"Little Robin: Part Three"

by

Dustin Bowcott
FADE IN

INT. AIRPORT – DAY

Carl approaches a flight operator booth, an ATTENDANT smiles.

    CARL
    Hi, do you have any cancellations?

EXT. PLAYGROUND – DAY

The last of the children are collected. Suzanne smiles at Miriam.

    SUZANNE
    There you go.

    MIRIAM
    Yes it seems I must have been mistaken. Just seemed a tad strange, still does.

    SUZANNE
    I'm sure there is an explanation.

Both women head back towards the school building.

    BILLY (OS)
    Whoa. Hold up.

Both women turn to the sound of Billy's voice and watch as he jogs up to them.

    BILLY
    Sorry I'm late, I had a bit of business to attend to.

Miriam and Suzanne exchange a worried glance.

    MIRIAM
    Robin has already been collected by Mr Webster.

Billy looks at her quizzically.

    BILLY
    What do you mean?
MIRIAM
Did you give permission for him to collect Robin?

BILLY
No I didn't. Why would I want that nonce anywhere near my son?

Billy gets angry.

BILLY
There better a good explanation for this or you lot are going to be in big trouble, I'm telling you.

Billy storms away.

MIRIAM
Should we inform the police?

SUZANNE
I don't know. Maybe he's just taken him home? I'll try phoning him.

Suzanne pulls out her phone and quick dials Carl.

SUZANNE
Nope, no answer.

MIRIAM
This isn't looking good Suzanne.

INT. MAIN BEDROOM, STACEY'S FLAT – DAY

Billy walks in while Stacey is sitting up on the bed, smoking crack.

BILLY
Who said you could have some of that?

STACEY
It's my body that pays for it. Where's my son?

BILLY
He's not here?

Stacey looks at him in horror.
STACEY
No, Billy...

BILLY
What? No. Nothing to do with me. Your fucking teacher friend has taken him.

STACEY
Teacher?

BILLY
That Mr Webster bloke. I thought he'd bring him back here.

STACEY
No. He's not here. When did he take him?

BILLY
Collected him after school.

STACEY
What's he playing at?

BILLY
I don't know.

STACEY
I'm calling the police.

BILLY
Whoa, hold up. Let's not jump to conclusions. Let's give the guy an hour to contact us. If he doesn't then we call the police.

STACEY
But why's he taken him?

BILLY
Probably felt sorry for him and bought him an ice cream. You know what Robin is like, charm the birds from the trees.

Stacey nods her head.

BILLY
In the meantime...

Billy loads some crack onto the pipe.
BILLY
Get your lips around that.

Stacey allows Billy to place the pipe in her mouth. Billy lights the pipe for her.

BILLY
That's it. Just calm down.

INT. OFFICE, ST HUMPHREY'S – DAY

Miriam is sitting behind her desk, Suzanne is finishing off two coffees from a percolator.

MIRIAM
Thank you for waiting with me.

SUZANNE
Well it's been around ninety minutes. I think if anything had gone wrong we would know by now.

MIRIAM
It doesn't add up. Something weird is going on.

Suzanne hands Miriam a coffee across the desk and takes a seat herself, the other side.

INT. AEROPLANE – DAY

Carl belts himself in and does the same for Robin who is sitting by the window seat.

ROBIN
I've never been on a plane before.

CARL
You nervous?

Robin shakes his head.

ROBIN
No, I'm excited.

Carl chuckles.

CARL
That's how I felt my first time too.
ROBIN
How old were you your first time?

CARL
Probably around your age.

Robin smiles and turns to look out of the window, eyes glinting with excitement.

INT. MIRIAM'S OFFICE – DAY
Suzanne stands up to leave.

SUZANNE
I really have to go.

Miriam nods her head agreeably.

MIRIAM
Thank you so much for waiting with me, Suzanne.

SUZANNE
I'm sure there isn't anything to worry about. Carl's been through a rough time recently but he's not... you know.

Miriam raises a questioning eyebrow.

INT. LIVING ROOM, STACEY'S FLAT - NIGHT
Billy is asleep snoring on the sofa. Stacey walks in rubbing her head.

STACEY
I need some gear.

She sits down on the settee and picks up some heroin, tipping it onto a piece of silver foil.

STACEY
 Fucking crack mashes my head up too much sometimes.

Billy stirs on the settee, groans. Stacey chases a line of heroin and sits back, licking her lips. A sudden thought occurs to her.

STACEY
Did Robin come home?
Billy wakes up, not quite with it yet.

    BILLY
    Huh?

    STACEY
    Robin? Is Robin home?

Stacey gets up and looks at Billy with disgust.

    STACEY
    Oh for fuck's sake.

Stacey walks into the

HALLWAY
stops to take a deep breath and walks into

ROBIN'S BEDROOM
where she collapses to her knees, barely able to
breathe. Panic sets in. She runs into the

HALLWAY
opens the front door and doesn't stop.

INT. LIVING ROOM, STACEY'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS
Billy walks into the

HALLWAY
and sees that the front door is wide open.

    BILLY
    Stacey? Stace?

He heads into

ROBIN'S BEDROOM
and finds it empty.

    BILLY
    Fuck.
INT. POLICE STATION – NIGHT

Stacey runs in screaming.

STACEY
My baby, he's took my baby!

The RECEPTIONIST jumps to attention.

INT. ROCHEFORT AIRPORT – DAY

Carl and Robin walk to the terminals that allow entry into Rochefort. Carl stops to show their passports. The Customs Officer glances at them briefly, only really taking notice of Carl's, and hands them back to him.

CARL
Merci.

The officer nods as Carl and Robin walk through.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE CARL'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Police cars line up.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CARL'S HOUSE – NIGHT

A forensic team moves around the house as DI FLANNIGAN (40's), meticulous, makes notes on his phone. He takes a seat on the settee for comfort while his young subordinate, DC WRIGHT, stands tapping a pen against his teeth. Flannigan shows Wright the phone.

FLANNIGAN
Technology, eh?

Wright nods.

WRIGHT
Trouble with those things is the same trouble you get with all electronics.

FLANNIGAN
What's that?

Wright suddenly looks awkward, hates being questioned by the boss.
WRIGHT
Well... you know... they can mess up easily.

FLANNIGAN
Mess up?

WRIGHT
Yeah, hacked and stuff like that.

FLANNIGAN
Remind me how old you are again? I'm supposed to be the granddad here.

WRIGHT
I just don't trust it. I'll stick to the old fashioned way.

FLANNIGAN
I send this information straight from my phone to a file waiting on my computer at home, clever eh.

WRIGHT
I'll never trust it.

FLANNIGAN
Never say never, DC Wright. So, what have we got on this fella so far?

Wright looks through his paper pad.

WRIGHT
Teacher, forty-five years old, recently lost his wife and child in an accident. We found an empty prescription bottle of medication.

FLANNIGAN
Diazepam, right.

WRIGHT
Yeah along with several empty whiskey bottles.

FLANNIGAN
Sounds like a man losing control.

WRIGHT
My thoughts too.
FLANNIGAN
So what about the parents?

Wright struggles with the right words.

WRIGHT
According to the uniform that spoke to them they're obvious drug addicts. They both have form.

FLANNIGAN
Which probably explains why it took them so long to call this in.

WRIGHT
What do you make of it so far, sir?

FLANNIGAN
I don't know what to make of it. Whole thing seems very odd. Not the classic abduction case. Have you been in touch with social services?

WRIGHT
Uniforms are on it now, sir.

FLANNIGAN
Good. Then I suppose we should visit the parents.

EXT. MIRIAM'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Uniformed police KNOCK the front door and Miriam opens it looking distraught. The officers walk into the house.

EXT. FRONT DOOR, SUZANNE'S HOUSE – NIGHT

A police car pulls up, an OFFICER gets out. He knocks insistently on Suzanne's front door.

OFFICER
Police. Open the door please.

Suzanne opens the front door, a glass of wine in her hand.

SUZANNE
Oh my God, what's happened?
OFFICER
Suzanne Rogers?

Suzanne nods worriedly.

OFFICER
Can I speak with you inside?

SUZANNE
Why? What's going on?

OFFICER
It's about a pupil at your school. A, Robin Pearce?

Suzanne gasps, her worst fear confirmed.

SUZANNE
You better come in.

Suzanne leads the Officer into the

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUZANNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike turns off the TV and stands up.

OFFICER
Sorry to disturb your evening.

MIKE
What's all this about?

SUZANNE
It's about a pupil from school.

Mike breathes a sigh of relief.

OFFICER
May I?

MIKE
Yes, please sit down.

The Officer takes a seat and pulls out his phone.

OFFICER
Can't live without these things now.

Suzanne and Mike take a seat.
SUZANNE
Can I get you a drink of something? Tea, coffee?

OFFICER
No thanks, this shouldn't take too much of your time.

SUZANNE
This is about Robin, Mike. Do you remember what we spoke about earlier?

MIKE
Really? So Carl has taken this kid?

OFFICER
How well do you know Carl Webster?

SUZANNE
He's been a friend for years. We've been on family holidays together.

MIKE
We held the wake at our house.

OFFICER
So it's safe to say you know him fairly well.

SUZANNE
Very well. If Carl has taken Robin it's only because his parents abuse him.

OFFICER
It's never right to abduct a child.

SUZANNE
Well, no...

MIKE
What my wife means is that all of this is very out of character for Carl.

OFFICER
Has he acted unusual at all recently?

Mike and Suzanne exchange a glance.
SUZANNE
No. Aside from grieving over the loss of his family, which is to be expected, then no.

OFFICER
Do you know of anywhere that Carl could be hiding out? A friend or relative somewhere?

SUZANNE
No, I'm afraid I don't.

MIKE
Feel free to look around Officer, I can assure you he isn't here.

OFFICER
Sorry if it seems like I'm accusing you of anything. That really isn't the case.

MIKE
Well I'd rather you took a look around as a show of our cooperation.

The Officer smiles and stands up to check the house. Mike leads him around.

EXT. CAR PARK, ROCHEFORT HOTEL - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up outside the Hotel, Carl and Robin climb out and head into the

INT. RECEPTION AREA, ROCHEFORT HOTEL - NIGHT

Carl points out some comfortable chairs in the waiting area.

CARL
Go and sit over there while I deal with this.

Robin nods and makes his way over to the chairs, staring at the decorations and pictures on the walls. There are many pictures of Napoleon and naval ships. Robin gets so absorbed he doesn't notice Carl come up behind him, and jumps.
CARL
Come on then. Room is upstairs.

Carl notices the jump.

CARL
You OK?

ROBIN
I didn't hear you coming.

Carl smiles and heads to the lifts, pressing the button. Robin follows after him.

ROBIN
I'm tired.

CARL
I bet you're hungry too. I'll get us some food as soon as we settle in.

INT. LIVING ROOM, STACEY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Billy sits calmly on the settee while Stacey is distraught, sitting next to him.

DI Flannigan is sitting in the armchair, DC Wright is standing.

STACEY
I just want my baby home.

FLANNIGAN
Can you think of any reason why the teacher would take your son?

BILLY
He's a nonce isn't he. That's what nonces do, take kids.

STACEY
Oh God!

FLANNIGAN
Please. This isn't helping at all.

BILLY
His wife and kid just died. He's lost the plot. Who knows what he was up to with his own kid.
Flannigan looks at Billy with disgust.

**FLANNIGAN**
Please try and be a little more sensitive.

**BILLY**
Some nonce has taken Stacey's son and you want **me** to be more sensitive?

**FLANNIGAN**
I hope you both realise that the press are going to be all over this one.

Billy grins gleefully.

**BILLY**
They pay for stories don't they, the press.

Flannigan shakes his head, deploringly.

**FLANNIGAN**
Well I think we have enough for now. As soon as we get any news we'll be in touch.

**STACEY**
Please bring my baby back to me. Little Robin is everything to me.

**FLANNIGAN**
Oh, there is just one final question.

Stacey and Billy look at him expectantly.

**FLANNIGAN (CONT.)**
Why did you take so long to call us?

**BILLY**
I told Stacey and thought she was going to tell you. We were both so worried though we fell asleep.

**FLANNIGAN**
Fell asleep?

Flannigan looks at Stacey for confirmation.
STACEY
Fell asleep because we were on drugs.
(to Billy)
Just tell them the fucking truth, Billy.

FLANNIGAN
Stacey, are you able to verify Billy's movements? Do you think he's involved?

Stacey looks at Billy, hate in her eyes.

BILLY
Course I'm not involved. I'm not a fucking beast.

STACEY
No, not this time.

FLANNIGAN
This time?

Stacey hesitates.

FLANNIGAN
Don't be afraid Stacey. We can protect you from Brutus here.

Billy looks on incredulous.

WRIGHT
In protective custody if you like.

BILLY
Stacey.

STACEY
No, no. He's not involved. Just bring me my baby back!

FLANNIGAN
OK. We will need to speak with you again at some point. I suppose those bruises of yours are from falling down the stairs?

STACEY
No, I was attacked and raped Do you care?
FLANNIGAN
Did you report it?

STACEY
What do you think?

Flannigan nods and heads towards the living room door.

FLANNIGAN
If you have any more information please let me know.

INT. HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

Carl accepts the seafood platter from the room ATTENDANT, tips him and wheels it into the room. Robin is overjoyed and coos at all the food.

ROBIN
Can we eat that?

Carl chuckles.

CARL
Yes. Well, most of it.

ROBIN
I've only seen things like that on TV.

CARL
Right, well then. Let me show you how to eat it.

Carl grabs an oyster and swallows it straight back.

CARL
The trick with these is not to chew them.

Robin tries an oyster and splutters once it is in his mouth. Carl hands him a napkin and Robin spits it out.

CARL
OK. So oysters are not your thing. How about shrimp?

Carl picks up a shrimp and wiggles it in front of Robin's face. Robin chuckles.
INT. LIVING ROOM, STACEY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Stacey sits on the settee crying while Billy brings out the drugs. He puts some heroin onto the silver foil and quickly chases a line. He offers the foil to Stacey.

    BILLY
    Stacey? Stacey?

Stacey looks at the foil.

    STACEY
    I don't want any, Billy. I just want my little Robin back.

    BILLY
    Come on Stacey, this will make you feel better.

    STACEY
    No!

Billy shrugs his shoulders.

    BILLY
    OK, more for me.

    STACEY
    Fuck you, Billy. For all I know you fucking sold him.

The smile vanishes from Billy's face.

    BILLY
    Don't fucking push it Stacey. You mention that to anyone and I'll fucking kill you.

Stacey looks away from him.

    BILLY
    You fucking hearing me Stacey?

Stacey nods her head.

EXT. SCHOOL CAR PARK - DAY

Miriam climbs out of her car and is surrounded by JOURNALISTS.
Is it true you personally handed Little Robin over to the suspended teacher?

Are you in on it?

No, no I am not. Please. I have given a statement to police and don't have anything to hide.

Then why won't you talk to us?

Please, just leave me alone.

The Journalists chase Miriam to the school entrance but stop short of following her inside the building.

The Journalists spot Suzanne's car arriving and they hurry over, snapping pictures. Suzanne climbs out of her car and locks the door.

How long have you known Carl for, Suzanne?

None of your business.

Is it true you once had an affair with him?

No it isn't.

Where is Carl, Suzanne?

You hiding him at your place?

Suzanne hurries into the school building.

Do you know where he is now?

Did you know Carl was a paedophile?
Suzanne stops at the doors to the school as the comment hits her in the spine. She turns.

**SUZANNE**
He is not a paedophile. I don't know what all of this is about but that certainly isn't it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have work to do.

Suzanne opens the doors and walks in but not before hearing some parting shots from the journalists.

**JOURNALIST**
How do you know he isn't a paedophile?

**JOURNALIST 2**
Are you lovers?

**INT. DINING ROOM, HOTEL - DAY**

Carl and Robin have a continental breakfast. Robin is loving all the fresh, new tastes.

The hotel **PROPRIETOR** is on hand, seeing to the guests, of which there are only a few.

**CARL**
Madam.

She walks over.

**CARL**
Uhm, do you have any classified pages?

**PROPRIETOR**
Yes we do. Please.

She indicates for him to wait with her hand, Carl smiles in acknowledgement. Carl watches her select a newspaper from a pile across the other side of the room and walks back, handing it to him.

**CARL**
Merci, Madam.

**PROPRIETOR**
Non, it's my pleasure, Mr Jackson.
The Proprietor walks away as Carl flicks through to the car section.

ROBIN
What are you doing?

CARL
Looking for a car.

ROBIN
Am I going to see my mom again?

CARL
Would it be so bad if you didn't?

Robin shrugs his shoulders.

ROBIN
Sometimes I think that she doesn't love me.

CARL
She doesn't love you, Robin. To her you're just another way to make money.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

The room is crowded with journalists as DI Flannigan and DC Wright lead Billy and Stacey to a row of desks. Behind the desk is a huge flag bearing the symbol of the West Midlands police. DI Flannigan takes the lead.

FLANNIGAN
We've called this conference to name the lead suspect in the abduction of little Robin Pearce.

Cameras flash repetitively.

FLANNIGAN
The prime suspect is Carl Andrew Webster. A teacher from St Humphrey's Junior and Infants.

Flannigan holds up a picture of Carl and the journalists swoop in for a closer look, snapping picture after picture.
JOURNALIST
Do you believe Little Robin has come to any harm at the hands of Carl Webster?

FLANNIGAN
I'm sorry, we cannot speculate further. I'd like to hand over now to the parents that have an emotional plea.

Stacey pulls herself together and looks right into a TV camera.

STACEY
Please. Please. Please don't hurt my Robin. I miss him so badly. Just please return him home. Mr Webster, you always seemed like a good man. Please, please don't hurt him... bring... him... back... to...

Stacey cannot continue as she is overcome with grief.

EXT. FARMHOUSE – DAY

Carl knocks loudly at the front entrance to the house. Robin stands next to him, snacking on a croissant and drinking from a carton of orange juice.

The FARMER opens the door and grins at both of them.

FARMER
Oui?

CARL
Sorry, Je Anglais. Do you speak English?

FARMER
Yes. Little, little.

The Framer motions with his thumb and forefinger to show just how little he speaks.

CARL
I'm here to buy your car.

Carl mimes driving a car and points to the classifieds paper in his hand. The Farmer smiles.
FARMER
Oui, oui. Follow.

The Farmer motions for Carl to follow him as he heads around the back of the farm.

INT. CID ROOM, POLICE STATION – DAY

Flannigan is sitting at a desk, looking at his phone. Wright walks over.

WRIGHT
Sir. Just got word that he's skipped to France.

FLANNIGAN
France?

WRIGHT
Rochefort, sir.

FLANNIGAN
Very nice.

WRIGHT
Used his dead son's passport to get him through customs.

FLANNIGAN
We sent word to the frogs?

WRIGHT
Yes sir. You know how that goes though.

FLANNIGAN
Find the fax numbers for all the small guest houses in Rochefort. Send them Webster's mugshot, see if we get a hit.

WRIGHT
The French won't like that, sir.

FLANNIGAN
Fuck the French, DC Wright.

EXT. GOLF COURSE – DAY

Councillor Monroe is lining up a putt at the sixteenth. Pete approaches him, dressed in a suit.
MONROE

Quite a mess, David.

PETE

Yes.

MONROE

What are you doing about it?

PETE

What can I do?

MONROE

If I were you I'd be shitting myself.

PETE

I don't see how any of this could come back on us.

MONROE

You don't think hard enough. I don't want you coming anywhere near me for a few months. Is that understood?

PETE

I'm pretty certain we're all good in this.

MONROE

I know I'm good, David. It's you that I worry about. I've got my arse covered either way. I could just do without any shit thrown at me. You better hope this all blows over.

PETE

I'm sure it will.

Monroe putts his shot neatly into the hole.

EXT. FARMYARD – DAY

Carl looks over the car, gets in and starts the engine. The Farmer opens up the bonnet.

FARMER

Very good automobile.

Carl smiles and gets out to look over the engine.
CARL
She looks good.

FARMER
You go far?

CARL
Is that important? You're not trying to sell me a broken car, are you?

Carl smiles to show that he is joking, but this is lost on the farmer.

FARMER
Non! Non! I would not do that. I am an honest man.

CARL
OK, OK. I believe you. Would you take five hundred Euros?

FARMER
Price is seven.

Carl shrugs his shoulders, the Farmer thinks about the offer.

FARMER
Six.

The Farmer spits on his palm and offers it for Carl to shake. Carl hesitates for a second and then takes it.

CARL
OK, let's do it.

INT. CID ROOM, POLICE STATION – DAY

Flannigan is seated at his desk, looking at his phone, and doesn't notice Wright excitedly approach him, clutching a print out.

WRIGHT
We got him, sir.

Flannigan looks up, instantly alert.

FLANNIGAN
Captured?
WRIGHT
No. The guest house.

FLANNIGAN
Well, that's a start. Come on.

Flannigan stands up and takes his jacket off the back of the chair.

WRIGHT
Where're we going, sir?

FLANNIGAN
Do you like frogs legs, DC Wright?

INT. CARL'S CAR - DAY

The car is parked up on a quiet road. Carl has the map opened out. He points to Rochefort on the map.

CARL
Right. This is us here.

Robin leans over to look, eyes wide with amazement.

CARL
And this is where we came from.

ROBIN
That's England?

CARL
Yep. And here...

Carl moves his finger to point at Rochefort.

CARL
Is Rochefort, France.

ROBIN
Wow.

CARL
Question now, Eddy, is where do you want to go?

ROBIN
I'm Robin.

CARL
Ah. Sorry.
Carl smiles weakly.

**CARL**

So where do you want to go? We should avoid Spain because that's what they will expect.

Robin swings his finger and points at a place on the map.

**CARL**

Belarus. Why not?

**EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK – DAY**

Police cars pull up outside and officers run quickly into the

**INT. RECEPTION AREA, HOTEL – CONTINUOUS**

One officer shows the Proprietor pictures of Carl and Robin. She nods her head and points outside, shrugs her shoulders.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, STACEY'S FLAT – DAY**

Stacey is lying on the settee crying. Billy finishes off the last of the heroin. He glances over at Stacey, then rummages around on the table looking for any bits. None there. He looks at Stacey again.

**BILLY**

We're out of gear.

**STACEY**

Well go and phone your friend Maliq.

Billy stands up angrily.

**BILLY**

Don't fuck with me, Stacey.

**STACEY**

What do you expect? I'm not going to take that shit any more. I want to clean myself up.

Billy grins maliciously.
Billy
You can't. Once a bag head, always a bag head.

Stacey
That's not true. It's just a saying. I can beat it if I want to.

Billy
I don't care what you want to do. I need some fucking gear.

Stacey looks at Billy with fear in her eyes.

Stacey
No Bill. Please.

Billy grabs her hair and drags her off the settee. She reaches up and grabs her hair with her hands to relieve some of the pressure as she is dragged into the hallway.

Hallway
Billy drags her to the front door, opening it.

Billy
Now get the fuck out there and get me some money.

Billy drags her out of the front door and kicks her in the head before shutting her out.

Billy
(shouting)
Don't fucking dare come back with nothing. Fucking slag!

Int. Office, French Police Station - Day

Flannigan and Wright sit in the office opposite Lieutenant Bouvier.

Flannigan
We should cast the net wider.

Bouvier
The data suggests they will head for Spain. Spain is traditional. I'm confident that is where they are headed.
FLANNIGAN
I'm likewise confident that they aren't.

BOUVIER
This is France, not England.

FLANNIGAN
This is about a missing child not who's got the biggest dick.

Bouvier is a little taken aback, then chuckles, finding the humour.

BOUVIER
Of course. OK Monsieur Flannigan. I will widen the net a little further.

FLANNIGAN
East.

Bouvier nods.

BOUVIER
East.

FLANNIGAN
Something tells me that if he is going east that they will be aiming for Switzerland. The quickest route.

Bouvier smiles doubtfully.

BOUVIER
I will make some telephone calls. However, I will concentrate efforts south. We will see who is correct, non?

FLANNIGAN
I hope one of us is.

EXT. STREET CORNER, HARLEQUIN ESTATE - DAY

Stacey stands on the corner looking dishevelled and in a bad way. Cars pass her without stopping. A MAN on foot approaches her.

MAN
You all right, love.
Stacey tries to keep herself together.

STACEY
You looking for business?

MAN
I might be. Are you OK?

STACEY
Yeah. What do you want?

MAN
How much for full?

STACEY
Sixty quid.

MAN
All right love, let's walk down here.

The Man leads her into an

ALLEYWAY

where he has quick sex with her standing up. He does up his trousers. Stacey straightens herself out.

STACEY
You got the money.

MAN
Piss off you stupid bitch.

Stacey YELLS and reaches out a hand, scratching the Man's face. The Man punches her in the stomach and slaps her around the face. She falls to the floor crying.

The Man considers hitting her again, but thinks better of it and walks away.

EXT. CAFÉ – DAY

Flannigan and Wright sit in the café drinking coffee.

WRIGHT
So, we just sit and wait?

FLANNIGAN
Not much else we can do.
Flannigan looks out of the window and sees the Farmer striding towards the café.

**FLANNIGAN**

Besides, sometimes things have a habit of coming to us.

Flannigan nods and Wright turns to see the Farmer walk in, clutching a newspaper.

The Farmer looks around, his eyes settle on Flannigan and Wright.

**FARMER**

You are the Anglais police?

**FLANNIGAN**

That we are. How can we help you, sir?

**FARMER**

My car. The kidnapper is in my car.

Flannigan winks at Wright.

**EXT. CARL'S CAR, TRAVELLING – DAY**

Carl sees the road block up ahead and does a quick U-turn.

One of the French police officers gets off his radio and points at Carl's receding car to a colleague. They quickly climb into a police car and give chase, sirens blaring.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, STACEY'S FLAT – DAY**

Billy paces up and down the room, clearly agitated, sweating, in need of heroin. He bites at his nails, looks around on the table and the floor for any crumbs. Finds none.

He pulls out his phone and goes through it, pulling up Maliq's number. Billy stares at it for a while, then hits call.

**BILLY**

Hello... Look, I need some... I need it on tick.... I'll pay the interest... Please Maliq...
INT. MALIQ'S CAR – DAY

Maliq is parked up with a young guy in the passenger seat.

MALIQ
Sorry Billy. No can do mate.

The young guy in the passenger seat leans down and gives Maliq oral.

MALIQ
Later, Bill... and don't forget that fucking money you owe me.

Maliq hangs up and tosses the phone down, leaning back in his seat.

INT. LIVING ROOM, STACEY'S FLAT – DAY

Billy screams in a rage and throws his phone across the room.

BILLY
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

Billy collapses on the settee, clutching at his stomach and sobbing.

INT. CARL'S CAR, TRAVELLING – DAY

Carl is driving at speed, trying to escape the French police.

ROBIN
Why are the police after us?

CARL
They're after me, Robin.

ROBIN
Why?

CARL
They think I've kidnapped you.

ROBIN
Don't worry Mr Webster, I will tell them the truth.
CARL
I wish it was that simple. They'll give you back to your mom. Or even Social Services. You're not safe.

ROBIN
I don't want you to get into trouble Mr Webster.

CARL
I can't let them take you, Robin. I have to protect you.

INT. HALLWAY, STACEY'S FLAT - DAY

Stacey struggles into the flat, closing the front door behind her. She looks up to see Billy standing in the living room doorway. Billy approaches her, hard into withdrawal.

BILLY
Well?

Stacey shakes her head.

BILLY
No?

STACEY
I got raped.

BILLY
(mimicking)
I got raped, I got fucking raped. What's fucking wrong with you?

Billy loses control and uppercuts Stacey, knocking her out. Billy picks her up and slams her head from wall to wall as he drags her into the

LIVING ROOM

throwing her onto the coffee table. Stacey wakes up, eyes wide with fear. Billy straddles her, spitting with anger.

BILLY
Fucking bitch.
He punches her, hard in the face. Stacey stares at him in a daze, a bruise appearing above her eye. Billy punches her again, crushing her nose. He punches her over and over again. Finally getting off her and sitting on the floor.

BILLY
Why do you make me do it Stace?

Stacey's face has been beaten to a pulp. Her eyes go wide as she begins choking on her own blood. She slowly dies while Billy searches the floor for pieces of crack.

EXT. CARL'S CAR, TRAVELLING - DAY
Carl skids around a corner.

CARL
I don't think we're going to be able to out-run them.

ROBIN
You should stop, Mr Webster. Please stop.

Carl looks at him, sees that he is frightened.

CARL
I can't risk you going back.

ROBIN
This isn't the right way, Mr Webster. I don't want you to get hurt.

Tears appear in Carl's eyes.

CARL
I'm sorry, Robin.

ROBIN
I will tell them the truth. You will be OK, Mr Webster.

After a short while, Carl smiles.

CARL
Thanks, Robin. You're a really special kid. I think I've done enough already.
ROBIN
Thanks Mr Webster.

CARL
Take care, little Robin.

Carl pulls the car over and is immediately surrounded by French police cars. Carl raises his hands in surrender.

INT. LIVING ROOM, STACEY'S FLAT – DAY
Billy is crying as he drags Stacey by the ankles.

BILLY
Look what you've made me do

He drags her into the

HALLWAY
and stops at the main bedroom door. Opens it then drags her into the

MAIN BEDROOM
and places her into bed with the duvet over her body.

INT. OFFICE, FRENCH POLICE STATION – DAY
Flannigan winks at Bouvier as Carl is booked in at the custody desk. Carl is led to the cells by some uniformed officers. Flannigan approaches Bouvier.

FLANNIGAN
I want five minutes to speak to him.

Bouvier nods and shrugs his shoulders.

BOUVIER
You were right, he went East. Five minutes.

Flannigan nods respectfully.
FLANNIGAN
Been a pleasure meeting you
Lieutenant Bouvier.

BOUVIER
Likewise, Detective Flannigan.

Flannigan heads into

CARL'S CELL

Carl is sitting on the bench.

FLANNIGAN
DI Flannigan.

Carl looks up, acknowledging him.

FLANNIGAN
Mind if I sit down?

CARL
Up to you.

Flannigan sits down on the wooden bench.

FLANNIGAN
So, why did you do it?

Carl turns his head away from him.

FLANNIGAN
Now is your chance to have your say.

CARL
I was trying to protect him. Now you'll give him back to them.

FLANNIGAN
To them? His parents?

CARL
Or Social Services, they're in on it too.

FLANNIGAN
You were found with prescription drugs.
CARL
OK, here we go. Raving drug addict, so what's it matter what my say is. You don't want to know, so why bother asking?

FLANNIGAN
I'm interested. Genuinely interested. I don't think you've hurt the kid.

CARL
Of course I haven't. Ask him. Then ask him who is trying to hurt him.

FLANNIGAN
And you claim this is a conspiracy between the parents and Social Services?

CARL
Yes, conspiracy in the real sense of the word.

FLANNIGAN
Not a theory. I understand you completely.

CARL
You believe me?

FLANNIGAN
I wouldn't say that. It's something I will need to investigate.

CARL
The MP is involved too.

FLANNIGAN
Monroe?

CARL
Yes.

FLANNIGAN
So why take the boy? How could you know that Robin was in danger?
CARL
Check the records at Social Services. Robin was taken by a guy calling himself, Pete. Pete works for Social Services and I saw him leaving Monroe's house.

FLANNIGAN
OK, Carl. Well I promised five minutes. Appears we're a little over that now.

Flannigan stands up to leave the cell.

CARL
What happens next?

FLANNIGAN
You'll be placed into a French prison until we can extradite you.

CARL
What then?

FLANNIGAN
For the first time in my life I really don't know what to make of this. I wish I had an answer for you.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PETE'S HOUSE – DAY

Pete listens to the radio while playing chess on the computer. The news comes on.

RADIO
Little Robin is today safe in the hands of French authorities where he should be going back to his mother, Stacey.

Pete turns up the radio.
In a further twist to the tale, Stacey, Robin's Mother, was found dead, in suspicious circumstances, at her flat when officers arrived to give her the good news on Little Robin being found safe. Police are hunting her boyfriend, Billy Dyke, in connection with the incident.

Pete turns off the radio.

PETE
Damn.

Pete's mobile phone rings and he answers it.

PETE
Ah, I thought you'd call. You realise time is almost over for you?

EXT. ALLEYWAY, HARLEQUIN ESTATE – DAY

Billy is looking nervous as he speaks into his phone.

BILLY
If you don't help me, I'll tell them everything. Bloke like you wouldn't survive five minutes in prison.

Billy takes the phone from his ear and looks nervously out of the alleyway. A woman pushing a pram walks by. Billy presses the phone to his ear again.

BILLY
OK, so where do you want to meet?

INT. LIVING ROOM, PETE'S HOUSE – DAY

Pete hangs up the phone, heads off upstairs and into the

LOFT

Pete moves a few boxes out of the way. He reaches down and picks up a small box, blowing the dust off it -- inside is a gun.
INT. AEROPLANE – DAY

Flannigan, Wright and Robin are all sitting on the same row of chairs. Robin is nearest the window.

FLANNIGAN
(to Robin)
Sorry, we couldn't afford first class. Cutbacks.

Robin nods and smiles, turning to look out of the window.

FLANNIGAN
You know we're going to have to ask you some tough questions when we get back.

Robin doesn't acknowledge him.

FLANNIGAN
Did Webster hurt you in any way?

Robin turns to look him full in the face.

ROBIN
Mr Webster is my friend. He thinks he was helping me.

FLANNIGAN
Thinks?

ROBIN
Edward was my best friend. He used to take care of me, stop them from bullying me.

ROBIN
Mr Webster is his dad, so when Edward died Mr Webster felt he had to protect me.

FLANNIGAN
Do you think you need protecting, Robin?

Robin nods his head.

ROBIN
Mr Webster was trying to keep me away from uncle Pete.
FLANNIGAN
Who's uncle Pete?

ROBIN
Mr Webster said he's a bad man.

FLANNIGAN
Do you believe he is a bad man?

ROBIN
Yes.

Flannigan looks at Wright who shakes his head.

FLANNIGAN
Didn't Webster tell anybody about this?

Robin nods his head.

ROBIN
He took me to the police. They come to visit my house all the time.

Flannigan looks at him, confused.

FLANNIGAN
The police visit your house all the time?

ROBIN
They keep telling my mom to paint my bedroom but she never does.

Wright shakes his head and turns pointedly away, thinking Robin is just telling stories. Flannigan gives it a little more thought.

FLANNIGAN
You mean Social Services? He reported it to them?

Robin shrugs his shoulders.

ROBIN
I don't know what they're called.

FLANNIGAN
Can you describe what uncle Pete looks like?
ROBIN
He's old.

FLANNIGAN
Well that narrows it down.

Flannigan smiles.

FLANNIGAN
What about his car.

Robin shakes his head negatively.

ROBIN
It was big... black.

FLANNIGAN
How did you meet, uncle Pete?

ROBIN
He gave Billy some money and he took me away.

FLANNIGAN
What about your mom?

ROBIN
She didn't know. She was out. Billy had run out of crack and he needed some money.

FLANNIGAN
And Uncle Pete gave him some. Did he hurt you?

ROBIN
No, I got out of his car before he could.

Flannigan ruffles Robin's hair.

FLANNIGAN
Good lad. You're a clever boy, Robin.

ROBIN
What's going to happen to Mr Webster?

FLANNIGAN
He's probably going to go to prison.
Robin looks away, suddenly scared for Carl.

    ROBIN
    But he didn't do anything.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, HARLEQUIN ESTATE - NIGHT

Pete and Billy meet in darkness.

    BILLY
    Did you bring the money? I swear I won't bother you again.

Pete smiles.

    PETE
    Of course you won't.

Billy grins.

    BILLY
    They're after me. I'm going to go down for a long time. If you don't help me, I'll make sure you go down as well.

    PETE
    You should have just run away, Billy.

Pete pulls out his gun. Billy laughs.

    BILLY
    What are you going to do with that? Do you know how noisy those things are?

    PETE
    It's a chance I'll have to take. You're a loose end that needs cutting.

    BILLY
    They'll make the link.

Pete shrugs his shoulders.
PETE
With you still alive, they most certainly will. You have obviously underestimated me. I'm sure that even now you're questioning whether I have the guts to do this.

Billy swallows, finally realising the full gravity of the situation.

BILLY
I'll leave now. Catch a plane, you'll never see me again.

PETE
How are you going to manage that? You haven't got a pot to piss in.

Pete fires. Billy falls forwards onto the floor, his hand catching a hold of Pete's jacket. Pete fires the gun again, causing Billy to go limp. Pete pushes him away and Billy falls fully to the ground.

PETE
Don't fucking touch me.

Pete stands over the body and fires again. He looks around and tucks the gun inside his jacket pocket before hurrying away.

INT. CID OFFICE, POLICE STATION – NIGHT

Flannigan sits, looking dejected, as Vicky stands before him.

FLANNIGAN
I can't believe she's dead. What am I supposed to tell the boy now?

VICKY
Leave it to me, I'll break it to him easily.

FLANNIGAN
I'm sure you will.

Vicky catches his tone, but holds her tongue.

VICKY
We need to take him into care now. Where is he, in a cell?
FLANNIGAN
He's in an interview room. Very comfortable as it happens. I'll get him for you in a minute.
(under breath)
What a bleeding mess.

Wright hurries into the room.

WRIGHT
Sir...

He stops -- looks at Vicky.

FLANNIGAN
(to Vicky)
Would you mind waiting outside for a moment, police business.

VICKY
But, little Robin...

FLANNIGAN
I have already explained that I will fetch him for you in a while.

Vicky pulls a sour face but leaves the room.

WRIGHT
Billy has just been found shot.

FLANNIGAN
He still alive?

WRIGHT
Barely.

FLANNIGAN
Stable?

WRIGHT
It's not looking good.

Flannigan grabs his coat.

FLANNIGAN
Come on then.

Wright nods and follows after him into the
CORRIDOR

where Vicky is waiting.

VICKY
DI Flannigan, I have to insist.

FLANNIGAN
Robin Pearce is under police protection. I decide when that ends.

Flannigan walks past her, Wright smiles at her smugly as he follows.

VICKY
Where are you going?

FLANNIGAN
Out.

INT. GARAGE, PETE'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Pete sits in the garage, trying to think. He pulls the gun out of his pocket and turns it around in his hands. He cries but quickly pulls himself together at the sound of his wife's voice.

WIFE (OS)
That you, Dave?

PETE
Yes. I'll be in in a minute.

WIFE (OS)
Well hurry up, dinner's ready in five minutes.

PETE
Yes, dear.

INT. HOSPITAL – NIGHT

Flannigan and Wright stand by Billy's bed, sipping from plastic cups. Billy has tubes coming out of his nose and mouth, a machine beeps intermittently, monitoring his heart rate.
WRIGHT
Not sure this will lead anywhere, sir. Even the murder squad are not hanging around.

FLANNIGAN
There's a good chance we have an innocent man in jail.

WRIGHT
He's kidnapped him, sir. The law is pretty clear on that.

FLANNIGAN
Not if he took the kid for his own safety.

Wright shrugs his shoulders.

WRIGHT
It's our job to enforce the law.

FLANNIGAN
I prefer to try and see justice is done.

Billy moans. Flannigan looks hopefully at Wright and leans in closer to Billy.

FLANNIGAN
Come on mate, what you got to say?

BILLY
Pee... ete. Pe-huh-Pete.

FLANNIGAN
Pete, Billy? Pete?

Billy goes quiet and suddenly the heart monitor gives a flat-line alert. Flannigan and Wright are pushed out of the way as the nurses and doctors attend.

INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION – NIGHT

Vicky is on her mobile phone.

VICKY
Please, sir. I need you down here. Is everything OK?
INT. CONSERVATORY, PETE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pete is on the phone while he looks through at his wife and kids watching TV in the living room.

PETE
(into phone)
Of course everything is OK. Why wouldn't it be?

INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Vicky paces up and down agitatedly as she speaks into the phone.

VICKY
You just sound a little off. The police are really being arseholes. If you could come down and help, it would be great.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Flannigan and Wright wait outside the ward. Wright is bored and Flannigan plays with his phone. The door opens and a DOCTOR approaches them.

DOCTOR
Well, he's stable. Out of the danger zone almost completely now.

FLANNIGAN
Plucky bugger.

DOCTOR
He's lucky to be alive.

FLANNIGAN
Will he be able to talk?

The doctor shakes his head.

DOCTOR
Maybe a little, touch and go.

INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Pete walks over to Vicky.
VICKY
Glad you could finally make it.

PETE
Sorry about this, Vicky. Bloody kids will be the death of me.

Vicky smiles, not impressed.

VICKY
They don't want to see me in a high profile case like this. I'm sure that's why they're messing me around.

PETE
Well I'm here now.

FLANNIGAN (OS)
Here he is, the man himself.

Flannigan and Wright appear in the corridor. Pete turns and smiles at them, nervously.

PETE
Sorry?

FLANNIGAN
I'm surprised you'd leave your subordinate here dealing with this.

VICKY
Speaking of which, I really have to go.

FLANNIGAN
Late?

VICKY
It's my nephew's third birthday party.

PETE
Can't you hang around for a while longer, Vicky? I'm sure the officers will be releasing Robin into our custody now.

Pete looks at Flannigan for confirmation.
FLANNIGAN
Yes, I suppose so. I want to be kept up to speed on developments with the young lad though. Follow me.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Robin looks up from his hand held video game as Flannigan enters.

FLANNIGAN
You ready?

Robin nods and follows Flannigan into the CORRIDOR where he looks into the smiling faces of Wright, Vicky and Flannigan.

He looks at Pete and recognises him instantly. Pete smiles. Robin backs away.

FLANNIGAN
Robin?

Vicky takes a hold of Robin's arm but he pulls away from her.

ROBIN
I don't want to go with Pete. Please don't make me go.

Flannigan looks from Robin to Pete.

FLANNIGAN
It's OK Robin, this man is David Jenkins, head of social services. He won't hurt you, will you David?

Pete shakes his head.

PETE
No, of course not. He must be confusing me with somebody else.

ROBIN
No, no, you're a liar. You are Pete. You took me in your car.
PETE
We've never met, Robin.

ROBIN
Please Mr Flannigan, don't make me go with him.

Pete acts a little awkward.

PETE
This is clearly a case of mistaken identity. This is the first time I've ever laid eyes on you, Robin. Now come on, stop being silly.

Robin starts to cry out.

ROBIN
No! No! Please don't make me go.

Flannigan steps in and ushers Robin into the interview room.

PETE
DI Flannigan, we really should be getting Robin settled in.

FLANNIGAN
Five minutes to talk to the boy.

PETE
DI Flannigan!

Flannigan ignores him and enters the INTERVIEW ROOM

Flannigan takes a seat while Robin sits on the floor.

FLANNIGAN
You sure it's him?

Robin nods his head, slowly.

ROBIN
That's Pete.

FLANNIGAN
You know his name, his real name, is David?
ROBIN

That's Pete.

Flannigan appraises the boy for a while, then slowly nods his head.

FLANNIGAN

Wait here.

Flannigan walks into the

CORRIDOR

Pete wipes perspiration from his brow.

VICKY

Well, where is he?

FLANNIGAN

I've decided to keep him under police protection a little longer.

VICKY

Oh for Christ's sake. I've had enough of this. I'm going.

Vicky walks away, angrily. Pete looks on nervously.

PETE

What's going on?

FLANNIGAN

I think you know, uncle Pete.

PETE

You can't seriously believe a seven year old child?

FLANNIGAN

I know the truth when I hear it.

PETE

This is ridiculous.

Pete walks away.

FLANNIGAN

Billy is alive, David.

Pete stops as though shot, then continues walking. Flannigan shouts after him.
FLANNIGAN
I'll be coming for you, Uncle Pete.

INT. HOSPITAL – DAY
Billy is awake, handcuffed to the bed. Flannigan and Wright are standing next to the bed.

FLANNIGAN
You've done the right thing, Billy.

Billy croaks, barely able to speak.

BILLY
I want that bastard to pay.

FLANNIGAN
Oh he will Billy. I'll make sure of that.

EXT. CAR PARK, PETE'S HOUSE – DAY
Police surround Pete's house and break into the INT. GARAGE
where they find Pete hanging by the neck, dead.

EXT. FRENCH POLICE STATION – DAY
Carl steps outside and breathes air for the first time. Journalists swamp him.

Flannigan appears from nowhere and makes a break in the crowd of reporters, reaching Carl.

FLANNIGAN
DI Flannigan.

Carl looks at him worriedly.

CARL
I thought all this was over.

FLANNIGAN
It is. No charges for you to face. Our government sent me, by way of an apology, to escort you back to England.
Carl smiles.

CARL
I'm honoured.

FLANNIGAN
You should be. I've got another surprise for you too. Look over there.

Carl looks to where Flannigan is pointing and sees Robin.

FLANNIGAN
Don't even ask about the strings I needed to pull.

Carl hurries over to Robin and embraces him.

CARL
So good to see you again.

ROBIN
You too, Mr Webster.

FLANNIGAN
David Jenkins, uncle Pete, hung himself.

CARL
He got off easy.

FLANNIGAN
Yes.

CARL
What about Monroe?

FLANNIGAN
We've got a bead on him, unfortunately nothing we can do right now.

CARL
What's going to happen to Robin?

FLANNIGAN
Little birdy tells me you may be able to adopt him.

CARL
Really?
FLANNIGAN
Of course, you're a free man now.
Do what you like, my old son.

THE END

FADE OUT.