she squeezes past him and out of the bathroom taking, of course, the other briefcase. Joey embarrassingly enters the bathroom making sure she doesn't see the important briefcase behind his back. She hasn't, he locks the door and breathes a sigh of relief. He tries to open the briefcase but it is locked. He tries to remember the code. He frantically tries many different combinations. Treble five-treble six, treble five treble three, treble five-treble four. Everything except treble four-treble five!. Stressed, Joey decides to sit on the toilet. He could do with a dump. Perhaps that would that would help put his mind at ease and bring the combination back to him. He pulls his trousers down and proceeds to take a number 2. We can see he needed that. At one with the world he get's up to wipe his bum. They are out of toilet paper. He looks around but there is none. He spots the bar of soap by the sink and realises that he'll just have to wash his bum instead. He pulls the flush chain..OOOPS! The entire contents of the toilet spray Joey.#Remember Nick removed the Blue-Tac earlier. Pants down, he is covered, head-to-foot in his number 2. Stunned, it takes a couple of seconds before he can function. He's going to have to take EVERYTHING off as every item of clothing is covered in shit! We cut to moments later and he is scrubbing himself with the soap bar. He has managed to

get it off of him. He looks through the key hole and we see Roxanne is now doing her hair in the mirror. With no alternative, in his birthday suit, he takes the briefcase and climbs out of the bathroom window.

INT. LAYLA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) MOMENTS LATER

Nick is on his own looking out onto the moonlit garden as he throws one of his Viagra into his glass of wine.

LAYLA (O.S.)

It's not been a great evening has it? I was hoping we could talk as well.

NICK

Will you relax?! It's a beautiful evening. The moon is out, the stars are shining....

A naked, briefcase-wielding madman appears in the garden.

NICK (CONT'D)

...and Joey's in your garden stark-bollock-naked.

A look of "why did I think it would be any different?" comes across Nick's face as he opens the patio doors.

JOEY

(animated and out of breath)  
It's been a complete nightmare from the very beginning.

Joey grabs the glass of wine from Nick, necks it and continues.

JOEY CONT'D

She doesn't like me, her dad doesn't like me. I got the case but forgot the fucking number and then the toilet just decides to explode all over me. Are you

going to let me in?

NICK

You stink of shit.

INT. NICK'S BEETLE (MOVING) - NIGHT (TUESDAY) A BIT LATER

Nick pulls up outside his home with a washed and clean Joey in the passenger seat. We see Nick switch the envelope in the briefcase before he gives Joey a second pep talk.

JOEY

These trousers are a bit tight.

NICK

(at the end of his tether)

O.K. How can I put this? Will you please, for the first time in your miserable existence do this one thing for me. I'm in a lot of trouble. I owe someone big time. If I fuck this up then I'm going to prison.

A beat as Joey tries to do the maths.

NICK

The fire at the school. Someone's gonna frame me for it, and believe me it's someone who can frame me for it. Everything hinges on your performance now. I don't want to lose Layla. Do you want to lose your rent free landlord because you will do if you don't do this. You MUST switch the cases back and you MUST charm her. No pressure.

JOEY

(probably not the best response)  
I've got an erection.

In the tight trousers this poses a "big" problem. Nick rolls his eyes and hands Joey some masking tape from the dashboard. He turns away. We cut to moments later and Joey has managed to reduce the problem to just a bulge. He gets out and heads towards the bathroom window once more with the 'corrected' briefcase leaving Nick devoid of confidence. Joey slams the door closed.

EXT. OUTSIDE DEXTER'S FLAT - EVENING (TUESDAY)

Linking in from the previous scene a car door opens to reveal Leah, an attractive twenty-nine year old stepping out of a car and carrying a suitcase. We have gone back to 6 O'clock the same evening as shown by the same Sun newspaper from before and the clock in the car. Another part of town. She looks up at Dexter in his window and gives him a great smile.

INT. DEXTER'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Dexter, a 31 year old Insurance worker, is looking out at Leah as she unpacks her things from the car with obvious fondness. He loves her.

Struggling with the suitcase, she enters the house and Dexter goes to greet her at the top of the stairs. She arrives panting and places the suitcase down.

LEAH

(playful)

Err. Mr chivalrous? What happened to all the romance? Is it dead already?

DEXTER

(mock Posh accent)

I'm so sorry. How disgustingly rude of me. I shall carry you across the threshold.

Dexter whisks Leah off of her feet, much to her delight, and carries her to the settee in his living room. He lies on top as they kiss and frolic. On the fridge in the kitchen we can see letters from young children to Dexter

saying how much they miss him. They are touching in their childish innocence and are obviously from his estranged kids.

DEXTER

(now himself out of breath)

God. How many Thai-Green Curries did you have out there?

LEAH

Outrageous. Those curries were your idea. I didn't even like them.

DEXTER

It was you who insisted on Thailand and were very particular about Bangkok.

LEAH

It was fantastic though, wasn't it?

DEXTER

(checking her wedding ring)  
I still can't believe we did it.  
I've only known you a month.

LEAH

Do you think I'm fat?

DEXTER

I'm joking. I think you're fantastic.

They kiss and fondle with all the passion and energy you'd expect of a young couple recently met and disgustingly in love. Dexter's Pager beeps.

He checks it quickly as though he were expecting an urgent message. He reads and jumps with delight.

LEAH

Is it the promotion?

DEXTER

(reading the pager message)  
'Kramer', my manager, understands  
that I am now back in the country  
and wants to see me tonight at 9  
O'clock tonight.

Leah jumps up and kisses him again. Even more excited he  
throws her back onto the settee like a sexually charged  
beast.

LEAH

I've got to get out of these  
clothes.

DEXTER

Great idea.

LEAH

No, I'm being serious. I've been  
travelling in these for the last  
day I feel ..eergggh. Why don't  
we (kiss) go back to mine (kiss)  
let me freshen up a little (kiss)  
let me cook dinner (kiss). Then  
we could go to see your manager  
(kiss) and...

DEXTER

(interrupts)  
..we could spend the rest of the  
week fucking like dogs.

LEAH

You only want me for my body.

DEXTER

I don't want you for your brains.

Leah suddenly gets up and brushes herself down. An ecstatic  
looking Dexter get's himself properly dressed again,  
smiling as though he can't believe it's all happening for

him.

LEAH (O.S.)

You need to smarten yourself up  
if you want a new job.

DEXTER

I was told I look like a Marine.

LEAH (O.S.)

Only from the hair upwards.

DEXTER

It was you who approached me  
remember?

EXT. OUTSIDE BLOCK OF FLATS - EVENING (TUESDAY) LATER

We see Dexter and Leah get out of Dexter's car. We recognise the building, it's the same building from the opening scene where the murder of the PM's daughter took place. As Leah heads to the building Dexter looks around as though the place is familiar.

DEXTER

I recognise this place somehow?

LEAH

Yeah. It's where the PM's  
daughter got murdered...two  
floors below me.

This throws Dexter a little. Leah drops the door keys. Dexter, the gentleman, picks them up. "Number 22".

INT. LEAH'S BATHROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY) LATER

Leah is wearing Dexter's shirt and is looking in the mirror whilst Dexter shaves in another mirror.

LEAH

Am I ugly?

DEXTER

You-are-mad.

LEAH

Am I fat AND ugly?

Dexter stand-spoons Leah as they look in the mirror together.

DEXTER

This is ridiculous. Where does this all come from?

LEAH

My ex thought I was ugly so he beat me up.

DEXTER

My ex-wife was ugly. Inside. Used to get off on making me jealous. I used to run this pub, The Old Monk, and every night she'd flirt with punters with the sole purpose of making me jealous. She never did anything but that's not the point. She let me think that she might do something and that was damage enough. Screwed me up. For no reason. Bitch. So I left her and because what she was doing to me wasn't regarded as extra-marital affair, it's not even an easy thing to prove, she cleaned me out. Got the pub, everything. Living it up now in Jamaica with my boys. That's what kills. Fathers have fuck-all rights but I'll keep fighting for them. Anyway, enough of that. I've got you now and with my new job things are beginning to look alot better.

They kiss and Dexter rubs his foam covered face over Leah's in a tender moment until all of a sudden he accidentally sniffs some foam up his nose. He looks shocked and very uneasy.

LEAH

(finds this very amusing)

I shouldn't laugh.

DEXTER

(uncomfortably holding back a sneeze)

But you're going to.

LEAH

(can't hold it in any longer)

Yes.

Leah laughs out loud as Dexter succumbs to the power of the sneeze.

INT. LEAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Leah, still just in Dexter's shirt, is in the kitchen preparing their meal. Dexter, carrying a car magazine, walks into the kitchen and Leah scoops up some soup from the boiling pot for him to taste. He does and it's clearly not very nice.

DEXTER

Very.....interesting.

LEAH

Not quite Thai cuisine, is it?

DEXTER

(walking off into living room)  
I'm sure you're just lulling me into a false sense of security so you can really surprise me with the Goulash.

We stay with Dexter as he notices a real Beretta 92F on the side. He picks it up amazed. It is empty and he breathes a

sigh of relief. We stay with him for the following exchanges as they shout their conversation. Dexter is still within Leah's eyesight.

LEAH

It's for protection. Sorry but after what happened I was scared witless.

DEXTER

Have you got a license?

LEAH

No. But I'm not going to use it. Just for psychology.

He puts down the gun and proceeds to skim through the car magazine.

LEAH (CONT')

On a scale of 1 to 10. How ugly would you say I am?

DEXTER

10.

LEAH

Atlast. Some honesty. That's why I wanna be a beautician. Because no matter how ugly and down someone is feeling as soon as they've been to see me they'll be happy knowing that there is someone out there who is uglier than they are.

DEXTER

(spots a a Classic Beetle)  
I'm not listening. Beautiful. Heaven.

Dexter receives a text message from Winston. "Hows are the lovebirds?". He replies "I'm too happy. Like it was when I

was with Anna. She's fall inlovable". Leah catches sight of Dexter on his phone.

LEAH

What's that? Contact with the outside world. What did we say?

DEXTER

I know but I just wanna tell everyone.

LEAH

You can. But we are going to have our few days alone first. Because, believe you me, when I tell my parents that I'm married you are going to wish we'd kept it a secret. You'll have alot impressing to do. Help me over here will you?

Dexter, drunk with love, jumps up, skips to the kitchen and snuggles up behind Leah as she cuts French Bread. He takes over her hands and does the cutting himself.

DEXTER

I don't care because I'm so happy. Words couldn't describe how happy I am. I could swallow the dictionary and I still couldn't get close.

Leah accidentally jogs Dexter's hand and he cuts his finger and blood spills. Alarmed Leah falls back and Dexter grabs her to prevent her hitting the floor. She quickly grabs his hands and rinses them under the cold tap until the bleeding stops. She kisses his hands repeatedly.

LEAH

(yukky)

Oh baby. I didn't mean to cut you. I'm so sorry. You're still bleeding.

DEXTER

(mocking the overly butch man from "Predator")  
Aint got time to bleed.

We see Leah look down at Dexter's shirt which has a fairly big blood patch.

LEAH

Sorry.

Smoke comes from the cooker. Leah panics and turns to the pot. She takes it off of the hob, places it on the side and pulls back the silver foil to reveal the Goulash. It doesn't look appetising. Leah looks disappointed.

DEXTER

(can see the funny side)  
This is great. We've got a soup  
that tastes like piss and a main  
course that looks like shit.

Leah smiles as though she has had a brainwave.

INT. SAM'S RESTARAUNT - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Dexter and Leah sit at a table and they seem to be enjoying their food. On another table on the other side of the restaurant are a group of well dressed business-men getting drunk and acting boisterous. It's Freddie Fagan's leaving do/business meeting.

LEAH

Tell me honestly this  
time.....do you think I'm fat?

These comments are now just going over Dexter's head. His mobile phone rings and he checks the number, he looks excited. It's the office. Leah is excited too. Dexter answers as Leah pours salt on her empty plate and plays with it.

DEXTER

Hello. Yes I am. I'll be right there. Thank you.

Dexter hangs up and grins.

DEXTER

They want me there straight away.

LEAH

Ohhh. Let me go to the toilet first.

She gets up to go to the toilet but can't resist asking one more time.

LEAH

Am I uglier than I am fat or am I fatter than I am ugly?

DEXTER

Neither!

LEAH

So I am just as ugly as I am fat?

DEXTER

Just go!

Smiling, Leah pushes the plate over to Dexter as she goes to the toilet. It says "I love you" in salt. His eyes follow her. At last, everything is falling into place.

FREDDIE (O.S.)

You're in love aren't you?

Dexter turns round and there is Freddie Fagan sitting in Leah's chair. A beat but the man seems harmless enough. Freddie is smoking a Cigar and uses the candles to light it through the following.

DEXTER

Yeah I am.

## FREDDIE

It's great isn't it? The best feeling in the world. I'm telling you, throughout your life you'll want all sorts of material things. The nice house, the nice car, the holidays abroad. All of that stuff. And they're good, don't get me wrong. They do make life better. Well maybe not better, easier I mean. And you'll always want more. Whatever you've got. That is a promise. Anyway, the feelings of pleasure these material things give don't get anywhere near to comparing the feeling of being in love. DO NOT COMPARE. And it costs nothing. That's the beautiful thing. Unlike the Mansions and the Ferrari's and the holidays in paradise, which are fun, I'd be a lair if I denied it. Love: the undisputed heavy weight champion of all earthly pleasures costs nothing. Making it accessible to everyone. You just got to hope that Cupid up there is kind to you with his arrows.

## DEXTER

Thank you but I think he has been.

## FREDDIE

But it doesn't last forever. I'm sorry to piss on your moment but it doesn't. Why should it last forever? Me and you aren't going to. It's just a fleeting experience. Usually short. And when it all goes wrong. When or if. Usually when. When it

all goes wrong that's when it can  
kick you in the teeth. That's  
when love can really hurt because  
jumping into love means you're  
taking a risk. Falling in love  
means you're exposing yourself to  
complete pain and devastation.  
That's the potential price.  
Probable price of falling in  
love. And when that happens  
that's the real test. You've got  
to be able to pick yourself up,  
brush yourself down and do it all  
over again without letting the  
previous painful ending distort  
your view on life. That is  
something many people can't do.

Thankfully for Dexter, one of Freddie's colleagues has  
noticed that he is talking to a random stranger and decided  
to intervene. He drags a weary looking Freddie out of  
Leah's chair.

FREDDIE'S FRIEND

Come back to your table Freddie.  
I'm sorry about him, he's drunk.

DEXTER

That's ok. Thanks for the advice.

FREDDIE

I mean it. Are you strong enough?

As Freddie's is dragged back to his table. Dexter is  
visibly relieved that Leah has returned from the toilet.

DEXTER

Let's pay and go.

INT. ROYAL INSURERS OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Dexter and Leah sit and canoodle in an office hallway  
outside a door signed "Mark Kramer". Out steps a grave

looking but strong fifty something man. He beckons for Dexter to enter which he does, kissing Leah as he does so.

INT. DEXTER'S MANAGERS OFFICE-NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

A nervous but excited Dexter sits down. A more serious Mark Kramer sits opposite. Dexter looks round and can see Leah's smiling face through a window. He turns back. A beat.

KRAMER

Good holiday.

DEXTER

Yeah. It was great. Went to Thailand. It was a honeymoon.

KRAMER

Congratulations.

DEXTER

Thank you.

A beat. There is some tension in the air which Dexter hasn't picked up on.

KRAMER

Dexter, do you know why I've called you in here tonight?

DEXTER

(has his suspicions)

No.

KRAMER

Dexter, for the past two weeks I've been working closely with Detective Baxter from Scotland Yard. He's been doing some investigating into a well publicised murder that took place some weeks ago.

Dexter looks baffled. Kramer gets up and opens a door at

the back of his office and in step Detective Baxter and a drowsy looking PC Syon. Dexter's mood is now one of anxiety. What the fuck is going on here? Kramer now stands in the background as Baxter takes his seat and control. PC Syon stands behind a worried Dexter.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

Mr Johnson. For the past eight weeks me and my colleagues have been working round the clock trying to solve the puzzle of the murder of Miss Amy Hardwood. Daughter of, none other, than Mr George Harwood, our Prime Minister. We think we've got our man. You. We have also been working on a tip-off regarding a large amount of cocaine that will be entering the country. Again, we think we've got our man. You.

DEXTER

(doesn't believe this)  
This is a wind up, right?

Kramer opens the back door in the back of the office and drags in the suitcase that Leah was carrying earlier. #Note it is identical to the suitcase that Lateesha Svenson had in the opening scene. Baxter gets up and helps Kramer carry it to the desk and plonks it in front of Dexter.

DEXTER

That's my suitcase.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

We know it's your suitcase. We've just got it from your flat which we've been searching for the past two hours.

Baxter opens the suitcase which is full to the brim with packages of Cocaine. Dexter is dumbstruck.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

We've been onto for you a while.  
Go to Thailand under the pretence  
of a honeymoon. Causes less  
suspicion.

DEXTER

(numb)

This is ridiculous. You've  
SERIOUSLY got the wrong man.

Baxter hands Dexter photo's of Dexter earlier in Sam's  
restaurant when Freddie Fagan was sat at his table. Dexter  
has the plate of salt in front of him but as the picture  
was taken from outside the distance means that the plate of  
salt could easily be mistaken for cocaine.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

You were seen trying to sample it  
tonight. Is that who you were  
trying to sell it to?

DEXTER

No, No, No, No, No, No, No, No,  
No.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

(getting more aggressive)

We have to admit that we first  
thought that Freddie was the  
importer, not you. What about Amy  
Hardwood? Mr Kramer here keeps  
records of all his employees  
fingerprints. Being an Art  
Insurers he can't be too careful.  
Recognise this?

Baxter takes out a celephane bag with the empty Beretta 92F  
that Dexter held in Leah's flat earlier. Dexter examines  
it. The penny still hasn't dropped.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

Two bullets were fired into Miss

Hardwood's back and guess whose gun they match up with? Finger prints all over it. These finger prints match up with someone not sitting a million miles away from me now. Who could that be Syon?

PC SYON

(for some reason is definitely not with it)  
Tell me sir.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

God, you-are-a-mess. Sort your act out. The same finger prints are also all over this. Playing dumb is not a good idea right now. You'll do yourself a big favour by pleading guilty.

Baxter takes out another cellophane bag containing Dexter's blood stained shirt that Leah was wearing earlier. At last Dexter is realising what has happened. Baxter takes out another cellophane bag with the keys that Leah dropped earlier.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

This indicates that there was some sort of struggle before or after you shot her. Nice shirt. You've got taste. You don't have a leg to stand on. Miss Hardwoods keys to her flat that she had stolen from her the night she was murdered. Your fingerprints have been found all over her flat. 22 Oakwood Place. That ring any bells to you?

It all dawns on Dexter and hits him like a sledge-hammer. The following flashbacks occur very quickly and are combined with snippets of conversations Dexter had with Leah ringing through his brain. All working together to bamboozle him.

### FLASHBACK 1 - DEXTER'S FLAT EARLIER

Leah struggles with the suitcase, full to the brim of cocaine, that now sits in front of him.

### FLASHBACK 2 - OUTSIDE LEAH'S FLATS - EARLIER

Dexter picks up the keys that are marked "number 22".

DEXTER (V.O. FROM EARLIER)

It was you who insisted on  
Thailand and were very particular  
about Bangkok.

### FLASHBACK 3 - LEAH'S KITCHEN - EARLIER

Dexter picks up the Beretta 92F earlier. Only now we can see Leah's devious eyes on him in the background.

### FLASHBACK 4 - LEAH'S KITCHEN - EARLIER

Leah spills blood on Dexter's shirt. Again, obvious now we know.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM EARLIER)

It was you who approached me  
remember?

### FLASHBACK 5 - SAM'S RESTARAUNT - EARLIER

Leah get's up to go to the toilet and makes an eye gesture to Freddie to approach Dexter at the table. Isn't hindsight a wonderful thing?

Dexter turns round and the final, painful truth hits hard; Leah has gone. He feels nauseaus but also knows he has to defend himself as Syon starts to handcuff him.

DEXTER

(struggling)

What about a motive? What  
possible reason would I have for

doing it? I don't even know the girl.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

(enjoying this)

We know that's not true and she knew about the drug deal. Dexter Johnson I am arresting you on suspicion of murder and intention of dealing class A drugs. Do you have anything to say?

DEXTER

You have to see how ridiculous this is. It doesn't fit.

Bleary eyed Syon drags him away confiscating his mobile phone.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

It fit's perfectly. You're going down. We'll be speaking more later. Lock him up and sort yourself out.

Syon acknowledges this last comment and shuffles out of the door with a devastated Dexter. The shot switches to the chair and the same Sun Newspaper headline. We close in on it and then withdraw to reveal...

INT. VIVIANNE'S CAR (STATIC)- EVENING (TUESDAY)

..Vivianne, Sam Donaghue's 45 year old wife, sitting in a parked car reading the same Sun newspaper. We are back to 6 p.m again the same evening as shown by the car clock. She is overweight, tired and slightly worn caused by years of stress. She is impatiently fidgeting and checking her watch. From her POV we can see a college and behind that is a hospital. Out of the hospital and walking past the college comes an attractive 20 year old cleaner, Zoe: Vivianne's and Sam's daughter. She approaches the car and enters. Her bag spills open and out falls a Woman's magazine with a highlighted page on breast implants.

Fortunately for Zoe, Vivianne pulls away and doesn't notice this so she can quickly replace it with a girls magazine, advertising for girls to audition as models. Her dreamy moment is crushed by her mother's words. Throughout the following we switch between Vivianne and Zoe's "I can't stand my mum" look on her face. Vivianne speeds off.

## VIVIANNE

(rant)

Stop daydreaming about that wretched magazine. I specifically told you not to be late tonight. Didn't I? With everything we've got going on the least you can do is finish work on time. That really isn't too much to ask for. You know that the surprise party was called off so I had to get to the restaurant. You know how important tonight is for me and your dad. And therefore how important it is for our entire family. I'm going to be rushing around now and getting all worked up and that's the last thing I need. You'll be babysitting for two tonight. Callum AND grandad. He can't keep travelling between his house and the hospital. Poor man deserves a holiday. It's way too much for him. And despite what he says I think Grandma's illness has hit him hard and I can't stand the thought of him all alone at night. So he's staying with us for a while. Which means YOU madam have got some responsibilities. You can't go ANYWHERE tonight. Make sure that Callum takes his medicine. Twice. Don't let him play his music too loud. Make sure they have

something HEALTHY to eat. Nothing Fried. Don't order Pizza's or take-away's. Don't make long phone calls to friends in fact don't make any phone incase we call. Don't touch the car. Make sure the alarm is on. Don't touch the Goldfish. Don't let them watch too much T.V oh and don't let Callum make a mess of the place. Keep it tidy.....and stay away from the internet.....and Computer Games for that matter...and alcohol.....

INT. THE DONAGHUE KITCHEN - EVENING (TUESDAY) LATER

Vivianne is ironing and is still listing the do's and don'ts to Zoe who is in obvious agony at her demanding mother. We can see Grandad watching T.V

VIVIANNE (CONT'D)

...and don't invite anybody round. Especially Jack...

INT. THE DONAGHUE BATHROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY) LATER

On she goes as she prepares herself in the mirror....

VIVIANNE (CONT'D)

...obviously the shop is completely out of bounds...

INT. THE DONAGHUE PARENTS BEDROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY) LATER

....And on as she puts her earrings in.

VIVIANNE (CONT'D)

...as is our bedroom.

INT. THE DONAGHUE LIVING ROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY) LATER

Zoe is sitting down on the sofa as Vivianne, who is now ready, stands over her and at last finishes her rant. Grandad is now on the couch sleeping. We can hear music coming from one of the rooms. It's obviously Callum.

VIVIANNE (CONT'D)

....make sure you've got your mobile on. In case anything should happen to the phone lines and ONLY call us in an emergency. How do I look?

ZOE

Horrible.

VIVIANNE

I'll see you later.

Vivianne's cab horns and she leaves in a rush. Zoe immediately looks over at Grandad and leans over him to see that he is asleep. She then jumps up and approaches Callum's door. Knocks and enters at the same time. We hear the conversation although we do not see inside Callum's room. The music turns down.

ZOE

I'm going out for a little while so you've got to look after Grandad.

CALLUM (O.S.)

Mum told you to do it.

ZOE

Not long.

CALLUM (O.S.)

Where?

ZOE

None of your business.

CALLUM (O.S.)

Oh-ho. You're going to the  
Antique Shop to have sex with  
Jack.

ZOE  
(spot on)  
Don't be ridiculous. It stinks in  
here. Is that weed?

CALLUM (O.S.)  
What do you think?

ZOE  
It's not big and it's not clever.

CALLUM (O.S.)  
I know. It's fucking great  
though.

ZOE  
Dad will go spare.

CALLUM (O.S.)  
That means we each have a secret  
to keep.

ZOE  
(accepts Callum's bribe)  
I'm getting stoned just standing  
here. I'll be two hours.  
Grandad's asleep so you shouldn't  
have anything to do. Just keep  
the noise down and don't do  
anything stupid.

Zoe closes the door and we hear the music from inside rise  
again. She then checks again on Grandad to see that he is  
still asleep. She then grabs a large set of keys and her  
parents car keys before stepping outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DONAGHUE HOUSE-EVENING (TUESDAY)CONTINUOUS

Zoe dives into Vivianne's car like an excited school girl

doing something that she shouldn't and speeds off to some of her favourite music.

INT. VIVIANNE'S CAR (MOVING) - EVENING (TUESDAY) MOMENTS LATER

Zoe pulls over and in to the driver's seat now sits Jack: A 20 year old Police CCTV operative "Assistant". He pulls away and Zoe slips into the passenger seat. Jack is randy and keeps biting and grabbing Zoe as he drives. She likes this but has to make him concentrate on his driving. He continues to act like a dog with two dicks as well as staring excessively into the mirror. We see them drive past the window of the restaraunt where Vivianne sits waiting for Sam but they do not notice this. Jack pulls over in to Madison Avenue which is just a dingy alley way. Next to which is Sam and Vivianne's Antique shop.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

They get out and tentatively approach the Antique shop although Jack continues to harass Zoe. She takes out large set of keys and opens the locks. They enter like a couple of robbers.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Inside all is dark. Zoe turns the lights on and we see the Antique Shop.

Jack looks in a mirror, AGAIN, he is quite vain. It is a small antique shop with various relics. Lamps, umbrella's, tables and other miscellany but nothing of any real value. Zoe turns the lights back off and they creep up to the small flat upstairs. Zoe goes into the bathroom and begins to get changed whilst Jack enters the living room. He looks around and notices a box of party bits that Vivianne was going to use for the secret party before she changed her mind. A note saying "Viv, your order. Have a great night". He checks inside and there are wigs, hats, poppers etc. He then enters a small bedroom and rolls a joint as they talk.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BEDROOM - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

Once rolled, Jack rummages through Zoe's bag and finds a homes catalogue with a flat circled as well as the girls magazine. Again he looks in a mirror as he places the rolled joint on the side.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BATHROOM - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

We see Zoe getting changed as they talk between rooms.

JACK (O.S.)

It's no good torturing yourself over that house babe. On our income we can't even afford a rabbit hutch. (low) And about being a model.

ZOE

Not now. But after I go to college and get some decent qualifications I could earn some better money.

JACK (O.S.)

(low)Get real. (loud again) and how likely is that?

These cold and unsympathetic remarks visibly hurt Zoe as she slips into a very pretty dress.

ZOE

(mutters to herself)  
Maybe if you'd stop belittling me.

JACK (O.S.)

It's about as likely as your dad ever liking me. Inviting me to one of the legendary "Donaghue B B-Q's". For privileged guests only.

ZOE

He bought us those presents

didn't he. He bought you that watch.

JOEY (O.S.)

Yeah, and he bought you that tarty dress. How could a dad buy his daughter a dress like that? I'd never let my girlfriend where that let alone my daughter.

She's got the dress on! With these words she takes it back off and climbs back into the casual clothes she had on before. She then joins Jack in the bedroom.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BEDROOM - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

In the corner sits a large green trunk. Jack lies back in the bed, expectant. Zoe approaches him but now doesn't look as in the mood as she was before.

ZOE

Can you try to be a bit more thoughtful?

The lights go off and all we can see is the clear moonlight sky shining through the curtain-less window. We can hear exactly what is going on. Kissing and smooching and clothes being taken off. Jack clearly hasn't paid much attention to Zoe's request as he seems to have skipped foreplay and got straight into the meat-and-two-veg scenario. We hear the bed squeek in the good old-familiar fashion for a little while before all is still. That was it! The lights go back on and the expressions speak for themselves. Jack lies back panting (God knows how!)and contented whilst Zoe is flabbergasted at Jack's lack of sensitivity. Jack doesn't seem to care and takes the joint from the side and starts to smoke it. Zoe's expression is of outrage. He still checks his face in the mirror.

JACK

Relax. It's just one Spliff.

ZOE

(shouts)

I don't care, if my dad...

JACK

(interrupts)

Jesus. He's not going to find out, is he? I appreciate your situation. I do, honest. I understand that he's anti-drugs because of what happened to your brother.

ZOE

And he's a policeman. Little things like tend to go niggle them.

JACK

O.K, I'm sorry. It's just the one I promise.

Zoe get's up to get dressed again and there is an awkward beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

Why won't you tell me what happened to Callum. Is he was a Smackhead or something?

ZOE

(annoyed)

He was actually. If you really have to know "YES" he was a Heroin addict. Does that make you happy? Make you feel better to know that he spent the last three years jacking needles into his veins. Dropped out of college, lost jobs his girlfriend ab-so-lutely-everything. So there you have it.

JACK

Shit I'm sorry. He's only got himself to blame.

ZOE

(upset)

I knew you'd say that. That's why I didn't tell you. You cannot be sympathetic to ANYONE.

At last Jack realises that he's stepped over the line and follows Zoe into the small living room. He tries to worm and smooch his way back into her good books.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP LIVING ROOM - EVENING(TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

JACK

I didn't mean that.

ZOE

You did Jack, it's written all over your face.

JACK

I'm not arguing. What's that?

Jack is referring to a small green tablet in Zoe's hand.

ZOE

One of Callum's Tamazipan tablets. They help him sleep. I don't sleep much these days.

JACK

(put's the pill in his pocket)  
Don't be ridiculous. I want to see the basement.

Zoe acquiesces as confrontation is just too much effort at the moment. She grabs the big set of keys and they make their way down the stairs. They go through the unlit antique shop and reach another door which Zoe opens. This door itself leads down another set of stairs.

## INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BASEMENT - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

They descend these stairs more softly. Jack is excited as though he were entering a dungeon. It is an old cellar. It is very dark. Zoe lights a candle and we get a dimmed view of the cellar. There isn't much in the room but on the wall is a large painting frame with a cover over it. Zoe turns the lights on and then removes the cover over the painting to reveal a piece of impressive sea painting: "Portsmouth" by Turner. There is a pause as they both gape at the huge masterpiece.

ZOE

(low and in awe)

Two-hundred-and-fifty grand.  
Dad's got to restore it. Doesn't  
get much work like this these  
days though. Takes him ages.

JACK

It's not going to be five  
minutes, is it?

As Jack mutters these words he spots an old cob-webbed button on the wall. He runs to it and, without any thought, presses it. We hear the clanking of an old machine start and a hole in the ceiling appears. A small section of the ceiling moves down all the way down to the floor and stops. Jack is impressed and runs up to it.

JACK

Wicked.

ZOE

This place used to be a pub. This  
was the cellar so that must have  
been the machine they used to  
bring down the barrels.

JACK

Obvious.

ZOE

Stop doing that.

JACK

What?

ZOE

Patronising me, I hate it.

Zoe's face changes all of a sudden as she remembers her responsibilities.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Grandad!

We cut to quick shots of the lights being turned off, locks being turned, bolts shifting and doors slamming closed.

EXT. VIVIANNE'S CAR(MOVING)-EVENING (TUESDAY) MOMENTS LATER

We see the car speeding and screech back home.

INT.THE DONAGHUE LIVING ROOM-EVENING(TUESDAY)LATER

Zoe is having a conversation with Callum. Towards the back of the room we can see Jack standing in front a seemingly lifeless Grandad, inspecting him curiously.

ZOE

How did he get into your room?

CALLUM

(stoned)

I went to the toilet. I came back  
...and he was just sitting in my  
room.

JACK

(finds this amusing)

He's stoned!

A CU of Grandad's face for the first time. He is out of it! He seems happy though as he smiles intermittently in his trance.

ZOE

It's not funny.

JACK

(can't contain his laughter)

Yes it is!

ZOE

Mum is going to go ape-shit.  
She'll go ape-shit if she finds  
out you're still taking drugs.

JACK

It's not like he's back on Heroin  
or anything. Cannabis is  
practically legal.

ZOE

(to Callum)

You know what dad's opinion on  
drugs are after you what you went  
through. (now to Jack) And in  
case you've forgotten he is a  
police detective. Kid caught  
taking drugs a second time could  
finish his career(to Callum) Open  
your windows and make sure you've  
hidden everything well.

Callum scurries off and Zoe approaches Jack and Grandad.

ZOE (CONT'D)

That goes for you as well. Have  
you got your stuff on you?

JACK

Of course I have. Isn't that  
obvious?

ZOE

(fighting back)

No, it's not obvious. That's why

I asked.

Jack tuts and searches his pockets for his stuff but he can't find it. A face of panic. He left it back at the antique shop.

EXT. VIVIANNE'S CAR (MOVING)-EVENING (TUESDAY) MOMENTS LATER

The car screeches off again. This time with an extra passenger in the back seat; stoned Grandad. Going through Mars Bars like there's no tomorrow.

ZOE

If dad finds out that we've been taking drugs at the shop, God help us.

JACK

(spaz tongue)

Will you relax? He's not going to find out. We'll go back to the shop. Get my stuff. Tidy up. And no-one will be any the wiser. I'm sure Grandad won't say anything. Is that right Grandad?

Grandad is too stoned and into his Mars Bars to care. He grumbles contentedly.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BEDROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY) LATER

Zoe is putting the finishing touches to tidying up the bedroom. Jack enters and takes his stash of Weed from the side.

JACK

Your Grandad's in the living room. He's O.K. Are we happy now?

ZOE

(still manically and unnecessarily tidying)  
He's not smoking Weed?

Jack rolls his eyes in annoyance.

ZOE

What was that look for?

JACK

What look?

ZOE

That look as if to say "you complete idiot".

JACK

He's not going to be smoking Weed is he? You're getting paranoid. He's fine I promise.

We hear music start from the Living Room. Bob Marley's "Don't Worry" is clearly audible. As is Grandad's attempt to sing along with it.

JACK (CONT'D)

(under a smirk)

He's just listening to some music.

They both head towards the living room as they speak.

ZOE

I'm glad you've got a sense of humour.

JACK

Oh come on, it's funny.

ZOE

He's seventy-five years old.

JACK

It's harmless.

ZOE

It's...

They open the living room door to reveal.....

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP LIVING ROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY)  
CONTINUOUS

..Grandad sits right in front of them wearing a dreadlocked wig from the Party box. The music stops also. A beat.

GRANDAD

(in his best West Indian accent)

Lively-up-yourself.

Jack finds this all too amusing and tries to conceal his laughter by going over to the window as the second track of the Bob Marley CD begins; "Could you be loved". Zoe approaches him.

ZOE

Grandad we're going to get you to bed.

GRANDAD

(enjoying the music too much)

Could you be loved!

Jack looks out of the window and instantly looks alarmed. Zoe notices his startled face and rushes over to see what he has seen. Their view is down into Madison Avenue. We see that the hatch to the cellar is still open. Panic-stricken, Zoe runs downstairs but we stay in the Living Room. Jack's face crumples as he awaits her reaction. Grandad's having fun though. We hear Zoe's piercing scream.

GRANDAD

Dem-likkle-yute-dem.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BASEMENT - EVENING (TUESDAY) MOMENTS  
LATER

The light is on and, as expected, there is a gaping space where the Turner painting once stood. Zoe is a mess.

ZOE

I don't know what we're going to do. What are we going to do? Tell me Jack, what are we going to?

For once Jack is showing some tenderness.

JACK

Don't worry. The police will be here in a minute. They'll take a statement and you'll get paid on the Insurance.

I'm sure he's insured. Do you get that? I'm sure he's insured.

ZOE

That's not funny.

JACK

O.K.

GRANDAD (O.S.)

Get up, Stand up.

We hear the bell ring.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP FRONT DOOR- EVENING (TUESDAY) MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and we are greeted by the inane, cocky grin of Police Officer Steve Syon. Zoe and Syon recognise each other but Zoe seems more embarrassed about it.

PC SYON

(unbearably smug)

Zoe! I haven't seen you since  
....Amsterdam.

As Syon enters it is clear that Jack is not impressed with Syon and Zoe being previously acquainted.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BASEMENT - EVENING (TUESDAY) LATER

Syon is putting the finishing touches to his inspection, scribbling down notes. Jack takes Zoe to one side.

JACK

Are you going to tell me about Amsterdam?

ZOE

Don't be ridiculous.

JACK

Tell me.

ZOE

There's nothing to tell.

Zoe approaches Syon, smiling but nervous, trying to compose herself. Syon blows Zoe a kiss which she ignores. Jack notices this and is becoming more and more incensed. Syon enjoys the fact that he is causing trouble.

ZOE

Have you got everything down in the report? They'll pay for the insurance won't they?

GRANDAD (O.S.)

Exodus, movement of the people.

ZOE

That's my Grandad.

We hear voice of Syon's walkie talkie.

VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE

Steve. Can you get round to Royal Insurers. You're presence is needed.

PC SYON

Roger that. (turns off). I'd like to roger her as well.

ZOE

Well?

PC SYON

What? Oh the insurance. Highly unlikely, I'm afraid. I've checked everywhere and there's been no sign of a break in.

ZOE

I told you the cellar hatch was left open.

PC SYON

And that's your problem. Once the insurers see that on the report they'll be rubbing their hands together. They'll do all they can to get out of paying you. That's how they make their money. They don't pay out. Maybe the CCTV will reveal something. It's why it was installed in the first place.

As Syon finishes his notes in the background Zoe and Jack talk.

ZOE

(in a mess)

I can't believe this is happening to me. He's going to kill me AND you.

JACK

(selfish)

Why me?

ZOE

Because YOU opened the hatch.

Only now is Jack really interested in rescuing the

situation. We can see his brain ticking over until...

JACK

O.K. We've got to change his report somehow. So it says there was a sign of a break in.

ZOE

We can't do that. The words "fraud" and "deception" spring to mind.

JACK

What about the words "dad", "no insurance money" and "pain"?

This is enough to persuade Zoe and she sighs in begrudging agreement. They look over at Syon's burglary report on the side but there's no way they can get to it without his knowledge....unless. Jack pulls out the Temazepam tablet from his pocket. They then look at Syon's mug of tea on the side. We can see their faces agonising over their dilemma. They've got to do it.

JACK

(now low)

Once he's asleep we can change the report and then when he wakes up we can say he fell over or something.

Zoe nods and Jack drops the Tamazapin tablet into Syon's mug of tea just in time before he approaches them. Syon then takes a huge gulp and finishes the cup.

VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE

Steve. Are you on your way round to Royal Insurers yet?

PC SYON

(to walkie talkie)Roger that. (to the others) and roger you as well. I'll be back in hour to

finish that report.

Syon winks at Zoe, much to the consternation of Jack, picks up the burglary report and heads out. We then hear the doorbell ring "An hour later". Zoe opens the door and Syon stands there, only this time looking very groggy indeed. The tablet seems to be working. He stumbles through the door and up the stairs. Zoe and Jack just follow. Totally out of it, he enters the bedroom.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BEDROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Muttering incoherently he just lies on the bed and closes his eyes. Zoe cautiously approaches him. Satisfied that he is asleep she opens his folder and both her and Jack rummage through his paperwork. We pan around the room to a photo of a smiling Sam on the side. We close in on this photo.

ZOE (O.S.)

Dad would have a heart-attack if  
he knew anything about this.

GRANDAD (O.S.)

We're Jamming, we hope you like  
Jamming too.

We continue to zoom in on the photo of Sam smiling until...

EXT. STREET - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

..we withdraw to see Sam frowning. He is walking briskly because he is late for his meal with Vivianne. He enters the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING (TUESDAY) MOMENTS LATER

Sam sits down at the table and Vivianne doesn't look just un-impressed but more as though she has given up on him AND them. Sam immediately sinks his head into the table as though he too knows how bad turning up late for this all important meal looks.

VIVIANNE

I don't need to say anything.  
This is not good. This is SO not  
good. What is-the-point?

SAM

I could try and patronise you  
with a lame excuse but I won't.  
I'm late because my time-keeping,  
as you are painfully aware, is  
not just inadequate but downright  
non-existent. Can I be forgiven?

VIVIANNE

It's not about forgiveness it's  
about how important tonight is to  
you. And on this evidence it's  
not very.

SAM

It is important to me. You and  
the kids are everything to me.  
You know that.  
This case has just eaten and  
eaten and eaten away at me. Once  
it is wrapped up, and I'll be  
honest I can't guarantee when,  
but when it is done, my family  
and solving my families problems  
will have my complete devotion.

A beat. The strain between the two is all too clear but  
that was a strong plea.

SAM

Anyway, this is old ground. We're  
just repeating ourselves. O.K I'm  
repeating myself which is why I  
wanted tonight be positive and  
constructive. SO, on my way here,  
I thought we could write a list.  
A list of all our issues that  
need to be addressed. Then we

will go through them. One by one.  
In order of importance.

VIVIANNE

Positive.

SAM

Go ahead. List them.

He takes out a pen and hands it to her. She writes "list"  
on the back of a napkin.

VIVIANNE

O.K. Callum needs to be back at  
work. He's had enough recovery  
time. It's unhealthy him sitting  
around the house all day. He  
needs to be occupied. And I need  
YOU to help me help him do it.

SAM

I could not agree more.

VIVIANNE

I need my life back. I used to be  
an active, healthy, HAPPY teacher  
before the school burned down.  
I've turned into an overweight,  
frumpy, UNHAPPY, housewife  
running that lame duck of an  
antique shop.

SAM

You're not overweight.

VIVIANNE

That's very sweet but we both  
know that not be true.  
I want my old job back and I need  
your support. I have been writing  
to the education board, every  
week, for over a year about  
obtaining a grant to get the

school reopened. They keep rejecting me. I'd like you to assist me more with this.

SAM

Fair enough.

VIVIANNE

Sex.

They both laugh knowingly. There obviously hasn't been much of this for a while.

VIVIANNE

Any healthy relationship has a healthy sex-life. I'd like more please. Alot more.

SAM

You're not alone on that.

VIVIANNE

Spend more time with Zoe and more family time in general. Like family dinners. Our fridge is full of crap-meals-for-one dinners because we simply don't eat together. That's got to change.

SAM

Absolutely. O.K Now do I get a chance?

VIVIANNE

O.K

SAM

I've always wanted to play my guitar. I bought that two years ago and I still can't play a note. Will I be granted "play time" where I'm totally left

alone to do that?

VIVIANNE

Yes.

SAM

I'd like to be Chief Constable  
one day. Do I have your blessing  
with that?

VIVIANNE

With the hours you've been doing,  
I'm amazed you're not already.

SAM

Is that a yes?

Vivianne nods her head in agreement. Real progress has been made and they clink glasses to acknowledge so. They seem almost happy. Then Sam's pager beeps and Vivianne sighs as if to say "not again". Sam reads the message "problem at the antique shop, please investigate".

SAM

I've got to go.

VIVIANNE

This is what I mean!

SAM

(putting his jacket on)  
It's not work. Something to do  
with the shop. I won't be long.

He exits and we follow him, leaving Vivianne looking concerned.

EXT. STREET - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

We follow Sam out of the restaurant and down the dark, cold street. It's not long before he is at Madison Avenue. He see's a car outside but no lights on in the shop. He hears hushed voices and, concerned, he walks to end of Madison

Avenue (not long) to see the light on from his flat above the shop. The voices are panicked and louder but we still can't make out what is being said. He is trying hard to hear what is being said. We switch to a high, birds eye view of Madison Avenue. As Sam stands there we see a masked figure in dark clothes run up to him and shoot him twice in the back. A silencer must have been used as not much of a noise is made. Sam collapses instantly and lies face down on the floor. The shooter make haste.

DISSOLVE TO  
BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - MORNING (WEDNESDAY)

It is now morning and it is the same birds-eye view shot as before of the body lying face down in the ground. Only now the opening to Madison Avenue is guarded off by police tape and two police officers guarding it from a little crowd of people. A female TV News reporter talks in front of the guarding policemen and small crowd. We cut to her.

FEMALE REPORTER

Dramatic new developments in the hunt for killer of Miss Amy Hardwood, daughter of Prime Minister George Hardwood. I'm here at Madison Avenue, a small street in North London where in the early hours of this morning a body was discovered. The identity is still unknown and the body itself has not yet been taken away for forensic examination. The age and sex of the victim is unknown at this point. The body still lies in Madison Avenue which, as you can see behind me, remains well cordoned off by police. A man is currently being questioned. The Amy Hardwood

murder case now lies shrouded in mystery. Last night another man was arrested and taken into custody but in the twelve hours since then there have been dramatic new twists. The Detective Bill Baxter, in charge of the case has disappeared. Colleagues are unaware as to his whereabouts and are concerned for his safety. His last contact was to these policemen here behind me where he gave strict instructions NOT to touch the body until further notice. Police also say they are currently sifting through some "new evidence" that has emerged which they say could prove critical. A police statement this morning said they had good reason to believe that these 3 events of the last 12 hours could all be linked to Amy Hardwood murder enquiry but they could not confirm so at this point. Back to you in the studio.

#### INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (WEDNESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Nick is in the interrogation room. He is the suspect the reporter was referring to. It is dimly lit and intimidating as are the faces of the two police detectives questioning him. Detectives Mills and Anderson: uncompromising and battle hardened. Nick looks as though he is not willing to give anything away. A knock on the door and Anderson sticks his head out of the door. A constable stands there.

CONSTABLE

(low)

Until we hear from Baxter that body is not to be touched.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

(annoyed and low)  
God knows when that'll be. O.K  
thanks, officer.

The constable disappears and Anderson approaches the table again. A difficult silence reigns. Detective Mills holds a wolf mask in one hand and a CZ 75 in the other.

DETECTIVE MILLS

Right. I'm getting fucked off with this. You keep denying you know anything. Last night 3 of YOUR neighbours phone up and say that they saw you acting suspiciously. We check it out. We see your car. We check inside and what do we find? We find these. Oh, and what's this that we have? Look on the screen look.

Detective Mills turns on a CCTV video. It's from Madison Avenue and it's quite clearly showing the moments in which Sam Donaghue was shot. The mask is definitely the same as the one in Mill's hands. The gun looks pretty similar as well.

DETECTIVE MILLS (CONT'D)

He's wearing your mask and he's carrying your gun! You can keep playing dumb but that'll only land you in bigger trouble. It's all stacked against you sunshine. It's in YOUR interests to tell us what you know about this. Don't talk and you're going down: how's that for an ultimatum?

NICK  
(given in)  
O.K.

DETECTIVE MILLS

You say you were at home from 12

a.m onwards and you've got an alibi until 9. So what happened to the 3 hours in between? I want quick and honest answers.

INT. NICK'S CAR (STATIC) -EVENING (TUESDAY)

We cut back to last night and the moment when Nick dropped off Joey with his erection back at Nick's house (page 20). We hear the following voice-overs as we repeat the visuals of the scene.

NICK (V.O. FROM PRESENT)

I was forced to kill someone. A policeman.

DETECTIVE MILLS (V.O. FROM PRESENT)

A policeman forced you to kill someone or you were forced to kill a policeman?

NICK (V.O. FROM PRESENT)

Both. I was also expected to rob an antique shop. At about 9 I dropped my brother off at his girlfriends.

As before, Joey get's out of the car and we see him from Nick POV as he climbs back in the bathroom window. We follow Nick as he drives off. He looks tense. After a short drive and frantic looking around to get his bearings he stops. He parks just outside a quiet and deserted Madison Avenue. Obviously alien to such behaviour his nerves have the better of him. He takes out a pair of gloves and his holdall from the back. He is now 'kitted out'. One last check in the mirror before he goes. He steps out of the car.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Nick is going to break in via the front of the Antique shop. But out of the corner of his eye he notices that the trapdoor/hatch is open. He runs towards it and checks

inside, cautiously checking around him as he does. It's too dark so he get's his torch from his bag to shine inside. He see's everything. He can't believe his luck. All he has to do is jump down, grab the painting and make haste. There is quite a drop so he hangs and jumps into the cellar.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BASEMENT - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Nick turns on the light and we see the magnificent Turner Painting on the wall. He takes it down and out of the frame before rolling it up carefully. He then hears raised voices from upstairs. It's Zoe and Jack who have returned with stoned Grandad. He then hears footsteps charging down towards him and getting louder. Panicked he grabs his holdall and, using a chair he manages to pull himself up and back out on to Madison Avenue.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

With his holdall, Nick makes a dash towards his car. He was just in time as we hear Zoe's scream of realisation from before (page 45). Nick breathes a huge sigh of relief. He knows that was cutting it fine.

NICK (V.O. FROM PRESENT)

Then I had to take it to your  
colleague. Bill Baxter.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

We follow Nick, carrying his holdall into a dimly lit public park. He approaches a shelter where, waiting for him, is Bill Baxter. Nick sits down and hands him the brown envelope stolen/swapped from Roxanne. Baxter peruses it. After only a few seconds he very casually tosses it into a rubbish bin and takes out a mobile phone and talks to Nick as he dials. They talk but their conversation is drowned out by Nick's voice-over.

NICK (CONT'D)

He got me to steal some evidence  
for him. He wouldn't tell me what  
it was about and I'd daren't

look. But it was something to do  
with the murder of the PM'S  
daughter.

Baxter is unable to get through to whoever it is and so  
sends a text. He then takes out CZ 75 and a piece of paper  
and hands them to Nick. This unnerves Nick. They talk but  
again this is drowned out by Nick's voice-over.

NICK (CONT'D)

Some days ago he told me I'd have  
something sinister to do. He gave  
me instructions to shoot a police  
officer. A detective. Sam  
Donaghue. My father in law! I was  
scared. That was one step too far  
but I let him think that I was  
going to go through with it. So I  
took the gun. He had already told  
me where and when. It had already  
been arranged. He even told where  
to dump the gun once I'd shot  
him. He'd even arranged to watch  
it on CCTV. YOUR CCTV but there  
was no way I was going to go  
through with it. I had to drop  
the gun off at this address.

DETECTIVE MILLS (V.O. FROM PRESENT)

That's Broadmore estate. That's  
where Hardwood lived.  
And was killed. That place was  
under surveillance. Let me tell  
you something: Detective Baxter  
is highly respected and I'm  
taking your words very likely.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's the truth.

Baxter takes Nick's holdall and inspects the Turner  
painting: he is satisfied.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

We see Nick looking into the window onto Sam and Vivianne's conversation (page 53). As before Sam gets a beep on his pager before getting up to leave. After a few seconds he is out of the door and Nick follows him but Sam is, as before, unaware of this.

NICK (CONT'D)

It was never my intention to kill  
him. He's my girlfriend's step  
father for fuck sake!

As before Sam walks the short walk to Madison Avenue in the dimly lit streets. Nick keeping a short distance behind. Sam notices the light on in his flat and he approaches the window. Nick puts on his mask runs up to Sam, shooting him in the back in full view of the CCTV camera above before scarpering. Sam collapses to the ground and lies face down. A short while elapses before Nick's car screeches into Madison Avenue. Nick jumps out and tries to resuscitate Sam's lifeless body. He tries three times, each time getting more and more freaked out as he fails to get a response. Desperate, he tears off Sam's Moleskin jacket and hurls it, inadvertently on to the small window on Sam's Antique Shop window. All appears lost as a despairing Nick holds his head in his hands. Suddenly Sam sits up. Blinking and squinting he looks totally lost; alive but lost. Nick breathes a sigh of relief.

NICK (V.O. FROM PRESENT)

It was just a stun gun. But for a  
few seconds I thought I'd killed  
him.

INT. NICK'S CAR - (STATIC)- NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

They've been for a drive just to give Sam some air. Nick sits parked opposite Madison Avenue on the other side of the road. Nick POV can clearly see the Antique Shop. Sam sits in the back, awake but disoriented. He hasn't yet soaked up what has just happened.

NICK

I know this is pretty hard to take right now but, as you may have noticed yourself, someone wants you dead. Someone you know. A close colleague of yours. Bill Baxter.

Sam's face doesn't change at all at the mention of this name. It appears as though he expected it.

NICK (CONT'D)

He's on to you.

SAM

I know exactly who you mean. Because we are on to him. And have been for some time. He killed Amy Hardwood.

NICK

And he arranged to set up some poor guy to carry the blame. Why did he kill her though?

SAM

Because of her status she moved in fancy circles. Big business people. Important people. Drug dealers. I'm talking "I eat breakfast on my yacht" kind of drug dealers not "I serve teenagers Crack for breakfast" drug dealers. D'ya know what I mean? People like Freddie Fagan. Freddie met Amy at some charity bash a few months ago. They had an affair and she got quite close. Too close. He let his guard slip and she caught wind of this big coke deal going down with him. Freddie is a man in serious debt and trouble, his

life depended on this deal. She had to go. We've been onto him for weeks now. I've been sending some pretty damning evidence, photo's, tape recordings everything off to an external investigator. We've compiled a watertight case against him.

NICK

I know about that. He asked me to steal it from a young solicitors briefcase tonight. I switched it for something else.

SAM

(despair)

NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! That's months of work. Of hard work and many people working together. Up in fucking smoke! I can't believe you've just told me that. I didn't hear that. I didn't.

NICK

He's got me running all sorts of errands. That painting of yours. The Turner? The one Freddie Fagan paid you to restore?

SAM

(guessed it straight away)  
He wanted you steal it?

NICK

So Freddie will get the Insurance money. They're working close together.

SAM

So you're robbed me as well as killed me!! Some might say you've got it in for me. In fact, where

am I? What am I doing here? Am I  
dead or aren't I?

NICK

(shows him a real-looking stun gun)  
You are alive. I just needed to  
make my briber think you were  
dead. So I used my Stun-Gun.  
Harmless as long as you know what  
you're doing. I nearly made a  
pigs-dinner of it. He's watching  
so it had to be good. Then I was  
going to tell you to hide or do  
whatever you've got to do. Now  
I'm going to drop off the real  
gun, as instructed, and let him  
think I've done my bit. Hence the  
show in front of the CCTV. I can  
steal things and switch things  
for people if I am forced to but  
killing was a step too far. Even  
if you an inlaw!

SAM

How is she by the way? It's been  
a long time since we spoke. This  
case has taken over my life and  
now nearly ended it!  
Who paged me? Was it you?

NICK

He did. Seven minutes to ten. He  
was so precise about that.

Sam, shattered and bamboozled but not entirely surprised  
get's out of the car and walks, determined, off into the  
night.

NICK

Where are you going?

SAM

Don't worry. I'm not going to

drop you in it. I've some  
important people to tell.

NICK

Like who?

Sam disappears down an adjacent street without answering. Nick looks like what he is: a man with alot on his mind. He lights up a cigarette and smokes, inhaling deeply. He continues to look at the Antique Shop. From his POV we see the door open and out steps PC Steve Syon wearing Sam's Moleskin jacket that was thrown onto the window ledge earlier (page 59) He is clearly ruffled by something and runs into Madison Avenue. Nick is intrigued. Next Jack Squire steps out carrying a hand gun. He too runs into Madison Avenue. Jack is screaming at Syon but we can't make out what exactly. Jack aims at Syon who has his back towards him and is bending down to pick something up. Jack shoots twice and Syon falls in exactly the same spot Sam lay a short while earlier. Still Nick POV. Jack is visibly shaken by what he has just done. Zoe's face pops out of the shop door very tentatively. She wheels out Grandad who is still too stoned to care humming Bob Marley. She leaves Grandad at the door before approaching Jack who is scared rigid. They inspect the body before exchanging some panicked and very heated words. We still cannot hear what they are saying. Zoe departs left with Grandad and Jack departs right, leaving Syon. A long shot of Syon's body before we cut to Nick's alarmed face as his unsmoked cigarette burns the butt.

NICK (V.O. FROM PRESENT)

Sam's daughter Zoe and the boy  
was Jack Squire. I'd say Jack  
would be the one you want most.  
She's too delicate to hurt  
anyone.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - WEDNESDAY (MORNING)

Just as Nick finishes his version of events we slip back  
into the present.

DETECTIVE MILLS

And he shot him! So what's his hold over you? What do you owe him? Nick. How did he make you do these things? Is it money?

NICK

It's not money.

DETECTIVE MILLS

Do you do everything people tell you to?

NICK

He threatened to frame me for the fire at Central Foundation Boys School four years ago. My mum died in that fire.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

I knew I recognised you. You're the one they all thought did it.

NICK

I got off but I know people still believe it was me. Me and mum were fighting like Cat and Dog at the time because I blamed her for dad leaving. Me and Joey still haven't got her a proper headstone yet. The man said it'd only take a few moves to frame me totally. I'd be fucked.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

(inspecting the stun gun)  
We have to find out who this man is. This IS just a stun gun.

Detective Anderson storms to the door and barks at the PC guarding the door.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

What's the latest Constable? Any news on Baxter? Given us the ok to touch that body yet?

CONSTABLE

No sir. No sign of him so we still can't touch the body.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

(hands him a piece of paper)  
We can't wait forever. Get me this man will you. He's a teenager. 18-19. Goes out with Sam Donaghue's daughter Zoe. Shouldn't have trouble finding him.

Anderson slams the door closed. The PC reads the piece of paper: Jack Squire.

INT. POLICE CELL - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Nick isn't off just yet. He is locked up.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY (WEDNESDAY) A WHILE LATER

A knock on Jack's door. He opens the door ruffled, still half asleep and lost. All of a sudden five police surround him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (WEDNESDAY) LATER

It's now Jack's turn for the Spanish Inquisition. The mood is as it was with Nick, soft but intimidating. They've managed to get Jack to admit to what we already know so far about his and Zoe's eventful evening.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

(recapping and laughing cynically)  
So you decided to drug a police officer so you could doctor a burglary form. It's not looking good.

JACK

You haven't let me finish.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

O.K; finish.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BEDROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY)

We slip right back to the moment when a drugged-up-to-the eyeballs PC Steve Syon returned to Zoe and Jack (page 59). We pick up where we left off. Syon collapses on the bed and the pair rummage through Syon's paperwork.

GRANDAD (O.S.)

We're Jamming, we hope you like  
Jamming too.

JACK

(whilst working)

What happened in Amsterdam?

ZOE

I've told you. Nothing.

JACK

I don't believe you.

Zoe discovers their file and begins to make the necessary amendments. Jack notices something O.S and we stay with Zoe doing a good job at doctoring the file. A future in fraud beckons. All of sudden we hear....

JACK

(very alarmed)

Fucking Hell.

Zoe turns round to see what Jack is referring to: PC Syon is very dead.

ZOE

(Hasn't quite soaked this in)

What?

JACK

What do you mean "what"? Can't you fucking see? He's dead.

ZOE

He can't be?

JACK

Well he fucking is. This-is-a nightmare.

ZOE

(sobbing and incoherent, inspects Syon)  
They're just sleeping tablets.  
They help him sleep.

JACK

They're obviously more than just sleeping tablets.

As Zoe falls apart Jack switches on the PC and types in Temazepam on Google. He enters a medical website and there is a strong warning message.

JACK

(reads out unsympathetic)  
"Warning". In red block capital letters. "Must be prescribed. Large doses. Can be fatal!". Fan fucking-tastic! "Temazepam is usually prescribed to Heroin users to help them sleep".  
They're sleeping tablets alright....for hardened Heroin addicts.

As Jack turns away we see another article that he misses regarding a fatal overdose. "It has been mentioned that many people who have overdosed have survived. Placing them in a cold container (under 1 degrees like a meat storage cold room) has preserved the infected individual whilst simultaneously nullifying the effect of

Temazepam. Please note this is merely conjecture and has not been proved scientifically".

ZOE

We have to tell the police.

JACK

(holds her)

What are we going to tell them?  
"Excuse me, we've just doctored a burglary report and killed one of your officers"! What do you think will happen to us? We've got to hide the body.

ZOE

(nervous breakdown)

No. No.

JACK

(shakes her)

Yes! What-choice-do-we-have?

ZOE

It wasn't my idea.

JACK

(angry)

I was trying to help you! This is OUR problem.

A long beat as Zoe absorbs this last comment.

ZOE

We could hide him at the hospital. I've got the keys.

JACK

(more agreeable now)

That's better. This is shit that this has happened but it has and there is no way we can tell the police. Now we just need clear,

concise dialogue.

ZOE

You're a wanker.

They manage a small chuckle, large given the circumstances.

GRANDAD (O.S.)

Everything little thing is gonna  
be alright.

JACK

We need to get him to the car.  
But we can't carry a dead  
policeman out to the car.

Zoe notices Sam's jacket that was thrown onto the window ledge earlier by Nick. She get's up and retrieves it before going over to Syon and putting it over his uniform.

ZOE

We can pretend he's drunk. Get  
his feet.

Jack complies and they proceed, with great difficulty, to drag Syon over to the door.

ZOE

He's heavy!

JACK

I bet you found that out in  
Amsterdam.

ZOE

(drops the head to the floor)  
I've told you nothing happened.  
This is not the time.

As Jack murmurs a disbelieving recognition to Zoe's denial we hear a voice on Syon's Walkie Talkie: it's PC Hawkins. Zoe and Jack share a panicked stare as he talks.

PC HAWKINS (O.S.)

Where the fuck are you Steve?  
Everyone is waiting. I'm outside  
that burglary house of yours.  
Answer.

The doorbell rings.

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP DOORSTEP - EVENING (TUESDAY) MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open to reveal mild-mannered PC Hawkins smiling a policeman's smile. Zoe's smile is much more uneasy.

PC HAWKINS

Zoe! Is this Sam's place?

Zoe acknowledges and allows him in.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BACKDOOR - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

We see Jack smash the window in the back door with a cloth covered punch. It is an attempt to make the "burglary" look more real.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BEDROOM - EVENING (TUESDAY) LATER

Hawkins is putting the finishing touches to the report. It seems their ruse has worked.

PC HAWKINS

(as he writes)

The insurers should pay you. Your  
dad will be devastated when he  
finds out.

ZOE

You're not going to tell him are  
you?

PC HAWKINS

I think he'll notice. Don't  
worry. I can't tell him. I'm a

professional and confidentiality  
is key. Someone will have to  
though. Are you sure you haven't  
had a policeman round today?

ZOE  
(nervous)  
No. No. Definitely not.

Hawkins smells a rat as Zoe is not a good actor.

PC HAWKINS  
Let me check upstairs again.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BEDROOM (TUESDAY) -MOMENTS LATER

As (a now suspicious) Hawkins inspects in the background  
Zoe and Jack hold a hushed argument. Jack is hot and  
sweaty, as though he has been moving something heavy  
around!

JACK  
Why the hell does he need to  
check twice? You were supposed to  
get rid of him.

ZOE  
I don't think I convinced him.

JACK  
Struggling today aren't we dear?  
Go and have a lie down.

ZOE  
He knows he's in the trunk. I  
know he knows.

JACK  
You've got to get a grip.

Zoe understands these words only too well and does her  
utmost to get a grip before facing a further grilling from  
Hawkins. A long painful silence reigns as Hawkins inspects

the bedroom for a second time. He knows something is up. The trunk seems to stick out even more now. He suddenly notices Jack's sweat.

PC HAWKINS

Something up? You seem ...hot and bothered.

JACK

(with his usual cockiness)  
Forgive me sir but my girlfriend has just been burgled. Sort of thing can put a crimp on your day. But if you must know I've been checking all the other rooms just to make sure nothing else has gone.

Hawkins swallows this before going over and sitting on the trunk. Another long painful beat. To heighten the young couple's agony he taps his fingers on the trunk as though he were playing the drums or a piano.

PC HAWKINS

What I find strange is that they didn't take anything else. Nothing. No TV. No stereo.

JACK

They obviously weren't chancers. They just wanted the big stuff. Whoever it was must have known what was there.

Hawkins mutters an "I'm still not convinced" sigh before he notices something under the bed on the other side of the room. We see Syon's walkie talkie. He edges towards it. As he does we see Jack and Zoe's face's: they are condemned criminals, the game is up. Hawkins get's to the bed and amazingly skips the walkie talkie to find an ashtray with the remnants of their earlier joint. Unbelievable: he missed it! He holds the joint to Zoe.

PC HAWKINS

Your dad will not be happy. You know his position on drugs. Any drugs.

ZOE

(relieved but can't show it)  
You won't tell him will you?

Hawkins seems willing to let this go. He then looks at the trunk again and decides to open it.

Time to get tense again. Before Zoe and Jack can think of anything to say he tries to open it but can't.

JACK

There's nothing in there.

PC HAWKINS

No?

Not really listening as he says this he looks for the lock on the trunk. He notices it before exchanging a look at the young couple. Surely NOW the game is up?! He is just about to open it when we hear.....

GRANDAD (O.S.)

I shot the Sheriff! But I did not shoot the deputy

PC HAWKINS

(Alarmed)  
What the ...?

Hawkins runs to the living room where this tone-deaf noise pollution emanates.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP LIVING ROOM(TUESDAY) -EVENING CONTINUOUS

He opens the door and Grandad is having a whale of a time. Zoe follows him in. Hawkins is flabbergasted. Fortunately for our criminal rookies, this is an ideal opportunity to switch his attention. As he talks with Zoe we see Jack in the background drag Syon's body through the hallway and

into the kitchen.

ZOE

We're babysitting him.

PC HAWKINS

And not very well.

ZOE

Please don't tell Dad.

PC HAWKINS

I'm not sure.

Hawkins is just about to turn round when Zoe cleverly holds him back.

ZOE

He'll be O.K. I promise.

Just as Jack and Syon are out of view. Hawkins Walkie-Talkie sounds and he turns round to answer.

VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE

Kev. Are you with Steve? He's disappeared.

PC HAWKINS

Have you tried radioing him?

VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE

Of course we have and we're not getting any response. This is not usual for him.

PC HAWKINS

I'm sure he'll live.

We hear some thudding noises from the kitchen and both Hawkins and Zoe look towards it. Fortunately, his attention is diverted again...

VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE (CONT'D)

The problem is we've got no one babysitting the Hardwood house tonight so I'm afraid you'll have to do it. We need you round there now.

PC HAWKINS

(devastated)

I was going to tell my wife about our Golf Holiday tonight.

VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE

Sorry.

PC HAWKINS

Yeah.

A distraught Hawkins looks into space and then at Zoe whose "Puppy Dog Eyes" trick seems to work. Grandad has now fallen asleep.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP KITCHEN - TUESDAY (EVENING) CONTINUOUS

Hawkins walks into the kitchen and sitting at the table is Jack, sweating and looking incredibly guilty. Zoe also enters looking around for the body. Fortunately, for our reluctant murderers, this last bit of news has captured Hawkins' thoughts and he doesn't seem to notice.

PC HAWKINS

I've got to go.

ZOE

Will we get your report? So we can claim on the insurance?

PC HAWKINS

(barely listening)

Yeah. You'll receive it in the post.

Shouldn't have any problem claiming. Do you mind if have a drink?

ZOE  
(visibly relieved)  
Help yourself.

Hawkins grabs a glass from the side and fills it with tap water. He then opens the fridge door. Inside is Steve Syon but as Hawkins only checks the contents of the door he doesn't notice him. Zoe certainly does. Jack just does nothing, internally preying for the Gods to help.

PC HAWKINS  
(looking at Zoe)  
Any ice?

ZOE  
(almost can't speak)  
No.

Leaving the door open, Hawkins just looks out into space.

PC HAWKINS  
Where are you Steve? Bastard  
ruined my evening.

After what seems an age, Hawkins puts his drink down and closes the fridge door.

PC HAWKINS  
I've got to go. You should hear  
from us soon.

With these words he makes a long-awaited exit leaving Zoe and Jack to explode with relief. After a short hugging session.

JACK  
Fucking Hell. That was way too  
much for me.

ZOE  
Why didn't you tell me?

JACK

What was I supposed to say "oh,  
by the way. I've just left Syon's  
body in the fridge"? Let's get  
him down to the car. Grandad!

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP LIVING ROOM - (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Grandad is still passed out. Zoe checks him and is relieved  
that he is asleep.

ZOE

Thank God for that. We've got to  
get him home?

JACK

What about Syon?

GRANDAD

Syon?...

Unfortunately Grandad is still awake. There is a long beat  
before we hear his next words: has he sobered up? No!

GRANDAD (CONT'..D)

...like Lion in Zion.

As Grandad happily hums to himself we hear a noise from the  
kitchen. Zoe and Jack run to see what it is.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP KITCHEN - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

To their (and our) amazement, standing in the middle of the  
kitchen is, a very much alive, Steve Syon. Trying to get  
his bearings and struggling. Just as it said in the Google  
Article, his stay in the fridge negated the effects of the  
Temazepam and preserved him. He's o.k. Disoriented but o.k.  
Jaws wide open, Zoe and Jack are too stunned to talk. After  
a long a beat.

SYON

You guys are in trouble.

Syon barges past the pair of them.

SYON (CONT'D)

Where's my walkie-talkie?

Zoe and Jack follow him into the bedroom.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BEDROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

As Syon looks around for his walkie-talkie Zoe picks it up from under the bed.

ZOE

You won't tell them, will you?

SYON

(now fuming)

What? That you tried to kill me;  
yes. Give me that!

Zoe doesn't acquiesce and hides it behind her back but she is in such a state that it doesn't take much for Syon to wrestle it away from her. Before he has chance to, Zoe throws it out of the window and into Madison Avenue. Jack spots a Glock 17 in Syon's jacket pocket on the side. Syon, wearing Sam's Moleskin jacket and way too occupied to notice, forgets his own jacket and exits. A frightened looking Jack follows him.

JACK

Don't tell. Don't tell.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

As seen before from Nick's perspective (and we can see Nick viewing proceedings from his car), Syon enters Madison Avenue to retrieve his walkie-talkie. Soon to be followed by a wild looking Jack. This time we hear his cries.

JACK

You pick that walkie-talkie up  
and I'll shoot you.

Not believing him, Syon ignores this threat and continues to walk towards his walkie-talkie. As before, just as he bends down to pick it up, Jack shoots him in the back twice. Syon falls in exactly the same spot that Sam lay earlier. Jack is numb and remains motionless with the gun still aimed at Syon. Zoe, in an equal state, pops her head round the corner. They both inspect the body before talking.

ZOE

(now she's the strong one)  
O.K. If we get rid of the gun  
they might think it was part of  
the robbery.

JACK

(falling apart)  
I didn't mean to do it.

ZOE

Listen to me! If we get rid of  
the gun and go our separate ways  
we CAN get out of this.

JACK

We can't. Look.

Jack motions to the CCTV camera on the wall.

ZOE

That's where you work, isn't it?  
Get there and get the CCTV tape.

This particular penny doesn't seem to drop with Jack.

ZOE CONT'D...

...NOW!!!

Now it does.

JACK

(finally gathering himself)  
Take Grandad home and just SAY

nothing. He's still out of it so  
he won't remember. This could  
look like the robbery went badly  
wrong. I'm going to work and get  
that tape. I'll get rid of this  
(gun).

Zoe obeys and leaves whilst Jack heads in the opposite  
direction.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON (V.O. FROM PRESENT)  
That still sounds like murder to  
me.

JACK  
I haven't finished.

INT. CCTV ROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Jack enters a room littered with TV screens each covering  
various areas including Madison Avenue. One operative is  
monitoring them. He gets up and talks as he passes Jack.

OPERATIVE  
The cameras are playing up. They  
keep cutting out. Technicians are  
onto it but don't know when  
they'll be o.k again. Hungry.

This is a complete stroke of luck for Jack as the screen  
marked "Madison Avenue" is blank. Jack sits back and  
breathes a sigh of relief but his heart is still racing.  
All of a sudden the blank screens, including the screen on  
Madison Avenue, switches on. We can clearly see Syon lying  
in the same position as he was left. All of a sudden his  
eyes flicker..he's not dead! He slowly and very gingerly  
get's to his knees and then his feet. He looks around dazed  
and very confused. Jack is stunned. As Syon tries to get  
his bearings he takes Sam's jacket off and then his shirt  
to reveal a bullet proof vest with Jack's bullet in the  
back. They didn't hit him. Feeling cold and putting Sam's  
jacket back on, Syon staggers off. This is all too much to  
take for Jack but as the other operative re-enters the room

he must compose himself. The operative walks through and out to the vending machine. Included in the other CCTV screens is one covering the outside of Broadgate Estate (where Dexter was framed for Ms Hardwoods murder) and the Student house opposite. A short while later. Sam runs up to the outside of the murder flats and enters. On the other screen we see a indiscernible but suspicious looking character walk towards the student house take a quick look left and right before entering with a key. From Ms Hardwood's flat window we see Sam's and PC Hawkins' faces appear. Hawkins is brandishing a gun.

On the other screen we see a person look out of the window. We can't quite make out who it is. They turn their back to the window. Bang! Hawkins shoots the gun and the person at the window falls into the room. Jack is startled, "hear we go again!" We see Sam come running out of Broadgate Estate and then into the second screen to the student house. He breaks the door open and runs inside. A short while later and we see Sam and a second person come out carrying what appears to be a body wrapped up in a big black holdall. Sam screams at a passing cab and it comes to a halt. He runs to the cab driver and words are exchanged (but there is no sound). He then helps his assistant and they put the body like bundle into the vehicle before the cab drives away. A short while later and we see the cab park in the Madison Avenue screen. Sam and his accomplice get out of the car and together they carry the body-like bag over towards the trap door that leads to Sam's cellar. Suddenly the CCTV screen cuts out. It appears that the technicians haven't yet solved the problem. Jack is understandably eager to see how this real-life T.V Drama unfolds. He smacks the screen but there is no response. He hit's it again but there is still no response. In despair he gives up. All of a sudden the screens turn on again. Now on Madison Avenue, in exactly the same spot as Sam and Syon before, lies Sam's mystery accomplice face down. We stay on this image for a while until Sam re-enters the screen and approaches the body. The screens cut out again before we slip back into the present. We see the body in the present day time, still unable to discern it's owner. Now there is a police barrier at the front of Madison Avenue.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (WEDNESDAY) PRESENT

Jack stares vacantly into space. He's realised what a prick he's been to Zoe, not to mention the two tonnes of shit that he is now neck high in.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

You're in trouble. Big Trouble.

A long painful beat.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON (CONT'D)

But we've got more important fish to fry. And I'd treat that girl of yours a bit better if I were you.

Jack's sheepish expression. He knows.

INT. POLICE CELL - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Like Nick, Jack also isn't off just yet. He is locked up with Nick.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY (WEDNESDAY) A WHILE LATER

A knock on Sam's door. He opens the door but, unlike Jack, he doesn't seem surprised when the same five police surround him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (WEDNESDAY) A WHILE LATER

Now it's Sam's turn for a grilling. Tired and drained he has been explaining his evening.

SAM

A lot has happened this last 12 hours.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - EVENING (TUESDAY)

We go back to last night once more. It is a while after Sam's ordeal and revelation. Now carless, he runs to the outside of the murder flat and runs upstairs (as seen on

CCTV previous).

SAM (V.O. FROM PRESENT)

I had to find Syon.

INT. MURDER FLAT - EVENING (TUESDAY) MOMENTS LATER

Hawkins is covering for the missing Steve Syon. He is reading the golf brochure. Flying through the door and into the flat comes Sam.

SAM

Where's Steve Syon?

PC HAWKINS

(somewhere else)

My wife left me.

SAM

I'm very sorry to hear that but where is Steve?!!!

PC HAWKINS

Said she'd been living a lie for years.

SAM

(shaking him)

I'm really sorry. I truly am but I HAVE to find Steve.

PC HAWKINS

I've been trying his walkie talkie for hours. There's been no response.

SAM

What did you say?

PC HAWKINS

(now tired of this questioning)

What do you think I said? I said...

EXT.OUTSIDE STEVE SYON'S HOUSE - (EVENING) TUESDAY

It's a couple of hours earlier and Steve Syon is staggering along up to his front door. Freshly bamboozled from his double life/death experience. Dazed and confused he pays no attention to PC Hawkins voice on his walkie-talkie.

PC HAWKINS VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

....Steve. We are worried about you. Fucking answer!

Syon just about manages to get himself inside his house.

INT. STEVE SYON'S HOUSE - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Syon, floundering, manages to stagger into the kitchen.

INT. STEVE SYON'S KITCHEN - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Syon manages to pour himself some water and, with the aid of a couple of paracetamol, he seems to be gathering himself. He stares vacantly out into his back garden. A face appears in the kitchen window; it's Joey looking desperate.

JOEY

(through window)

I need a favour.

Moments later. Steve Syon sits down still groggy from his experience, almost stoned. In contrast to Joey who is beside himself with panic and is very much on edge. He still has his erection.

JOEY

(pacing back and forth)

I'm in big trouble. I'm supposed to be dating on behalf of Nick tonight but it's going BADLY wrong.

Syon casts a look that is mildly surprised and confused at

the same time. No big shock. He's tired and tonight has been weird enough!

JOEY CONT'D

Nick is in MAJOR trouble if I don't do this for him.

PC SYON

So what's gone wrong?

EXT. OUTSIDE NICK & JOEY'S HOUSE - EVENING (TUESDAY)

We cut back to the moment earlier where Joey (with erection) was dropped off by Nick. This time we follow Joey as he climbs back into his bathroom window.

INT. NICK & JOEYS TOILET - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Joey tries to gather himself in front of the mirror and give himself some much needed confidence before making a real stab at Roxanne. He's ready. We follow him downstairs into the kitchen where he manages to drop the briefcase next to Roxanne's without her seeing.

JOEY V.O

She was going to walk out until she...

INT. NICK & JOEYS KITCHEN - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Roxanne looks like she's ready to leave until she see's his erection; that's changed her tune.

JOEY V.O CONT'D

.....saw this.

Moments later. Roxanne is all over Joey who cannot believe his luck. One look at Joey's Pork-sword and she has metamorphisised from the meek and mild, librarian next door into some wild, insatiable animal! Joey just has enough time (and wits) to switch the briefcases back without her knowledge.

JOEY V.O CONT'D

I couldn't believe my luck. She  
was all over me...

Roxanne pulls down Joey's trousers as his inexperience and  
over excitement become apparent. With her face over his  
groin she suddenly stops. Joey's face drops. A long beat.

ROXANNE

I want a threesome. With another  
girl.

JOEY

Don't we all?!!

ROXANNE

Come on. You're supposed to be  
the town stud. Prove it. Surely  
it's just a case of a couple of  
phone calls. Or is it all  
bullshit? This macho image.

JOEY

(pulling his trousers back up)  
Of course not.

ROXANNE

(dominant)  
Go get a girl then. And she  
better be nice.

INT. STEVE SYON'S KITCHEN - EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Back into the conversation that Joey and Steve were having.  
Joey looks like a lost lamb whilst Steve, now getting his  
shit together, contemplates.

PC SYON

What d'ya want me to do?

JOEY

Can I borrow one of your  
girlfriends?

PC SYON

(shocked laughter)

Go and get your own.

JOEY

That's my problem; I can't! They don't like me. I'm gangly and clumsy and I never know what to say. I've got nothing going for me.

PC SYON

You've got loads going for you. You've got.....hair....and... skin.

JOEY

And I've got practically no time to do it in. Steve, I need you on this.

Steve think's for a moment.

PC SYON

You're in luck. There is a girl I was supposed to be taking out tonight but I don't feel up to it now. She's beautiful. A student from Sweden. And she's cool. Easy going, down to earth, no pretensions.....I'd like to roger her.

Joey purrs in delight. This sounds promising.

PC SYON CONT'D

She's got a room with these really pathetic, geeky, students. You'll probably get on. They're all too gutless to have a crack at her. They perve through her keyhole all day. She's lonely.

She's a stranger round here. All  
you need to do is go in there and  
be fun. Promise to show her  
around London and make her laugh.  
I promise you, that'll be job  
done.

JOEY

It can't be that simple.

PC SYON

It is that simple. The  
competition you're up against is  
laughable.

Syon hands him the address of the Student House opposite  
the Murder House.

INT. STUDENT HOUSE - EVENING (TUESDAY) LATER

Three very studenty looking students are watching something  
with some intensity. We don't know what yet but we have a  
good idea! Rob, Carl and Maxwell.

ROB

Are we going to the Quiz Night  
down at the Red Lion?

CARL

We're hopeless at quizzes.

MAXWELL

The Red Lion is a hole. It was  
great when it was the Old Monk.  
The second the landlord moved the  
place just plummeted.

CARL

Talking of landlords. I saw ours  
earlier. He said he's taking us  
to Court.

MAXWELL

I'm tired of worrying about it.  
Let him take us to court.

Crash! We hear a minor car crash from outside and our three peeping Tom's are startled and turn round and holler in unison. We now see that they have been perverting through the Swedish girl's keyhole.

We hear footsteps and the sound of a doorbell rings. Maxwell opens the front door to reveal a very agitated Joey. Moments later and our three pathetic, excuses for men have now been joined by another; Joey. They are still crowded around the door and now it's Joey's turn to ogle. Joey's POV and we see Swedish girl for the first time...she is stunning. She is lying, scantily clad, on her bed reading. Joey turns away smiling and excited. His expression tells us of his approval. Carl takes over perv duties.

ROB

I told you man. A fucking plus.

JOEY

What's her name?

MAXWELL

Lateesha.

CARL

Awful name?

ROB

(not impressed with the name)  
Lateesha!

Joey is amazed that these hapless creatures can have the gall to be picky.

JOEY

I don't care if her name's Harold  
Fucking-Shipman! Look at her.  
She's beautiful. And we're  
standing around here like  
complete lemons. Well not any

longer.

Joey seems to have found some courage from somewhere and he begins to prepare himself to have a stab at pulling Lateesha. He straightens himself in front of the hallway mirror. The three students now surround Joey.

CARL

What are you going to do?

JOEY

(determined)

I'm gonna grab the bull by the horns and be a man about the situation. What's there to be scared of? She's a beautiful woman. Not Mike Tyson or Jack the Ripper. Women just like to be talked to.

Joey's ready. A big deep breath and he approaches the door.

JOEY CONT'D

(A la Frank Sinatra or some other smooth Crooner)

Carl; Dim the lights. Rob:  
smoothe music. Max: Champagne.  
Don't wait up fellas.

A quick animal growl and a straightening of his collar before he opens the door and he steps in. Unfortunately the students didn't tell him to watch his step. Lateesha's bedroom is below floor level that can only be reached by a small ladder by the bedroom door. Consequently Joey's grand entrance is a spectacular failure and he falls forward into the room. His trousers catch on top of the ladder meaning that Joey swings face first into the ladder and is left dangling. Lateesha is stunned. We now realise that Lateesha's bed was a bunk bed. It's all too late now for Joey.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Joey is hobbling down the street holding his head high because he has a nose-bleed. Amazingly, Lateesha is helping him. It appears that Joey has won her over with the sympathy vote. She is really doting on him. Storming past them and in a panic is Zoe. Not noticing anybody or anything, she charges up the street and we follow her right up to the gate of Steve Syon's house. No hesitation as she knocks, she has definitely been here before. Syon answers and grins before letting her inside.

INT. STEVE SYON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

They enter the Living Room and Syon gives Zoe a long passionate kiss on his settee. Zoe certainly takes her time before pulling away. We hear a mobile phone text message beep. Zoe jumps into a wheeled chair and rolls back towards the wall.

ZOE

(serious)

Don't you dare kiss me again. We  
thought you were dead, twice.  
Then Jack tells me you're alive  
so I came here to check he's  
right.

Zoe jumps out of her chair and kicks Syon's mobile phone that was on the floor to the other side of the room. Syon grins as though he knows he's got Zoe right where he wants her.

ZOE CONT'D...

And now that I know, I can sleep  
easy can't I?

SYON

(with the power to bribe)  
Jack doesn't know about our  
little affair does he?

ZOE

"Little affair". You SO exaggerate. It was a stupid drunken, holiday one-off.

SYON

(tormenting her)

Oh, that wonderful night in Amsterdam.

Zoe jumps back into the wheeled chair and this time rolls into the other wall.

ZOE

Which I have seriously paid for. You make me come round and do these "things" to you just to keep you quiet. I'm not doing it anymore. I've done more than enough.

Zoe releases her chair from against the wall. But Syon pushes her back aggressively.

SYON

Maybe. But you're still guilty of fraud and poisoning with an illegal substance. Two big crimes. I need you to do one more thing for me and it's not that.

ZOE

What then?

SYON

(releasing her)

I need you to check out an address for me. You just need to make sure it's empty. That's all you need to do. Due to tonight's events I'm running late and have a dinner to get to. So I haven't got time.

ZOE

That's it. Then me and you are through?

SYON

(escorting her out)

I promise. And wrap up. It's cold.

Syon puts Sam's jacket over her before giving her a smarmy kiss on the cheek. This revolts Zoe. Syon then hands her a key and a piece of paper with the address; it's the student house.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE STUDENT HOUSE - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Zoe stands discreetly watching the student house from the other side of the road. Her POV and we see Maxwell, Rob and Carl leaving and can overhear them talking about the pub quiz they are going to and regular lack of success they have. Once they are out of sight Zoe makes a quick dash for the student door and opens it with Syon's key.

INT. STUDENT HOUSE - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Zoe sneaks around like, as she is, an intruder not wanting to be noticed. We cut quickly through various shots of her head popping into rooms: the kitchen, the bathroom, the living room and bedrooms. All are empty. Finally she enters Lateesha's room. That is also empty.

INT. LATEESHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Zoe decides to climb down the ladder and have a bit of a nose. She rummages around the room but finds nothing of any real value. She looks out of the window and we can faintly make out Sam and PC Hawkins looking out of the window from the murder house. Although they are too far for Zoe to notice who they are. Zoe is content to gaze out into the night.

INT. MURDER FLAT - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

We slip back into the conversation between Sam and PC Hawkins. Hawkins, as before, is not really bothered. Still reeling from his wife's departure. There are 2 Glock 17's on the side. They have the initials KH and SD.

PC HAWKINS

The new guns have arrived. Looks like they've messed up with yours. Yours has got blanks.

Sam picks his blank-loaded gun and looks at it in disgust.

PC HAWKINS

Blanks are pretty dangerous too. You wouldn't wanna be shot with one of those at point blank range.

Hawkins picks up his gun with the initials KH on the handle.

SAM

It wouldn't kill you though would it!? What about that one, is yours loaded?

Hawkins aims it at Zoe who still cannot see him. With the mood he is in, we don't know whether he is messing or not. Bang! Hawkins fires and we see Zoe drop. It appears as though he has shot her. Sam can't believe what he has just seen.

SAM

I meant check the gauge!

Sam angrily shakes Hawkins, whose vacant eyes reveal that he hasn't really absorbed the gravity of this last act.

SAM CONT'D...

You are a fucking mess. Stay here whilst I check the damage.

Sam dashes out and Hawkins just falls into his seat.

EXT.OUTSIDE THE STUDENT HOUSE - NIGHT(TUESDAY)MOMENTS LATER

A quick shot of the CCTV camera. Sam storms in through the front door which Zoe left slightly ajar. He immediately runs to Lateesha's room where the shot was fired into. He opens the door and we see Zoe, lying face down, writhing in agony. Sam, still with his gun in his hand, immediately jumps down into the room and approaches her. He doesn't know who it is yet.

SAM

Are you ok? Were you shot?

ZOE

(muffled voice)

No. I fell from the window sill  
and I think I've twisted my  
ankle.

SAM

(recognises his own daughter)  
Zoe? Is that you?

ZOE

(Looks up confused and in pain)  
Dad?

SAM

(stunned)  
What-the-Hell are you doing  
here??!!

He looks over at the bed and we see a bullet hole in the side from Hawkins' shot. He then rushes to Zoe's aid but she doesn't seem too pleased to see him. In fact, she is hostile. She is intent on getting herself to her feet, unaided.

ZOE

What are you doing here?

SAM

(laughing before quickly switching to serious)

This is a police scene and I am a detective inspector. Now what in God's name are you doing here?

ZOE

(actually, dad is in the right)

I was asked to come here. To check the place out.

SAM

By who?

ZOE

(turns on the water works)

What do you care? I never see you anyway. The only time we see you is on the tele.

SAM

(fuming)

This really is not the time or the place. You know about work. I have alot on at the moment. I do apologise.

ZOE

You always have alot on. We used to play Chess.

SAM

(a more delicate touch needed)

And when this is all over, I promise, we will play Chess.

ZOE

Too late.

SAM

(despair)

Jesus. What a night. I've been killed, come back to life and now

I bump into my own daughter at a surveillance house and we have a domestic. Any more surprises?

With these words, Sam punches what we think is a light switch. To his amazement the book-case on the back wall slides to the left to reveal a secret wardrobe, just big enough to store the long black suitcase that we saw Lateesha carrying in scene 1 which was the same suitcase used to frame Dexter. Zoe hasn't noticed this at all and continues her rant about what a bad father Sam is. Leaving his gun on the floor, Sam pays no attention to her and opens the suitcase. As before, it is full to the brim with bags of Cocaine. Sam is at a loss as to what is going on.

ZOE

(playing with Sam's gun)

Yet you always manage to find time for the others though. If you haven't got any time that must mean you haven't got any time.....for anyone.

SAM

Zoe, it's not the time.

ZOE

What about that time we went to Lake Como. It was supposed to be a family holiday with no interruptions and I don't remember seeing you at dinner once. Not once.

SAM

Will you shut up and come here for a second.

With these words Zoe awakes from her moment and approaches Sam's discovery. She puts the Glock 17 in her (Sam's) jacket pocket. Like Sam, she is amazed. Sam zips up the bag carries it from one end. Zoe realises that her help is needed and picks the bag up from the other end. Together

they carry the bag out of Lateesha's room.

## EXT.OUTSIDE THE STUDENT HOUSE-EVENING (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Sam exits the front door and looks around before leaving as Zoe carries the other end of the bag. Another quick shot of the CCTV camera. As seen before from Jack's perspective in the CCTV room, Sam screams down a cab. He runs to the cab driver.

SAM

(showing his license)

I'm a Police Officer. You must assist us. Wait here.

Sam runs back to Zoe and helps her carry the big black bag with Cocaine into the back of the cab.

SAM

Madison Avenue.

Now hot and sweaty, Zoe tears off the jacket and tosses it aside. The Cab Driver pulls away and Sam begins to count the bags of Cocaine in the bag. The Cab driver's eyes in the rear-view mirror seem alarmed.# Note that whilst we see his eyes (the eyes of a black man) we never see his face.

SAM

There must be over half a million pounds worth here.

Moments Later. The Cab pulls up outside Madison Avenue and Zoe and Sam get out, dragging the bag of Cocaine onto the pavement but leaving Sam's jacket inside the cab. Sam shouts at the driver but we still never see his face.

SAM

That's all.

The cab driver tries to pull away but the car chokes. He seems very anxious to get away but the car doesn't seem to be having any of it. Sam is too occupied to care. Madison Avenue is dimly lit whilst the front of The Antique Shop is

well illuminated with street lights. Sam acknowledges this and decides to drag the bag into Madison Avenue. The red light on the intermittent CCTV cuts out. It's out of action once more. He hands Zoe his keys to the shop but Zoe already has a pair! Sam really doesn't have time to question her now though.

SAM

Open up. And open the cellar door. We'll throw it down into the cellar. Hurry!

Zoe, with the knowledge of the missing painting in her mind, is understandably worried. She runs round to the Antique Shop and dashes inside. We stay with Sam as he waits impatiently by the trapdoor in Madison Avenue to open. We hear a mechanical noise and the hole in the ground begins to appear. The door reaches the bottom and Sam is just about to throw the bag down when the noise starts back up again. Zoe is coming back up on it.

SAM

(annoyed)

What are you doing? You're not supposed to come back up. I meant for you to stay down and I'd throw the bag down.

With these words Zoe knocks her head on the opening and falls down onto the floor just as the door hits ground level. Lying still and unconscious, she is in exactly same position as Syon and Sam before her.

The light on the CCTV Camera turns on again but cuts out after a few seconds. As he had his eye on the cab driver still trying to pull away Sam belatedly comes to her rescue. He helps her up and she begins to come to. The unidentifiable Cab Driver, having witnessed all of this, appears to have had some luck and the engine sounds healthy again. At last he pulls away in something of a hurry.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

## INT. ANTIQUE SHOP BEDROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Sam is nursing Zoe as she lays down on the bed. We witness the first tender moments between the two. Maybe all isn't lost.

SAM

I love you. You know? Whatever you think. I really do.

ZOE

Maybe I should bang my head more often.

Sam smiles and makes his way into out and downstairs.

## INT. ANTIQUE SHOP CELLAR - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Sam makes his way into his now empty cellar to retrieve the Cocaine via the hatch. He sighs and looks jaded. The evenings events have taken alot out of him. We hear raised voices from outside in Madison Avenue. Sam approaches the window but, as the cellar is subterranean, the window is only just above ground level. Sam's POV. He can see Dexter wearing HIS jacket. Dexter is on his knees looking at a man's face who we cannot see. We can just see the mans legs walking round and round Dexter aiming a Glock 17 at him. Dexter seem's determined despite his precarious situation. He writes into a diary as he speaks.

DEXTER

They're onto you, man. Whatever you do to me. They're onto you and they're gonna get you.

The man kicks Dexter in the back and the diary flies out of Dexter's hand as he tumbles forward. The man takes aim and shoots Dexter in the back twice before throwing his handgun on his body. He then checks the black bag left by Sam in the corner. The man manages to pick up the bag and disappear into the night. Dexter lies motionless, once again, in exactly the same spot and position as the three

people previous that same evening.

FADE TO BLACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (WEDNESDAY) THE PRESENT

We slip back to now. Detective Anderson and Detective Mills seem tired. Sam seems exhausted!

INT. POLICE CELL - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Like Nick and Jack, Sam is still in trouble. He is locked up with Nick and Jack.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (WEDNESDAY) THE PRESENT

Anderson places Dexter's diary, seen earlier, on the table. Curious, Detective Mills opens and at the first day are scribbled the words "The events of Tuesday 12th February...".

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (TUESDAY)

We slip back to last night and just after Dexter was arrested we are in the back seat of the police car that Steve Syon drives, very groggy from his unwitting intake of drugs. Dexter sit's in the back handcuffed.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

I was wrongly accused of these crimes. THEY knew I didn't do them. So angry I was numb and silent.

FEMALE VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE

(to Syon)

You're house sitting the Hardwood house tonight.

Syon presses his walkie-talkie to answer.

PC SYON

I know.

Now releases the button.

PC SYON CONT'D...

I'd love to throw one up that.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Syon, now looking even more out of sorts books in Dexter at the reception desk before leading him off down to a cell at the back. Syon takes the cuffs off of Dexter and throws him (very feebly) into a cell and slams the door but amazingly doesn't lock it.

INT. POLICE CELL - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Dexter notices this and runs to look out of the small hatch to see what Syon is upto. Dexter's POV. Syon is too fucked to know what he is doing. Dexter can't believe his luck but he is too nervous to do anything about it. He cagily opens the door. We hear his voice-over as he tip toes, sneaks and ducks and dives his way out of the police station and into freedom. The people there don't seem to care much anyway. They don't know who he is. Probably someone released on bail.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

I didn't know whether to just  
stay there but here was maybe a  
chance for me to rectify things  
somehow. I didn't know what to do  
but I did know that whatever it  
was, I stood a better chance  
outside.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Dexter, in a combination of nerves, adrenaline and excitement wonders along the street looking back frequently but looking obvious! He just wanders without any real direction until he regains his composure. He enters into a

park.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

As I start to collect myself I  
realise the task that lay ahead.  
I can't tell the police because  
they won't believe me.

As Dexter walks passers by look at him but who's to know if  
these looks are innocent or not?

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Now I'm paranoid. I don't know  
whether people are looking at me  
because they've seen my face or  
because they're looking because  
that's what people do all of the  
time. You can't NOT look at  
people.

Because of this Dexter decides to climb on top of a shelter  
with a park bench inside. The design is such that he could  
lie down and not be seen by anyone. He lies down and  
contemplates.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

I can't contact anyone because  
they've taken my phone. Every bit  
of information I possess is on  
that phone.  
Anyway, time aint on my side.  
Whatever it is I do I won't have  
long. And EVERYTHING I do MUST be  
done in stealth. One person  
recognises me and I'm fucked.

Dexter lies back and thinks. He seems resigned to defeat  
before he's even started. All of a sudden we hear voices.

VOICE (O.S)

(sounds familiar)

Nicholas. How's the beloved  
Beetle?

Dexter recognises this voice somehow and turns to take a look into the shelter where the voices are emanating. Through a crack in the shelter Dexter can peer at two men inside. We've been here before. It's Nick and Bill Baxter. Nick carries a holdall and a brown envelope (as per page 58) and, just like before, Baxter inspects the contents.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I knew him. Nick from my old school. I knew that man was bent.

NICK

We've switched the evidence. Just like you asked. It's ready for collection.

Dexter POV. He watches intently as Baxter inspects. There are some pictures of HIM in there, coupled with some other indiscernible photo's, documents and two audio tapes 1 and 2. Baxter then throws this evidence, very casually, into the bin. Dexter is gripped.

NICK

(surprised)

Aint that just a tad careless?

DETECTIVE BAXTER

(blase. Also dialling his mobile)

Not really. This is such a high profile case that the police are no longer accepting evidence from unofficial sources. There's been so much phoney evidence coming in that they'll no longer accept any. No matter how damning. Fucked up hey? The only evidence now accepted for this trial is that in Roxanne's briefcase. Which I am trying to advise Steve Syon about now but there's no fucking signal. He still hasn't upgraded that shit Orange phone.

I'll text him your address.  
He'll collect it later. Don't  
worry. I'll make sure he deletes  
it.

Dexter tries in vain to make out the address Baxter is  
texting but to avail. He can't and it is sent. As before  
Baxter takes out a Beretta 92F and hands it to Nick. Nick  
is uncomfortable. The gun has the initials BB.

DETECTIVE BAXTER(O.S.)  
(also handing Nick a piece of paper)  
Kill Sam Donaghue. It's all been  
arranged. You just have to be at  
Madison Avenue as planned. After  
you must stash the gun at this  
address. Just put it through the  
letter box. That is essential.

Still Dexter POV. We see Nick read the address "Broadmore  
Estate". It's the address where Amy Hardwood was murdered.  
As before, Baxter checks the Turner painting in the holdall  
and is satisfied.

DETECTIVE BAXTER  
You've got some wiping out to do.  
I'll be watching.

Both men go their separate ways. Dexter is cautious before  
he makes his way down to the shelter and bin to check the  
evidence. Dexter frantically opens the brown envelope.  
Inside is a report entitled "Police Corruption". He skims  
through pages of phone calls that have been written down.  
The names Detective Baxter, Freddie Fagan and Steve Syon  
occur many times. There are pictures of them at restaurants  
and in bars. He turns over and there are pictures of Leah  
with them as well. He reads some of the phone calls. The  
words "Big shipment of Cocaine is imminent". Arrange pick  
up and distribute. His name! Dexter Johnson. He reads the  
notes from another phone call "We've got some Insurance Guy  
who's going to be a our Courier. Although he doesn't know  
it yet. A laughter. He doesn't know that he's a murderer  
either. Another laughter. Dexter Johnson us blissfully

unaware that he'll be picking up soap for 30 years". He turns over and there is a picture of himself. It all dawns on him now. It takes him a few seconds for him to gather his thoughts. His eyes show a resilient and steely resolve.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

I realised that this was my was my lifeline. But I couldn't just walk back into the police station and hand it in. He'd said that the only evidence the courts were accepting was from official routes. He was police and I was filth. Who was going to believe me? It all hinged on that briefcase.

If I could switch the evidence back without anyone knowing, I'd be ok. I'd do that and then I could hand myself back in. But where IS the briefcase? Where does Nick live? I've got no fucking idea.

Dexter looks up and like a man possessed he runs to find Nick.

DEXTER (V.O CONT'D)

He said he had a Beetle.

Dexter can see light at the end of tunnel in the shape of Nick walking down the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

We switch between Nick on one side of the street and Dexter on other side ducking and hiding behind cars desperately trying to stay out of his view.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I couldn't take the risk of approaching him. If he'd not been on my side then that would have

been it. I had to work in  
stealth..from everyone.

Nick get's to his Beetle. What the fuck is Dexter going to do now? Nick is just about to enter when he notices that he has a parking ticket. Clearly annoyed he runs across the road to the traffic warden. This is Dexter's chance. As Nick argues with the traffic warden we stick with Dexter who climbs into the passenger seat of Nick's Beetle and then over into the back.

#### INT. NICK'S CAR (STATIC) - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

The shot from inside the back of Nick's car is able to show both Nick argue with the Traffic Warden and Dexter trying to hide in the back of the car. Dexter realises that there is no way Nick will not notice him. We see Nick walk back to the car. Surely the game is up for Dexter? Nick stops a few feet from the car. Fortunately for Dexter he hasn't given the Traffic Warden enough grief and he goes back for a second helping. Dexter notices that the back seat lowers. This would enable him to squeeze into the boot. He does this just in the Nick (bad joke) of time before Nick get's back into the car. The back seat is left slightly ajar so Dexter can squeeze back out again. However, Nick decides to check the back of the car, notices this and locks it firmly shut. Dexter is locked in now. Nicks drives off.

#### INT. NICK'S CAR BOOT (DRIVING) - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

It is pitch black and Dexter ignites his lighter. There is panic on his illuminated face. He tries frantically to open both the boot and the back seat; no luck. He is stuck.

#### DEXTER (V.O.FROM DIARY)

What was I to do now? I couldn't  
bang on the door because Nick  
would know, and there was no way  
I could be sure he'd listen to  
me.

A while later and it is pitch black again.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

It seemed like he was driving around for hours. I had to make a decision. Do I bang or do I take the risk, wait until he parks and then try and kick my way out?

We hear the car stop and someone (must be Nick) get out. Dexter tries to kick open the boot but to no avail. He gives up tired and frustrated. Then.... Crash! The car jolts forward and we hear Dexter do likewise. The boot flies open. Dexter, cautiously, pokes his head out to see how. We are outside the Murder House and opposite the student house. We notice that a car has just rammed into the back of Nick's Beetle and caused the boot to open. Obviously in a hurry the driver has jumped out and is making haste to the student house. That person is Joey. #Note this crash is therefore the crash as heard by the students on page 82. There is no sign of Nick. Dexter notices Joey enter the student house.

DEXTER

Nicks brother, Joey. That must be where Nick and the briefcase are.

EXT. OUTSIDE BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

He jumps out of the car and makes his way, stealth-like, to the student house. He looks back at the Murder House and has a nano-seconds reflection on where Leah took him. He hasn't time for that. Standing at the door he looks for a way in. There is an open bedroom window on the first floor. With care and agility he manages to climb to it via a drainpipe. The light is off so Dexter takes the plunge and falls inside.

INT. STUDENT BATHROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

The light is off but everything in the room is clear because of the moonlight. It's a student bathroom so no more needs to be mentioned! Dexter gently opens the gap in the door to look down the hallway. Dexter POV.  
We see Joey, Carl, Maxwell and Rob congregating around

Lateesha's door (as per before, page 82). Dexter turns round and thinks.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

There's four of them and no Nick.  
The briefcase must be here.

We hear the sound of a familiar car start. Startled, Dexter dashes to the window to see. It is Nick driving away in the Beetle. We hear him talk as he drives. His voice fades into the distance with the car but we hear everything.

NICK

I've dropped it off as  
instructed. Bloody Batteries!

We can just make out Nick throwing his phone down. We hear Nicks work communicate on his radio.

VOICE (O.S.)

Nick. You're presence is  
required. We've had a mid-night  
rush on.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

There goes my only hope. Where AM  
I then?

We hear Joey's loud voice.

JOEY (O.S.)

I don't care if her name's Harold  
Fucking-Shipman!...

This wins back Dexter's attention and he opens the door again to peep through the crack and witness Joey's pre pulling speech. As he talks Dexter notices a bright orange mobile phone on a hallway table.

DEXTER

(low to himself)  
Orange phone. He said Steve Syon  
had an orange phone.

Joey comes to the end of his rant. Joey's ready. A big deep breath and he approaches the door.

JOEY CONT'D

(A la Frank Sinatra or some other smooth Crooner)

Carl; Dim the lights. Rob: smooth music. Max: Champagne. Don't wait up fellas.

As before Joey opens Lateesha's door and falls in. We witness all of this from Dexter's POV.

What we didn't see before is all three students also enter her room to help him. The coast is clear for Dexter to seize the orange phone.

INT. STUDENT HALLWAY - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Dexter scurries out from the bathroom up to the Orange phone. Will this have Nick's address on it? No! He searches for text messages and there are none. There are not even any phone numbers on it! It belongs to Maxwell, the lonely student. Dexter slumps in despair. Surely that was his last chance? He looks up on hallway message board. On it there is a picture of Steve Syon. It is a police notice.

Providing a contact name (Steve) and address for anyone to contact should they need to regarding the murder of Amy Hardwood. Another life line! 42 Cranberry Avenue.

EXT. STEVE SYON'S HOUSE - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Dexter sneaks up to 42 Cranberry Avenue. He peers through the window and we see Steve Syon recovering from his double death/life experience on his sofa. At the back of the room we can see a mobile phone on the dining table. With great caution, Dexter climbs through the open window.

INT. STEVE SYON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Dexter eases himself into the living room and shuffles behind the door. Syon isn't exactly firing on cylinders at the moment and is blissfully ignorant of his presence. The

doorbell rings and Syon gets up to answer it. Is this Dexters chance to get to the phone? He hesitates which proves wise as into the room come Syon and Zoe. #We have seen this scene before. Page 83/84 when Zoe pays Syon a visit. Dexter's journey is overlapping with the journeys of other's. Dexter POV. Syon gives Zoe a long passionate kiss on his settee. We hear the mobile phone text message beep. This must be the message with Nick's address.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

They seemed occupied enough. I had to go for broke.

A ceiling-eye-view reveals everything. Dexter starts to shuffle along the floor and out of view of Zoe and Syon. He almost has his hand on the mobile phone until Zoe pushes Syon away, jumps into a wheeled chair and rolls back towards the wall. This rams Dexter and traps him against the wall leaving him in agony. He bites his hand in pain and manages to not make a sound.

ZOE

(serious)

Don't you dare kiss me again. We thought you were dead. Then Jack tells me you're alive so I came here to check he's right.

Zoe jumps out of her chair releasing a grateful Dexter but kicks the mobile phone to the other side of the room.

DEXTER (V.O.FROM DIARY)

Oh great. God cocks his leg up and shits on me once more!

Dexter is forced to shuffle round the outside of the room, under cover from various ornaments and plants etc to get to the phone on the other side.

ZOE CONT'D...

And now that I know, I can sleep easy can't I?

SYON

Jack doesn't know about our  
little affair does he?

ZOE

"Little affair". You so  
exaggerate. It was a stupid  
drunken, holiday one-off.

SYON

(tormenting her)  
Oh, that wonderful night in  
Amsterdam.

Dexter is almost at the phone again until Zoe jumps back  
into the wheeled chair. This time rolling into the other  
wall and trapping him again. Once more he is in  
excruciating pain inches away from the phone

ZOE

Which I have seriously paid for.  
You make me come round and do  
these "things" to you just to  
keep you quiet. I'm not doing it  
anymore. I've done more than  
enough.

Zoe releases her chair and Dexter but his relief is short  
lived as Syon pushes her back aggressively, trapping him  
once more.

SYON

Maybe. But you're still guilty of  
fraud and poisoning with an  
illegal substance. Two big  
crimes. I need you to do one more  
thing for me and it's not that.

ZOE

What then?

As Syon talks he releases Zoe and inturn Dexter. Zoe heads  
out of the living room and into the hallway with Syon.

Dexter can at last look at the phone. He flicks through it in a panic.

SYON (O.S)

I need you to check out an address for me. You just need to make sure it's empty. That's all you need to do. Due to tonight's events I'm running late and have a dinner to get to. So I haven't got time.

ZOE(O.S.)

That's it. Then me and you are through?

SYON (O.S.)

I promise. And wrap up. It's cold.

Dexter notices it is an Orange network phone and finds the all important text message. "Switch complete. Address: 42 Rotherfield Street, Islington. Collect at 2 a.m. Freddie has got someone coming round to collect you. He's reserved a seat in your name. Delete this message". Dexter is grateful. It starts to ring. Panicked he throws the phone across the floor. Syon re-enters the room and picks it up to answer still oblivious to Dexter's presence. We follow Dexter as he sneaks back out of the window as Syon talks.

SYON (O.S.)

It's been on all night. What message. I'm checking now. Yeah I've got it. Relax. I'll be there.

**EXT. OUTSIDE STEVE SYON'S HOUSE - NIGHT (TUESDAY)CONTINUOUS**

A successful mission. Dexter makes his way towards Steve Syon's front gate scribbling down Nick's address.. BUMP! He walks straight into a rather large and uncompromising looking chap. He doesn't say a word, he just directs him to a parked car with the back passenger door awaiting him.

## INT. CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

As Dexter acquiesces, he climbs inside and the man climbs inside with him. Another moron gives him a cold stare before driving away. It would be safe to say the atmosphere is a little frosty.

### DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

I thought that was it. I didn't know who these Goons were but whoever they were. The game was up. I didn't want my kids to believe these things about me so I wrote the evenings events down. Hoping, somehow, they'd find it.

Dexter begins to fill in his diary like a defeated man. A while later and the car pulls up outside of the restaraunt he was at the beginning of the evening with Leah. Moron number 1 opens his door for him and Dexter, very hesitantly, follows his lead into the restaraunt.

## INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Moron number 1 leads Dexter into the main seating area. It is late now and the restaraunt has emptied except for a few stragglers and the Freddie Fagan party who have been there all night. Moron 1 number just points to Freddie Fagan who sits just aside from his number. Confused, Dexter obeys and joins Freddie Fagan at his table. The night has definitely taken his toll on Fagan. He is plastered. So much so that he doesn't recognise Dexter from their earlier encounter. He thinks he's someone else. He thinks he's Steve Syon. This is because at Dexter's seat is a reserved sign in the name of S Syon. He pours him a glass of Champagne and continues to top it up throughout his drunken ramble, getting most of it on the table. Freddie is so drunk it is more like he is talking to himself than to anyone in particular and revealing alot of important information in the process. Throughout we cut to Dexter who isn't sure how to react. He seems willing to just listen.

FREDDIE

So then Steve. Tell me we're done. I've a lot to thank you for. It was all your idea. This master-plan we've been working on over recent months has borne any fruit? Did my lovely young mule bring our merchandise over from East Europe? She didn't know what was in there. We told her it was toothpaste! Can you fucking believe that she believed that? She was perfect. Fresh faced and naive. Ignorant Mules are the best because they're less likely to look obvious. They look innocent because they think they are. Great idea to store it in a student house. They're students, she's a wannabe student. Looks real. She's desperate to go to college over here. We promised to pay for her tuition fees. She'll soon realise she's been had and try to get back home. Did you take her out? Was she good? And the surveillance thing. Pretending that the police were surveying the area when all along you were protecting my coke. It's the safest place in the world. I trust you Steve....

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

He thought I was the police officer. He sat there telling me all this shit because he thought I was someone else. It was like being in Death's reception room and being told he was too busy.

## FREDDIE

...so I want to tell you something. I've got some irate Colombians after my blood. These fucking Terrorists. They blame me for the disappearance of one of their Cargo planes that was heading to Miami. I had fuck all to do with it. They've been breathing down my neck for over a million. Funnily enough, I aint got a million. So they "insist" I oversee the import of 5 Million pounds worth of Cocaine. Into England and then somehow get it out to Germany. That's why Amy Hardwood come to such a grisly end. A Prime Ministers daughter, she already had friends in high places and when she got involved with a big Columbian Drugs baron, she was perfect. Access to all the right information and bribable to protect Daddy. But she knew way too much and got out of hand, there was only one conclusion. But, of course, by this time the drug squad were already onto the coke deal so someone had to take the hit. Why not pin the murder AND the drug deal on some unsuspecting Insurance Guy? How is Dexter Johnson Is he happy? (laugh). But that's not enough for these Colombians. They want more. So my pride and joy had to go. That Turner painting has been in the family for centuries. My Grandad would have turned in his grave but what could I do?. It's Worth half a million.

But it'd look too hot if it was

stolen from my house so we knew all about Sam's Antique shop. Looks more authentic if it was stolen from there, nice touch. The Colombians take the painting as a quarter of a million whilst I still get the Insurance money...brilliant. My nest egg far away from here. I know they're onto me that's why I've got to leave. That way I pay my debt and I'm out. Poor old Amy Hardwood and Dexter Johnson get caught in the crossfire. Maybe Sam and Nick know too much as well. It's unfortunate but hey....fuck em! I'm auctioning all my stuff tomorrow. Start a new life. Roxy doesn't know a thing about my life and if there's one decent thing I can do it's to keep it like that. Now we've got the stuff in. This is how we're going to smuggle it out.

Fagan slides another brown envelope across the table. Dexter, still nervous, just takes it and shoves it into his pocket.

FREDDIE

You don't talk much, do you?

Just as it appears that Freddie is getting suspicious, he collapses in a drunken stupor. His accomplices decide to help him up.

DEXTER V.O. FROM DIARY)

I thought now was a good time to leave.

Dexter checks his watch "01:40", twenty minutes left. He makes a hurried exit and doesn't make a good job of looking

inconspicuous but Freddie is way too out of it to notice.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Dexter hails a black Taxi.

DEXTER  
Rotherfield Street.

EXT. OUTSIDE NICK & JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (TUESDAY) MOMENTS LATER

Number 42. Dexter dives out and barks at the cab driver.

DEXTER  
10 minutes.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)  
One more obstacle. Then I'll  
sneak back into my cell.

Dexter checks his watch "01:45". Tentatively approaches the Jackson household. We can clearly make out the orgasmic groans of two females coming from one of the rooms. The Cabbie has certainly picked up on this and seems very interested. Dexter sneaks around the back and notices a step ladder in Joey and Nick's back garden.

EXT. NICK & JOEY'S BACK GARDEN - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Dexter puts the ladder against the wall and makes his way toward a small toilet window. The sex groans are getting louder.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)  
Another window!

Getting good at this, Dexter is able to get his hand through an opening and let himself into the bathroom.

INT. NICK & JOEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

The room still smells from Joey's accident earlier. Dexter pokes his head out into the hallway. Next door is closed

and we know why! If sex was an Olympic sport, these people would win Gold, Silver AND Bronze!. Has Joey really managed to get the two ladies into bed?! Dexter spots the suitcase in the reflection of a mirror in Nick's room next to the sex room. Dexter slowly creeps along past the sex door. He then notices Joey's mirror reflection standing against the wall with a glass. Obviously it was just the girls. Dexter stands still, frozen. The sex cries also come to an end.

DEXTER (V.O.FROM DIARY)

I'm so close.

JOEY

(very disappointed)

No. Don't stop now.

A long beat. The pause is back-straightening as we don't know what Joey's next move is. Dexter is frozen rigid. The sex sounds resume again and this time Joey lies down on the bed and manages to trap the glass between his ear and the wall without the use of his hands.

INT. NICK'S AND JOEY'S LANDING - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Dexter edges towards the room. We hear a fly unzip. The suitcase is within touching distance. We hear a rapid shuffling of sheets. Dexter enters the room.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Joey is blissfully masturbating with his eyes closed. Dexter crawls along the floor and past his bed to the suitcase. It is left on the Treble 4, Treble 5 combination and Dexter opens it. Inside there is the false information, documents and fake-photo's all designed to make Dexter look guilty of the drug deal and murder. It is 01:50. Dexter switches the evidence for the evidence he collected from the rubbish bin as well as the second brown envelope handed to him by Freddie. He crawls back. There is a big gasp from Joey....oops! All in Dexter's face. He wipes it off with one of Joey's socks.

DEXTER (V.O.FROM DIARY)

I've had better nights.

Fortunately for Dexter, Joey is under the influence of Viagra, and decides to have a second tug as the girls insatiable appetite seems unlikely to fade. He makes his way out of the bedroom and gently down the stairs.

EXT. OUTSIDE NICK & JOEY'S HOUSE-NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Dexter quietly exits through the front door and he gets to the cab. The cabbie himself is missing but the keys are still in the ignition. Dexter looks around before jumping into the front seat and driving away. We have a quick aerial shot of the house and notice the cabbie is perving at the two girls in the back garden using the step-ladder.

INT. CAB (MOVING) - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

DEXTER

Take me back to my cell.

As Dexter pulls away we see Syon pull up in a car behind him. He is there to collect the suitcase.

DEXTER (V.O.FROM DIARY)

I was almost done. I just had to get back.

Moments later and Dexter is speeding through the empty dead-of-night streets of London. Until he notices Sam on the street, he screams him down and stands in front of the Cab so Dexter has no choice but to stop (this is the scene on page 88/89). As before, Sam doesn't recognise him in his frantic state.

SAM

(showing his license)

I'm a Police Officer. You must assist us. Wait here.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

Another brown pants scenario but he didn't recognise me! What they

were upto God only knows.

Dexter POV through rear-view mirror for the rest of the scene. Sam runs back to Zoe and helps her carry the big black bag with Cocaine into the back of the cab.

SAM

Madison Avenue.

Shit scared, Dexter pulls away and Sam begins to count the bags of Cocaine in the bag. Dexter's eyebrows rise.

SAM

There must be over half a million pounds worth here.

Moments Later. Dexter pulls up outside Madison Avenue and Zoe and Sam get out, dragging the bag of Cocaine onto the pavement.

SAM

That's all.

Dexter tries to pull away but the car chokes. Anxious, he can't get away. A short while later and Dexter finally, having seen the coke-stashing incident, manages to get her working again and he speeds off.

INT. CAB (STATIC)- NIGHT (TUESDAY) LATER

Dexter pulls up outside the police station and smiles to himself.

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

Almost there.

We hear the back passenger door open and someone enter off screen. Dexter still has his back to them and we can't see them either.

DEXTER

No more fares tonight.

We see a gloved hand point a Glock 17 to the back of Dexter's neck and release the safety latch. Dexter freezes.

VOICE

(deep and sinister)

Where's my coke?

DEXTER (V.O.FROM DIARY)

My heart sank.

DEXTER

(still frozen)

I don't know what you're talking about.

VOICE

Yeah? Well eyewitness have reported suspicious activity outside a student house this evening. In which a man and a young woman were seen carrying a suspicious package out of the house and into a cab. This cab to be precise. Which, may I hasten to add, has recently been reported stolen. Ring any bells? Don't answer. Just take me there.

Dexter sighs but complies without any resistance. Reluctantly, he drives off. Moments later, he pulls up outside Madison Avenue.

DEXTER

It's pissing down.

VOICE

You better wrap up then.

The man throws Dexter Sam's jacket which Dexter reluctantly puts on before stepping outside. The man, still with his gun aimed at him, follows.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Dexter leads the man, whose face we still cannot see, into the dimly lit and drizzle-laden Madison Avenue. The stash of Cocaine still sits untouched in the corner but nobody has noticed it in the dark. The CCTV is still out of action which the mystery man notices.

VOICE

So where the fuck have you taken me? Madison Avenue?

DEXTER

I saw it taken in here somewhere.

The man kicks Dexter in the back of his heels and he falls to his knees in agony.

VOICE

Why do I not trust you? You're in a perilous position remember!?

DEXTER

(in pain, loses control, rebelling)  
Oh, what are you going to do to me? What more could you possibly do that is worse than what you've already done.

The man is hesitant. These words seem to have hit a chord and Dexter, despite his precarious situation appears galvanized. He continues....

DEXTER CONT'D...

I even switched the evidence back so now the police, the straight ones, have the right evidence. You're fucked.

The mystery man reveals himself to be Detective Bill Baxter. He seems concerned and begins to rumble through Dexter's pockets as Dexter kneels with his back to him. Dexter is still in pain but resolute. Baxter discovers Sam's gun with his initials SD on them and puts his own gun

away, wielding Sam's instead. He aims at Dexter's head and walks around him, menacing, as though Dexter's time is up. Fearing the worst, Dexter frantically scribbles his last moments in his diary.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

(angry, losing patience)

Your time is nearly up.

Baxter notices the black bag in the corner of Madison Avenue. Dexter rants and scribbles on with his back to him, oblivious to this. Baxter just allows Dexter to talk.

DEXTER

They're onto you man. Whatever you do to me. They're onto you and they're gonna get you.

Baxter is now seriously pissed off and can tolerate Dexter's lip no longer. He kicks Dexter in the back. The diary flies out of Dexter's hand as he tumbles forward. Baxter takes aim and shoots Dexter in the back twice. He pauses as though he regrets this act. He drops the SD initialed gun on Dexter's body before checking the black bag. As expected, it is full of Cocaine. He manages to be pick it up and disappears into the night. Dexter lies motionless, once again, in exactly the same spot and position as the three people previous that same evening. This time we stay on his face. His eyes blink. He is alive! He slowly gets up confused and in obvious pain. He takes the jacket off and inspects the blood stains. He feels his back but it doesn't seem life-threatening. He picks up Sam's gun that was tossed away. He opens the release and inside there are blank cartridges (remember, Sam's gun was accidently filled with blanks).

DEXTER

Blanks?!

DEXTER (V.O. FROM DIARY)

It was wierd. I didn't know if I was dead or not.

He is baffled but also elated. He staggers away.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. STEPS OF THE OLD BAILEY - DAY (THE PRESENT)

"A year later. The Trial". We are outside the Old Bailey and are greeted by the female news reporter from before. She talks with the energy and seriousness you'd expect from a reporter delivering some fingers-on-the-pulse information.

FEMALE REPORTER

Good afternoon. We are outside the Old Bailey for the opening day of the trial of the three policemen accused of fraud, deception, drug trafficking and Two accounts of murder. Including, of course, the murder of Amy Hardwood. The first accused is....

INT. COURT DOCK - DAY (THE PRESENT) CONTINUOUS

We cut to Freddie Fagan standing in the dock. Cutting a forlorn figure, he looks condemned.

JUDGE (O.S.)

....Frederick William Fagan. ...

EXT. GERMAN ROAD - DAY (A YEAR EARLIER)

We see a removals van driving down a quiet German, leafy suburb. It pulls up outside a quaint and non offensive cottage. Inconspicuous and ordinary, perfect for Freddie who jumps out of the passenger seat.

JUDGE CONT'D (V.O.)

You stand accused of attempting to distribute class A drugs on

frighteningly large scale.

Freddie opens the back of his removals van which is full to the brim of ordinary, inconspicuous furniture. Freddie smiles like a man in the clear whilst taking out a hallway table and carrying it to the front door. He knocks and Steve Syon opens the door.

There is a blatant feeling of unease which Freddie doesn't absorb. He just waltzes his way merrily into the lounge.

INT. GERMAN COTTAGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

We follow Freddie to the lounge door as he laughs and grunts with self-satisfaction. He kicks the door open and inside are Hawkins, Sam and three other policeman smiling and even more satisfied with themselves. Also there and looking very glum is the missing Detective Baxter. We cut to moments later and one of the plain clothed officers is pulling apart Freddie's hallway table. The game is up for Freddie and he knows it.

JUDGE CONT'D (V.O.)

In the face of overwhelming evidence..

Low and behold, stashed away, deep inside the hallway table is ALOT of Cocaine.

INT. COURT DOCK - DAY (THE PRESENT)

We slip back to now and zoom in on Freddie's beaten face.

JUDGE CONT'D (O.S.)

..this Court finds you GUILTY and sentences you to 25 years in prison...

INT. JACK'S AND ZOE'S CAR (STATIC) - PRESENT DAY (CONTINUOUS)

We hear the judge finish Freddie Fagan off over the radio.

JUDGE CONT'D (O.S.)

..without parole.

We see Jack turn the radio off. This is a new car and it's a decent little number. Jack sits waiting. The title on his badge has changed from assistant to Manager. Jack has visibly changed also. He is smarter in his appearance and no longer emanates the foul odour of the cocky little wankstain of before. He gets out of the drivers seat and appears impatient.

EXT. STREET - PRESENT DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Jack POV. We are in exactly the same spot at which Vivianne was waiting for Zoe earlier in the film. This time Zoe does not shuffle out of the Hospital, like before, but bounds with ultra confidence out of the college gates next door. She is an entirely different creature from the doubt-ridden girl a year ago and ALOT more sexy. She approaches Jack at the car, almost contemptuously. Jack kisses her on the cheek dutifully before stepping aside to allow her take control of the wheels. Symbolic as she is now in control of the relationship. She drives off.

INT. ZOE & JACK'S NEW CAR (MOVING) - PRESENT DAY (CONTINUOUS)

ZOE

I've got tonnes of revision for my exam next week. You know what that means, don't you?

JACK

I was hoping to catch up a few old friends of mine.

Zoe's raised eyebrow tells him (and us) everything.

JACK CONT'D...

But that can wait.

A long beat.

JACK

I'm still not sure we can afford  
this.

ZOE

(firm)

We've been through this enough.  
With your new wages we have  
enough for the deposit and when I  
pass my exams I will be in line  
for some well paid employment.  
That's the last time it's being  
mentioned.

EXT. NEW HOME - PRESENT DAY (CONTINUOUS)

With these words Zoe pulls into a nice yet modest driveway which we recognise to be the same house circled in Zoe's homes magazine earlier in the film. They get out of the car and are greeted by an Estate Agent conducting himself with the usual smarminess you'd expect of a salesman homing in for the kill. Jack pulls out some paperwork and we hear him talk with the Estate Agent whilst we follow Zoe into her new home.

ESTATE AGENT (O.S.)

Great day we're having.

JACK (O.S.)

We've got everything and we're  
ready to sign.

ESTATE AGENT (O.S.)

Fantastic. I've got a pen.

INT. ZOE AND JACK'S NEW HOME - PRESENT DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Unable to contain herself, Zoe skips her way through her impressive new starter home. We cut through various shots of the lounge, bedroom and toilet before Zoe enters the kitchen and gives it another (must have done this already)once over. She presses lights and switches as well as opening everything imaginable before finally turning on the radio. Once again we hear the voice of the female

reporter.

FEMALE REPORTER ON RADIO

Day 2 of the Trial...

EXT. STEPS OF THE OLD BAILEY - PRESENT DAY (CONTINUOUS)

We link back into the female reporter as she continues her coverage of the trial and continues her sentence...

FEMALE REPORTER CONT'D..

..See's a second police officer,  
Steven Syon...

INT. COURT DOCK - DAY (THE PRESENT) CONTINUOUS

Now it's Steve Syon's turn to take his punishment. Like Freddie before him, he looks a beaten man.

JUDGE (O.S.)

....You stand accused of the cold  
and callous murder of Miss Amy  
Hardwood. ...

EXT. OUTSIDE BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT (THE MURDER OF AMY HARDWOOD)

We see Steve Syon pull up outside the Murder flat and disguise his face with a stocking. The night air is fittingly cold and cutting. We follow him as he darts his way into the block and up to Amy Hardwoods flat. He breaks his way through the door and into the front room. Amy sits watching television oblivious to his presence.

JUDGE CONT'D (O.S.)

...in the face of overwhelming  
evidence...

Steve Syon pulls out his Glock 17 and shoots her in the back twice. Amy collapses and Syon scarpers.

INT. COURT DOCK - DAY (THE PRESENT)

We slip back to now and zoom in on Syon's beaten face.

JUDGE CONT'D (O.S.)

..this Court finds you GUILTY and  
sentences you to 25 years in  
prison...

INT. THE DONAGHUE KITCHEN - DAY (THE PRESENT)

As with Freddie, we hear the judge finish Steve Syon off  
over the radio. A healthier, happier looking Vivianne turns  
it off.

JUDGE CONT'D (O.S. ON RADIO)

..without parole...

For the first time we see the Donaghue family all together  
in the kitchen settling down for dinner. Callum included,  
looking infinitely better. He has recovered from his drug  
issues. There is an obvious feeling of contentedness and  
togetherness. The fridge is full with wholesome food and  
with all the hustle and bustle it could almost be a an Oxo  
advert. They are happily arguing over the decorating of  
Zoe's and Jack's new love-nest.

SAM

I think it looks lovely as it is.

ZOE

You're not getting out of it dad.  
No way. It's being painted. It's  
being painted blue. And it's  
being painted by you.

SAM

(amused and proud of his daughters banterous cheek)  
Let me just eat my dinner first.

ZOE

No.

Zoe gets up and drags Sam out of his chair and we follow  
them into the living room. Zoe pulls out a bag and inside

is a pair of overalls which she forces Sam to put on. On the side is an unfinished game of Chess. They look at each other and then at the Chess board.

SAM

Shall we resume?

They both resume their Chess positions and all seems to be hunkey-dorey at Chez Donaghue. In the corner of the room and oblivious to the Chess players the T.V plays and on it we see our good old friend the female news reporter. We zoom on in her on the screen as she talks.

FEMALE REPORTER ON T.V

Day 3 of the Trial...

EXT. STEPS OF THE OLD BAILEY - PRESENT DAY (CONTINUOUS)

We link back into the female reporter as continues her coverage of the trial and continues her sentence...

FEMALE REPORTER CONT'D..

..See's a third police officer,  
this time Detective Blake  
Baxter...

INT. COURT DOCK - DAY (THE PRESENT) CONTINUOUS

And finally it's the last of the deadly trio, Detective Baxter's turn to take his punishment. Like his predecessors, his time is up.

JUDGE (O.S.)

...You stand accused of the cold  
and callous murder of Joseph Mark  
Jackson....

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (A YEAR AGO)

We cut right back to the moment where Joey is choking his Chicken (for the second time) and Dexter has just switched the evidence in the briefcase. Again, we hear the two girls "at it" in the room next door. As Joey is cleaning up he

notices the briefcase and decides to have a nose. Intrigued, he browses through and is even more so when he comes across photo's of Freddie and Nick. For the first time he realises the deep shit that Nick is in. As he burrows further we hear the phone ring and instantly switch to answer phone. On the end of the line is Nick's girlfriend, Layla, sobbing.

LAYLA ON PHONE (O.S)

Nick. Why won't you answer your phone. Where are you? How could you just leave me on my own like this? On tonight of all nights. I'm leaving you Nick. Tonight.

Joey's ears prick up at this bombshell. I'm going to go to my mums shop and don't you DARE try to contact me. I'm going to book a flight to Australia in the morning. I'm going to stay with my dad. And one more thing.....I'm pregnant and you're having nothing to do with this baby.

Layla hangs up and Joey ponders her message whilst thumbing through the evidence. He notices some phone dialogue scribbled down. "Once Nick's job is complete. Eliminate him". Joey's face panics.

Maybe, for once, he can be of some help to his brother in dire straits. We hear the doorbell ring and Joey quickly throws the evidence back in the briefcase and closes it. Out of the other room comes a sheepish but happy Roxanne putting her clothes back on. In the doorway we can see Lateesha do likewise. The doorbell rings again.

ROXANNE

That'll be for me. Thanks for a wonderful evening.

Roxanne gives him a peck on the cheek before collecting her briefcase and leaving. Lateesha blows him a kiss goodbye. Right now he has bigger things on his mind. We skip through

a rapid sequence of him trying to call Nick's mobile but only getting his answer phone and him pacing his room with these words "eliminate him" scarred permanently into his brain. We hear the doorbell ring again. Joey, scared out of wits, checks to see who it is through the curtain. It's Detective Blake Baxter from the photo he'd just seen. Joey is numb and doesn't know what to do. He turns the lights off, dives into Nick's bed and hides under the covers.

EXT. OUTSIDE NICK & JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Peering through the front door is Detective Baxter. Brandishing his Glock 17 he seems ruffled and angry. He peers through the key-hole and pounds more fiercely on the door.

DETECTIVE BAXTER

(low to himself)

I saw the light go off. I know  
you're in there.

He veers round to the garden where the stepladder still stands. Baxter places it against the wall and climbs to Nick's window. The upper window is left open and Baxter manages to squeeze his arm through and open the main window. Inside the room is pitch black. Baxter POV. Through the moonlight we can see a figure under the covers in the bed.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

DETECTIVE BAXTER

Nick? Nicholas?

No answer. A glance around and the photo's of Nick and Layla on the side would mean it's fairly safe to assume it's Nick's room. So, as far as Baxter is concerned, Nick must be the figure in the bed. Asleep. Not hanging around Baxter, shoots with deadly accuracy in the head and back area. The body doesn't move. Baxter hurries away. We pan over to the bed and slowly pan down to reveal a very frightened but alive Joey hiding underneath. Sure that Baxter has now gone, Joey makes for the outside.

He is hobbling slightly and appears to be carrying some sort of back injury although the dark makes it too difficult to ascertain.

EXT. OUTSIDE NICK & JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Joey runs into the night but something is definitely wrong. He tries to call Nick's mobile again but we hear the same voice message.

EXT. OUTSIDE ANTIQUE SHOP - NIGHT (LATER)

Joey arrives outside out of breath and dripping in sweat. He bangs on the door like a madman, loud and impatiently before an annoyed Layla answers the door.

LAYLA

What??!

JOEY

(somewhat out of sorts)

You've got to let me in.

Layla acknowledges that Joey isn't in a great condition and a full blown row on the doorstep probably isn't a wise idea. So she reluctantly allows him in.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (A SHORT WHILE LATER)

Joey sits at a chair whilst Layla listens and stares out of the window. He has filled her in what Nick didn't. She appears numb.

JOEY

When I heard your message, I had to tell you what I had just found out. He's in serious trouble. MAJOR FUCKING trouble. That he had to sort out.

LAYLA

(teary eyed)

Why didn't he tell me?

JOEY

Because he couldn't, could he? He wanted to protect you. He loves you. He'll be over the moon when he finds out your pregnant. When I heard that, I HAD to stop you. I've always let him down. It was the one decent thing I could do for him. Don't leave him. Not now.

It's a strong plea and Layla seems to have been swayed. In walks a panicked looking Sam carrying HIS blood stained jacket that has changed many hands this evening.

SAM

(fast and deeply concerned)  
I think I'm in big trouble. I saw a man get shot in Madison Avenue this evening and I called police and an Ambulance but when I went check him outside....he was gone.

LAYLA

What are you talking about Sam?  
Get back to bed.

SAM

(angry)  
I'm not fucking joking!

The aggression in Sam's tone silences Layla. Sam continues to talk. Sometimes to himself and sometimes to the room

SAM

This is the last thing I need.  
More grief from my so called colleagues. I didn't imagine it.  
I definitely saw it.

JOEY

(deteriorating rapidly)

I can help.

SAM

That's very decent of you, young man but have you actually been shot this evening?

JOEY

Yeah.

Joey staggers towards the door revealing blood on his back. Baxter's shot hit him through the mattress. Joey takes the jacket from Sam and puts it on. He is dying. Sam is speechless.

JUDGE (O.S.)

By attempting to cover your tracks. You wickedly decided to kill Nick Jackson, unbeknown to you it was his brother!

JOEY

I can wait for the Ambulance and that'll get us all of out trouble. It'll will be here soon, I'll be fine.

Joey, heroically waves away Sam and Layla and exits.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - NIGHT (TUESDAY) CONTINUOUS

Aerial shot. We see two Ambulance men standing around looking bemused. There is no sign of a body and they radio in to their office to let them know. Probably another hoax call. They drive away. Immediately after them, staggers Joey. He has missed the Ambulance and is tragically unaware. Adorning the now infamous blood stained jacket, he crawls into the same position as the four others before him that evening. His stillness tell us all we need to know. As expected, a police car arrives and an officer jumps out to inspect the body. As he talks on his walkie talkie the camera moves in on Joey's body.

PC

Sarg. We've got a dead body in  
Madison Avenue. A gun shot in  
the back. Looks recent.

DETECTIVE BAXTER O.S (WALKIE TALKIE)

Whatever you do, don't touch it.  
Cardon off the street and don't  
let anyone touch it. And I mean,  
nobody, that's doctors, forensics  
ANYONE. Until I say. Clear?

PC

Sarg.

JUDGE(O.S.)

..this Court finds you GUILTY and  
sentences you to 25 years in  
prison...without parole.

We have now zoomed in a close shot of Joey's body and  
retract to reveal....

EXT. GRAVEYARD OUTSIDE - DAY (THE PRESENT)

...the same picture of Joey on the front of a National  
Newspaper with the headline "Detectives sentenced for drug  
smuggling and Madison Murder Mystery. Met police shame".  
The newspaper is being read by Nick. Nick POV. He looks up  
and we see the him standing at a headstone. "Here lies  
Margaret May Jackson and her beloved son Joseph Mark  
Jackson". Finally, he has managed to get his mum her  
headstone and what better send off for Joey than to bury  
him with her. Nick seems satisfied that closure has been  
achieved and perhaps now he can get on with the rest of his  
life. We follow him as he walks out of the cemetary and  
into the "Old Monk" pub. The old sign "The Red Lion" sits  
in the rubbish outside.

INT. THE OLD MONK - DAY (THE PRESENT) CONTINUOUS

#Note. This is Dexter's old pub and the same establishment  
the students Carl, Rob and Maxwell were yearning to be re

opened. Nick orders a drink and we pan around. Low and behold we see the same three students enjoying themselves with a beer and a pub quiz. On the other side of the room is Dexter. Adorning a cutting-edge suit he seems sharper and happier. He finishes his (alcohol free) lunch before stepping outside.

#### INT. COOL CAR FROM ADVERT - DAY (THE PRESENT) CONTINUOUS

Dexters situation is definitely better as he now is the proud owner of the car that he was drooling over at the beginning of the movie. He enters and blasts out some upbeat music as we follow his drive for a short while. He drives past a bookshop and we remain on this shot as inside signing books is Roxanne.

#### INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY (THE PRESENT) CONTINUOUS

Roxanne's legal career has taken off in quite a big way. There is a reasonable size que of admirers waiting to get their copy "her study of domestic law signed" and she happily obliges. We zoom in on her signing one of the books. The signing of her signature nicely blends into the next shot revealing....

#### INT. COLLEGE RECEPTION - DAY (THE PRESENT) CONTINUOUS

....Lateesha reading a letter from Roxanne. It says "I forgot to thank you for that wonderful evening last year. Signed Roxanne. With the letter is a cheque for three thousand pounds which Lateesha happily hands over to the eager receptionist. The good mood continues as Lateesha can now afford to fulfill her ambitions and study in England. We follow her outside.

#### EXT. COLLEGE GROUNDS - DAY (THE PRESENT) CONTINUOUS

A contented Lateesha walks to the gate. Lateesha POV. On the other side of the road is Royal Insurers and we see Dexter again step out in his slick suit and just generally oozing slickness. We switch back to Dexter. He has obviously got his job back, and more, as he enters the building.

## INT. ROYAL INSURERS - DAY (THE PRESENT) CONTINUOUS

As Dexter breezes through reception he receives many adoring eyes and is spewing importance. He strolls upto his office which says "Dexter Johnson - Partner". With a self satisfied smile he sits back in his plush chair in now grand surroundings. Through the window and on the other side of road is the police station. Outside stands Sam Donaghue talking to a reporter. We zoom in on them.

## EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - DAY (THE PRESENT) CONTINUOUS

Sam standing with even more authority than Dexter talks to a reporter. His attire has changed reflecting a man of much more importance.

### REPORTER

Any comments on your new role as Chief Constable?

### SAM

A dream come true and I intend to give it everything.

Sam is too important and too busy to stand around much longer. He jumps into a waiting car and speeds away.

## INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS - DAY (THE PRESENT) LATER

We pan slowly across an arrivals lounge busy with returning holiday makers. Tanned and clad in golf gear emerges a happier looking PC Hawkins. He managed to make the golfing holiday after all. As we pan slowly across to reveal his tour partner.....Grandad! Similarly tanned and kitted out in golf clothes he too appears to be content. Amidst the luggage and golf accessories is a trophy. After these two emerges Layla also tanned and happier with her five month old baby. The Australian souvenirs tell us that she has been to see her real father and is evidently better off for it. Waiting for them is the smiling father, Nick.

### LAYLA

(teary eyed)  
I'm glad I did it.

They embrace.....

INT. TOWN HALL - THE FOLLOWING DAY (THE PRESENT)

..linking in from the previous shot they unembrace to reveal them both standing outside a small registry office door and dressed for the occasion. An unassuming man steps out beckons them inside. They take one look at each other, hold hands and follow him inside. We do not follow them inside, instead we pan across the hallway to a door labelled "child custody". Out of which emerges Dexter and two bounding young boys. He was won back custody of his two children.

EXT. THE ZOE & JACK'S GARDEN - THE FOLLOWING DAY (THE PRESENT)

It is a glorious summers day and the Donaghues are holding one of their "legendary" barbecue's for the new house. The new and improved Jack stands over the barbecue with Sam confirming his welcome into the family fold. In what is an obvious bonding session Jack takes a tray of sausages and burgers into the Garden shed.

INT. GARDEN SHED - DAY (THE PRESENT CONTINUOUS)

Inside is Grandad making golf tees and polishing his golf trophy. Bob Marley blares away on the stereo. Grandad takes a burger before we follow Jack again outside.

EXT. THE ZOE & JACK'S GARDEN - DAY (THE PRESENT CONTINUOUS)

Jack takes the tray to the table where Zoe sits wearing the red skirt that he previously labelled "tarty". She looks beautiful. With everyone out of sight Zoe eyes Jack teasingly and he likes it. He is in her pocket now. She beckons him inside and, tongue wagging, he follows.

INT. THE DONAGHUE HOUSEHOLD - DAY (THE PRESENT CONTINUOUS)

Zoe runs upstairs to her bedroom and Jack scampers in after her.

INT. ZOE'S & JACK'S BEDROOM - DAY (THE PRESENT CONTINUOUS)

Zoe lies on the bed and Jack flies in. After a few seconds frolicking on the bed.

ZOE

Take photo's of me to prepare me  
for my shoot tomorrow.

The now dutiful Jack obliges and picks up a camera from the side and takes pictures of her in a variety of alluring poses. We see a another shot from the point of view of the camera. As Jack clicks we hear the louder and imposing "boom" of a much more powerful camera. We withdraw from the camera shot to reveal.....

INT. PHOTO SHOOT - THE FOLLOWING DAY (THE PRESENT)

...Zoe is having pictures taken in the professional surroundings of a photo shoot room. She is a model. She is revelling in it. One final shot of her lying on a couch and the still image links into.....

EXT. STREET (BILLBOARD) - NIGHT (A FEW WEEKS LATER)

...the very same picture is the on the billboard poster for a new girl magazine. We recognise it to be the same girls magazine from earlier in the film. Illuminated by the night lights Zoe looks fantastic. A bill-poster man is posting over it with a new poster. After a few seconds the picture of Zoe has been replaced by a picture of a new car. We notice this to match the car designs of Joey at the beginning of the film. His work had not been in vain after all! We see a figure running along the street under the billboard and zoom on her. It's Vivianne! In her jogging gear she looks leaner and fitter and so full of life now. She looks great. Far removed from the frumpy and lumpy housewife of a year ago. We follow her as she runs into her front garden and enters the house.

## INT. THE DONAGHUE HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Vivianne runs upstairs and we hear a guitar playing from one of the bedrooms. Vivianne enters the room from where the music emanates. It's Sam. He vowed to play the guitar and he isn't doing a bad job. Vivianne seems to have one thing on her mind and Sam is very receptive. She straddles him and closes the door. The shot remains from outside and we can hear the giggles and guffaws from inside. We pan slightly across to another room with a T.V that isn't turned on. The night through the window changes to daylight. The T.V turns on to a local news report.

### NEWS READER

Islington has cause to celebrate today with the reopening of one of it's school. Central Foundation School was forced to close down 6 years ago after severe fires caused major structural damage....

As the report continues we pan across to the shot of the bedroom and out steps Vivianne. Suited and boots she cuts an impressive figure.

### VIVIANNE

God you are getting good. But hurry up as you've made me late for first day back.

An equally impressively dressed Sam follows her and they dash downstairs and out of the house. We hear them speed off in the car.

## EXT. OUTSIDE CENTRAL FOUNDATION SCHOOL - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Vivianne pulls up and enters with a real zip and confidence into the building.

## INT. CENTRAL FOUNDATION SCHOOL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Vivianne walks straight through the reception down the hallway and into an open room at the end. She closes the door shut in our face. The sign "Head Mistress - Mrs Vivianne Donaghue" hangs proudly on the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END