

SOUND ONLY OVER TITLES:

ARNOTT
Alpha in the building.

SMASH CUT TO:

1/1 INT. TOWER BLOCK. STAIRWELL. DAWN. DAY 1.

1/1

A fire door bursts in.

Muzzles of high-velocity rifles jab through.

Then come 6 burly blokes in bullet-proof vests.

They charge up dirty concrete steps.

Leading is SERGEANT COLIN BRACKLEY (mid-late 30s

Police back-up and ambulances have established a temporary HQ in the grounds of the block; another police vehicle skids in.

ARNOTT
(Into mike.)
Southern 257, still waiting on the order.

CUT TO:

1/5 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. ROOF TOP. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/5

Hyperventilating, the snipers scramble into position, and quickly load their rifles.

CUT TO:

1/6 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. LOCK-UP GARAGES. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/6

Arnott studies a clutch of surveillance photos and floor-plans in his hand.

ARNOTT
(Into mike.)
Fifth floor.

CUT TO:

1/7 INT. TOWER BLOCK. STAIRWELL. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/7

The Firearms Squad keep on going, fit guys getting out of breath as they go up another flight (door = FLOOR 2).

CUT TO:

1/8 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. ROOF TOP. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/8

Hyperventilating, the snipers train their rifles on a row of flats, scanning through telescopic sights till they swing onto a window, partially curtained, in which we can just make out a dark-skinned man with his back to us.

CUT TO:

1/9 INT. TOWER BLOCK. FLAT. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/9

Dark-skinned hands tie the waistband of combat trousers. The man slips a bottle of coloured fluid into a thigh pocket.

CUT TO:

1/10 INT. TOWER BLOCK. STAIRWELL. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/10

The squad get up to the next level (FLOOR 3).

CUT TO:

1/11 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. LOCK-UP GARAGES. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/11

Arnott studies surveillance photos of the flats, a similar view to that of the snipers.

ARNOTT
(Into mike.)
Southern 257. Bravo, are you
visual?

CUT TO:

1/12 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. ROOF TOP. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/12

The snipers struggle to get a clear view; the flat interior is partially obscured by curtains and washing, and by the occupant's movements out of view.

SNI PER
(Into mike.)
Negative.

CUT TO:

1/13 INT. TOWER BLOCK. FLAT. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/13

BRACKLEY
(Into mi ke.)
Where's that bloody order?

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER BLOCK. LOCK-UP GARAGES. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1.

1/18 INT. TOWER BLOCK. STAIRWELL. DAY 1. 1/18

Brackley doesn't hesitate.

BRACKLEY
(Quietly.)
Go, go, go!

The squad slip through the door.

CUT TO:

1/19 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. WALKWAY/FLAT 56. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/19

The squad creep out into eerie dawn light and Brackley turns them right.

CUT TO:

1/20 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. ROOF TOP. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/20

Through the sniper's sight, we see the squad scuttle along a walkway.

CUT TO:

1/21 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. WALKWAY. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/21

Brackley keeps moving, looking down 5 floors to a concrete car park in which more vehicles in the police convoy roll up quietly, back-up officers slipping out in eerie silence.

CUT TO:

1/22 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. LOCK-UP GARAGES. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/22

Arnott double-checks between the floor plans and the photos.

ARNOTT
(Into mike.)
Flat 56. Flat 56.

CUT TO:

1/23 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. WALKWAY. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/23

Brackley reaches a flat door signed 56 -- he takes up a position on the far side while the rest of the team form up.

A couple of the squad apply plastic explosive to the door and set up to detonate.

At the same time, Brackley snatches a glimpse through a window into the flat.

BRACKLEY'S POV:

In a bedroom doorway a young Muslim man (KARIM ALI, 20s) stands with his back to Brackley's pov, tightening thick black straps that run over his shoulders and loop round his back and waist.

BRACKLEY

Christ -- he's already armed the bomb.

They look very wary but all it takes is a nod from Brackley.

They detonate the plastic explosive. The door blows off its hinges.

Brackley leads the squad through a curtain of smoke. The smoke shows us the red laser target beams from their weapons.

Red laser dots mottle Karim's head. The squad squeeze their triggers just as Karim turns in terror --

-- revealing a baby strapped to his front --

-- the straps are a baby sling.

But it's too late for Brackley -- he's already pulled the trigger. Karim drops, blood spatters against the back window and the glass shatters. Karim's wife screams and she appears from out of view -- AALIYAH, Asian, 20s -- but the police start to cable-tie her hands behind her back.

The squad are stunned, paralyzed. Aaliyah is screaming. The baby -- unhurt but splattered with its father's blood -- is crying. And Karim is dead, blood leaking from what's left of his head all over the cheap carpet. There are shouts from outside -- alarmed residents panicking.

Brackley shakes, hyperventilating while other members of the squad release the baby from the sling. They pat down Karim.

FIREARMS OFFICER

There's no bomb, Col! There's no bloody bomb!

Brackley stumbles back, aghast.

CUT TO:

1/24 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. ROOF TOP. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/24

Seen through a telescopic sight, Brackley freezes in the doorway, the squad still toting guns as Aaliyah is torn between comforting her baby and comforting her husband.

CUT TO:

1/25 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. LOCK-UP GARAGES. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/25

All hell breaks loose as Arnott runs into the building.

ARNOTT
(Into mike.)
All units, shots fired, shots
fired.

Police vehicles move in with sirens blaring.

Ambulances the same.

The roar of a police helicopter (not seen).

VARIOUS OFFICERS
(Into radios.)
Shots fired! Shots fired!

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ARNOTT:

-- running hard into the building, his face wearing the worry of having passed on the kill order.

CUT TO:

1/26 EXT./INT. TOWER BLOCK. FLAT 56. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 1. 1/26

The sirens wail, the helicopter (unseen) grows nearer.

Arnott reaches the door of the flat - it's hanging off its hinges. Something about the number doesn't look right to him, which deflects him momentarily, before he plunges into the flat. Through the unit of paramedics fighting vainly to save Karim's life, Arnott sees Karim's widow and the baby.

ARNOTT

Oh, my God.

Brackley just shakes his head numbly.

Arnott moves to the door and reaches for the 6 of the 56. Close-up we can see the faint mark of slightly different weathering above the 6 and a tiny screw hole.

Arnott rotates the number upright. It sits next to the 5 --
-- 59.

This is Flat 59.

ON ARNOTT:

Arnott shakes. He looks like he'll puke. In b/g the helicopters approach fast (VFX).

Brackley sees what Arnott has done. He turns pale like he'll faint. Both men are speechless with horror as the young widow cries, cradling her crying baby next to her husband as paramedics declare him dead.

PARAMEDIC

We're pissing in the wind here.

Arnott turns and runs.

CUT TO:

1/27

EXT. TOWER BLOCK. WALKWAY. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1.

1/27

Arnott sprints to the real Flat 56. By now there are loads of cops on the scene, telling panicked residents to stay in their homes.

Arnott doesn't wait. He kicks open the door. The flat is empty, stripped of furniture, just a few packing boxes left behind.

On a wall is daubed Arabic Jihadist script.

Arnott looks like he doesn't know whether to scream or to cry.

CUT TO:

1/28 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. LATER THAT DAY. DAY 1. 1/28

With a face like thunder, CHIEF INSPECTOR OSBORNE marches through the aftermath:

-- residents and press being held back by a police cordon

-- Forensics heading up to the flats

-- a body bag being taken to an ambulance

-- Aaliyah, clutching her baby, being led to a police car by two WPCs

-- Brackley and his squad clambering numbly into the back of a police van

Osborne catches the van doors as they're closing, and jumps in.

CUT TO:

1/29 INT. POLICE VAN. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 1/29

The van speeds out of the estate. Brackley and his squad sit in mortified silence. Osborne doesn't skip a beat.

OSBORNE

You got to the flat. You shouted, "Armed police." You heard something going on inside, a struggle or a fight or something. Southern 257 gave you the order to go in. The suspect's there, he's acting aggressive. You shout, "Surrender, armed police." The suspect fails to comply. He comes for you. You've got no choice.

BRACKLEY

I've got kids of my own, sir. If there was anything I could do different --

OSBORNE

I want those statements copper-plated by noon.

Eyes down, the squad nod to a man. Brackley hesitates under Osborne's glare, then does the same.

CUT TO:

1/30 EXT. BACKSTREET. SOME DAYS LATER. DAY 2. 1/30

An identical van is let through a police cordon and speeds to a halt outside the rear entrance of a large building.

The van doors fly open. Brackley and his squad leap out.

But they're wearing smart suits, clean shaven, hair combed.

They straighten their ties and are guided quickly and unobtrusively into the rear entrance of:

SOUTHERN DISTRICT CORONER'S COURT

CUT TO:

1/31 EXT. CORONER'S COURT. CONTINUOUS. DAY 2. 1/31

The building's imposing public facade. Photographers snap pictures openly. Osborne gives a short statement to the Press.

OSBORNE

I take pride in the courage and professionalism of my counterterrorism officers. To say any more risks prejudicing the inquest.

Officials, solicitors and witnesses make their way into the building. Police officers, some in suits, some in uniform, march up the steps in groups.

Alone, hanging back, Arnott doesn't march to the same tune.

He sees a sorrowful, bent figure, protected by family friends:

-- Aaliyah.

Her SOLICITOR speaks to the press on her behalf.

AALIYAH'S SOLICITOR

When Karim Ali came to this country, he told his wife that here it's different. The police don't break into your house and hurt innocent people. He told her the police in England are good men.

Arnott moves on quickly, riven by guilt.

CUT TO:

1/32 INT. CORONER'S COURT. HALL. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 2. 1/32

Arnott trudges inside. Osborne hooks his arm and pulls him into an alcove. He waves a statement in his face.

OSBORNE

What the bloody hell's this?

ARNOTT

They misread the number on the door. They mistook a baby sling for a bomb harness.

OSBORNE

I ordered a statement corroborating that the firearms squad observed threatening behaviour --

ARNOTT

Surveillance watched the flat for two weeks and then we got scrambled with an hour's notice --

OSBORNE

The op was well planned and ex-

ARNOTT

It was a runaway train. Admit our mistake, apologize, and get on with the job of finding the actual terrorists --

OSBORNE

(Gets in Arnott's face.)
You're pointing the finger at your own.

ARNOTT

It took guts for our blokes to go in thinking there was a suicide bomber ready to blow the lot of them to kingdom come.

OSBORNE

Then write the same bloody statement they did.

ARNOTT

An innocent man was killed.

OSBORNE

You passed on the order. Where were your reservations when they mattered?

Osborne pushes Arnott away.

OSBORNE

You're finished.

Exit Osborne. Arnott glowers with bitter resentment.

CUT TO:

1/33 INT. CORONER'S COURT. COURT ROOM. LATER THAT DAY. DAY 2. 1/33

The Coroner addresses a packed court from his bench. Osborne, Brackley and the squad sit in a row, granite faced. Arnott sits alone. His troubled gaze moves from Osborne --

CORONER

This is a complex and emotive case. Following depositions from legal representatives, I grant a period of six weeks to gather all relevant evidence and statements.

-- to Aaliyah, in mourning.

CORONER

This inquest is hereby adjourned.

The Coroner gathers his papers.

USHER

All rise for Her Majesty's Coroner.

The court rises. Brackley and his squad offer each other support. But Arnott is alone. Guilt consumes him.

CUT TO:

1/34 INT. LIFT. A FEW WEEKS LATER. DAY 3. 1/34

Changing light/shade of passing floors plays on Arnott's face as he churns through where his decision has brought him.

CUT TO:

Arnott steps out of the lift onto a high walkway. Glass fronted offices surround him. Uniformed officers visible in key positions suggest this is a Headquarters Building.

Coming out of a security door ahead of him is SUPERINTENDANT TED HASTINGS (early 50s). He puts out his hand in welcome.

HASTINGS

Is it Steven or Steve?

ARNOTT

Steve.

They shake hands.

HASTINGS

Think of this as a promotion. If you want to get anywhere in the Job these days, AC's the big tick on the old c.v.

ARNOTT

This is going to be good for me.

HASTINGS

That's the ticket.

Arnott tries to look convinced. Not entirely successfully.

HASTINGS

Your shooting . . . d'you know, Steve, how many people have been killed as a result of police action in the last ten years?

ARNOTT

I don't.

Hastings doesn't tell him. He studies him.

HASTINGS

The bad news, as always with a firearms incident, is it's gone to the IPCC. But Karim Ali, the man who was accidentally killed, was an illegal immigrant. As is his widow.

Hastings sees this tug at Arnott's conscience. He softens.

HASTINGS

You know, it wasn't your fault, son. A clean break. Pastures new. I've got a very special case for you. . . .

CUT TO:

1/37 EXT. KINGSGATE. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 3. 1/37

A high-spec Jag glides through city centre streets.

CUT TO:

1/38 INT. GATES' S CAR. CONTINUOUS. DAY 3. 1/38

TONY Gates speeds past gleaming high-rises, talking via a Bluetooth headset.

GATES
(Into phone.)
I'll be there in five minutes.

He spots a police car ahead. He slows down instantly.

GATES
(Into phone.)
Plod. Make it ten.

CUT TO:

1/39

INT. KINGSGATE. CAFE. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 3.

1/39

In a classy little cafe, we follow a waitress through people in suits picking up takeaway coffee and Danish pastry, and come to an attractive couple who could be a pair of solicitors or estate agents: JACKIE LAVERTY (roughly Gates' age) and Gates. The waitress, NADZIA, places a platter bearing the bill onto the table and moves on.

JACKIE
I decided to bring my business trip forward to today.

GATES
I'm sorry about tonight.

JACKIE
No, it's your night.
(Joking.)
Only the most glamorous night of the year ...

GATES
Hardly.

JACKIE
(Takes his hand, flutters her eyelashes jokingly.)
What are you going to do to make it up to me?

GATES
Bacon bap?

JACKIE
(Laughs.)
Next you'll be trying to get me on the back seat of your old Ford Capri.

GATES
Those were the days.
(Beat.)
God, I miss that car.

She laughs and shoves him in mock offence. He laughs.
She reaches into her purse to settle the bill.

JACKIE
I'll call you if I get back before
it's too late ...

He beats her to paying the bill. She reacts subtly -- his paying is a statement, given their respective wealth.

GATES
Maybe we should just dash over to
your place before you go ...

From her look we get that they've got a pretty hot sex life at the moment.

Nadzia returns to pick up the payment.

Then out of the window Gates sees a young woman pushing a toddler in a buggy. A couple of youths leap out at her, trying to steal her bag. The woman screams.

Gates reacts.

JACKIE
(Puts arm out.)
Tony, don't --

He's already running straight out.

CUT TO:

1/40 EXT. KINGSGATE. CAFE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 3. 1/40

For a "suit", Gates is very handy. He takes a swing at one youth, knocking him to the ground. The second youth pulls a knife.

The woman screams.

Gates advances, grabbing the knife arm and using his free arm to batter the kid with heavy blows. Meanwhile the first mugger legs it.

In Gates's eyes dark aggression flashes.

He pulls the knife free as the kid crumples.

GATES
(To woman.)
You alright? Your kid alright?

The woman is shocked and tearful but she nods that they're both OK.

Nadzia hurries out.

NADZIA
The police are coming.

Gates responds with a wry smile. He shows his police ID.

GATES
They're already here.

NADZIA
Okay!

She offers him the platter bearing his bill payment.

NADZIA
On the house.

He milks the adulation.

CHIEF CONSTABLE (V.O.)
Officer of the year --

CUT TO:

1/41 INT. TOWN HALL. THAT NIGHT. NIGHT 3.

1/41

CHIEF CONSTABLE
-- Detective Chief Inspector
Anthony Gates.

At a formal event, guests rise from their seats in applause of Gates as he takes to the stage. The Chief Constable puts a medal round his neck and shakes his hand, whispering congratulations. Also on stage applauding is the Mayor.

In the audience one man pointedly doesn't applaud -- Hastings, in uniform. He observes coolly, flanked by Arnott.

HASTINGS
Tony Gates returns the best crime
figures on the Job. What's his
secret, Steve?

We're on Arnott, absorbing his discomfort -- deep unsettling pc unease -- as Gates starts a short speech.

GATES

Being a police officer isn't a job.
It's more than a duty. It's a
privilege.

CUT TO:

1/42 INT. TOWN HALL. LATER THAT NIGHT. NIGHT 3.

1/42

From the periphery, alone and uneasy, Arnott observes a champagne reception. He watches Gates in a self-congratulatory huddle with the Chief Constable and characters we'll meet properly later -- Chief Superintendent Hilton, plus Cottan, Morton and Kapoor. They're laughing at each other's quips.

Arnott turns away, burdened already.

We join Gates et al.

CHIEF CONSTABLE

He'll be after your job next,
Derek.

HILTON

Or yours, sir!

Laughter.

Gates's mobile phone vibrates. He glances at the caller ID in his pocket --

-- Jackie Laverty --

-- but doesn't answer it.

GATES

I've reached my level, sir. Any
higher and I'll have to actually
read all those Home Office emails.

Laughter.

CUT TO:

1/43 INT. TOWN HALL. CORRIDOR/WALKWAY. MOMENTS LATER. 1/43
NIGHT 3.

Gates slips away from the crowd. His expression changes from a fixed grin to slight worry as he keys his phone.

GATES
(Into phone.)
Jackie?
(Listens, becomes
concerned.)
Calm down.
(Listens.)
I said calm down --

Gates turns perturbed.

CUT TO:

1/44 EXT. EDGE PARK. JACKIE LAVERTY'S HOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT. NIGHT 3. 1/44

Security gates open to let in Gates's car. It pulls up on a big empty drive. Gates gets out.

Jackie opens the front door of a R2m7y car. It pulls up on a

JACKIE
We went on to a wine bar --

GATES
Christ, Jackie.

JACKIE
I've been a bloody idiot.

GATES
(Beats.)
What happened?

JACKIE
I hit something.

GATES
What?

JACKIE
The road was dark -- I thought it
was a sign or a bollard or
something --

GATES
What did you hit?

JACKIE
A dog.

GATES
You'll be fine.

JACKIE
People round here, they report
everything. What if someone saw my
car? I'm known.

GATES
You're overreacting.

JACKIE
I was drinking all night -- the bar
staff, they saw what I was putting
away --

GATES
Where's the car?

JACKIE
I've already got a conviction for
drink driving. One more and I'll go
to prison.

GATES
Where's the car?

JACKIE
I called you. When you didn't pick
up --

GATES

1/46 EXT./INT. SUBURBS. GATES' S HOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT. 1/46
NIGHT 3.

Gates lets himself in the front door of a nice family house on a well-maintained new-built estate. Shoes left by the front door suggest two girls under ten years old live here.

A big sappy dog stares up at him, half asleep in its basket.

GATES
Some guard dog you are.

He creeps up the stairs. The landing is lit by a night light, and a bedroom door is open, the little girls asleep in bunk beds.

CUT TO:

INT. GATES' S HOUSE. MASTER BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER.
NIGHT 3.

Undressed, Gates slips into bed. A woman stirs -- Jools, his wife (late 30s).

GATES
Sorry, love, didn't mean to wake you.

JOOLS
How'd it go?

GATES
Brilliant.

JOOLS
Lovely.

She cuddles up to him and goes right back to sleep. He stares at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

1/48 EXT. POLICE STATION. NEXT DAY. DAY 4. 1/48

DETECTIVE CONSTABLE KATE Fleming (mid-late 20s) enters an urban police station. Her every move is monitored by CCTV. Abundant signs scream Health & Safety, do your paperwork etc.

CUT TO:

FLEMING (cont'd)
You can call me day or night. Let's see what we can do to get them this time.

Fleming's got through to him. He takes the card. He lingers awkwardly.

ALF
Thank you.

CUT TO:

1/50 INT. POLICE STATION. HILTON'S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER. 1/50
DAY 4.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDANT DEREK Hilton (spineless, opportunist), a senior uniformed officer, lets Fleming in, shutting the door behind them.

FLEMING
You wanted to see me, sir?

HILTON
You've been here, what, 6 weeks, Kate?

FLEMING
A month, sir.

HILTON
There's a crime number, DCI Gates's double-arrest outside a cafe in Kingsgate.

FLEMING
I processed the arrests, sir.

HILTON
(Shows file.)
Robbery, assault with weapon with intent to rob, possession of prohibited weapon, resisting arrest, all times-two.

FLEMING
Yes, sir.

HILTON
Two offenders, but only one knife -- you see my point, Kate? -- they didn't both use a knife.
(MORE)

HILTON (cont'd)

There was an opportunity here with one of the offenders to miss out the knife altogether.

FLEMING

I took the view they were both involved, sir.

HILTON

Divisional commanders are on notice to reduce knife crime. They say Hillside Lane have already achieved 5 per cent.

(Offers her the file.)

FLEMING

You want me to recriminate, sir?

HILTON

It's not my policy to intercede in individual offences.

(Passes her the file with a sly look.)

CID has an unacceptable detection rate. Your case this morning is a prime example.

FLEMING

The multiple domestic burglaries?

HILTON

We pursue two out of three reported crimes. We down-process anything that won't quickly lead to an offender.

FLEMING

Are you ordering me to put it on the back-burner?

HILTON

You're not the new girl any more, Kate.

He holds his look on her. She looks bitter.

CUT TO:

1/51 INT. CID/TO-20. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 4.

1/51

Fleming slumps down at her desk in CID. A shoestring budget's been stretched to the limit to provide scuzzy desks, cheap phones, out-of-date IT etc.

DC DEEPAK Kapoor (late 20s, Asian) strolls past her carrying a tray of posh takeaway coffee. He enters an area divided off by a glass partition signed T0-20. It's like another world -- gleaming new kit, detectives in designer suits.

Inside are Gates, DETECTIVE SERGEANT MATTHEW "Dot" Cottan (early 30s) and DETECTIVE CONSTABLE NIGEL MORTON (late 40s, uses walking stick), shuffling through case files.

MORTON

Officer of the Year isn't enough
for the boss. He's after the
middleweight title.

Laughter. Gates throws a combination. Laughter.

COTTAN

I heard they gave you more than a
free breakfast.

Cottan gestures a hand-job/blow-job. Laughter, while Kapoor distributes the coffees.

MORTON

Ta, Deepak.

COTTAN

Cheers, mate.

Fleming watches. Gates sees her and turns away aloofly. Cottan takes the next case file off the top of the pile

COTTAN

ABH. Alcoholic IP --

Morton imitates a buzzer that ends an act on a talent show.

COTTAN

-- doesn't remember a thing about
the offender except he might've
been called "Pete".

KAPOOR

Brilliant.

COTTAN

No other witnesses.

GATES

Twist.

Cottan chucks the file on a tall pile and takes the next.

COTTAN

Car-jacking. CCTV showing registration plates; reliable witnesses.

GATES

Aggravated vehicle-taking, going equipped to steal, causing danger to road users, criminal damage, affray, putting people in fear of violence.

MORTON

1/52 OMITTED 1/52

1/53 EXT. EDGE PARK. LATER THAT MORNING. DAY 4. 1/53

A back road in the vicinity of a well-to-do area.

Gates gazes at the body of the middle-aged Asian man lying crumpled against the foot of the hedge. Gates looks like his whole world has caved in.

A police traffic patrol vehicle blocks the road, engine off, lights flashing. A uniformed Traffic officer takes a statement from a distressed late-middle-aged middle-class woman holding a dog on a lead; a female Traffic Officer, PC Powers, approaches Gates.

DOG WALKER

Can't someone take him away?

TRAFFIC OFFICER

I'm sorry, madam, our Forensic Scene Investigators haven't clocked on yet.

POWERS

There was a Range Rover abandoned in a lay-by about half a mile down the road. The owner reported it stolen last night. Signs at the property suggest they put a rod through the window to fish up the keys.

GATES

Witnesses, CCTV?

POWERS

Not a dicky bird, sir. Just this woman walking her dog.

GATES

What about the DOA?

POWERS

No ID on his body.

A bird flutters down towards the body -- Gates shoos it away.

POWERS

Any reason for the interest, sir?

GATES
We got a tip-off it might be
connected to one of our
investigations.

POWERS
Is it?

Gates hasn't made up his mind yet.

CUT TO:

1/54 INT. KINGSGATE. GATES' S CAR. LATER THAT DAY. DAY 4. 1/54

Gates wears a pensive expression as he pulls up sharply
alongside a line of parked cars on a busy high street.

Jackie jumps out of her roadster and into the passenger seat.
Gates pulls away quickly.

JACKIE
Tony --

GATES
You didn't kill a dog. You killed a
man.

JACKIE
Oh, my God, oh, my God ...

He momentarily softens. He reaches out and grips her hand.
Then returns it to the steering wheel to make a hard left.

GATES
You go to a station today. You tell
them exactly what you told me.

JACKIE
Tony, I can't --

GATES
Yes you bloody can, Jackie! A man
is dead. That's one problem -
covering it up is a whole bigger
one. You understand me?

Gates makes another hard left, accelerating on quickly. She's
angushed, conflicted.

GATES
YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

JACKIE
Yes, Tony, yes!

GATES
You tell the fewest lies possible
but you say you panicked and now
you want to come clean. Got it?

JACKIE
Tony --

GATES
GOT IT?

JACKIE
Okay, Tony, okay.

He makes a third hard left, completing a tour round the block
back into the high street where he picked her up.

GATES
Don't call me, and don't bottle it -
- I've put the case right where I
can keep an eye on it.

He brakes hard alongside her roadster. She gets out and he
speeds on, his face a grim mask.

CUT TO:

1/55 INT. CID/TO-20. LATER THAT DAY. DAY 4. 1/55

Kapoor dumps the big pile of cases on a desk.

KAPOOR
Sorry.

Exit Kapoor.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT LEAH Janson (early 30s) and Fleming stare
at the pile. Various others -- mostly civilians, mostly with
hang-dog appearances -- look gloomy.

Fleming lifts the first file -- the hit-and-run.

FLEMING
Hit-and-run? Why us?

JANSON
Because we've got a big sign over
our heads that says "CID -- dump
your crap here".

FLEMING
(Sighs.)
Fine.

JANSON
(Indicating computer
screen.)
We've got ten unsolved burglaries
stinking up our figures. Give the
hit-and-run to the civvie.

The civilian investigator -- RITA BENNETT, middle-aged,
overweight, jobsworth -- shuffles from her desk with a bit of
paper and all the vigour of a trained slug.

JANSON
(Off Fleming's look.
Shrugs.)
She's had the training.
(Beat.)
Anyway, I'm out of here.

Janson turns to look through the glass partition towards T0-
20. Fleming follows her gaze: Cottan and Morton larking
about.

JANSON
Gates's had a written warning about
his team's gender balance. I'm a
shoe-in.

Janson looks smug. Envy plays on Fleming's face.

CUT TO:

1/56 INT. GATES'S OFFICE/CID. LATER THAT DAY. DAY 4. 1/56

From his office, Gates watches Jackie being escorted into the
CID office by Rita Bennett. Jackie looks very, very nervous.
Which makes Gates nervous too. He struggles to keep his eyes
on his computer screen.

RITA
Have a seat please, Ms. Lavery.

Jackie sits at the corner of Rita's desk while Rita takes a
little too long to track down Jackie's statement on her
computer. She hits wrong keys and gets warning bleeps.

RITA
There we are. Sorry about that.
You're Jacqueline Lavery, date of
birth 23-11-67?

JACKIE

Yes.

RITA

Right person. That's a good start.
We don't have your occupation
listed.

JACKIE

I run my own business. Laverty
Holdings.

(Off Rita's blank look.)
(Off. ank look.)

Satisfied, Rita clacks her keyboard while Jackie tries to maintain her composure.

Gates can tell there hasn't been a shock confession. He looks

1/58 EXT. POLICE STATION. NEXT DAY. DAY 5. 1/58

Arnott and Hastings head into a busy city centre station.

CUT TO:

1/59 INT. POLICE STATION. CID RECEPTION. NEXT DAY. DAY 5. 1/59

Arnott and Hastings stroll into reception. Straight ahead is public access to a secure desk; to the right is police access to a security entrance.

Hastings' phone rings.

HASTINGS

Sign us in, Steve, I'll just be a minute.

(Into phone.)

Superintendent Hastings.

Hastings steps back out to take the call. A fraction of a second later, Fleming comes out of the police door.

Arnott checks her out.

ARNOTT

Hi. DS Arnott.

(Shows ID.)

FLEMING

How can I help you?

ARNOTT

We're here to see DCI Gates --

(Reads name-badge.)

- Kate.

FLEMING

Okay.

Fleming leads him towards the police access door.

FLEMING

You been posted?

ARNOTT

You could say that.

FLEMING

(Smiles.)

Welcome to the Alamo.

ARNOTT
(Smiles back.)
Thank you very much.

She tries her fob but it doesn't work first time.

FLEMING
They said they were getting this
fixed.

She tries the fob again and this time the door releases.

HASTINGS
(Entering, coming off
phone.)
Sorry about that, Steve.

FLEMING
(Recognizing Hastings. To
Arnott.)
You're with AC-12?

ARNOTT
Yeah.

Fleming's face drops.

CUT TO:

1/60 INT. CID/GATES'S OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 5. 1/60

Hilton appears. Idle chatter stops; heads turn to their computer screens. He crosses to Gates's office and taps on the glass before stepping in.

GATES
Sir?

HILTON
AC-12 are in the building. Hastings
and some snot-nosed DS.

GATES
(Shaken.)
Is the complaint against one of my
squad?

HILTON
Afraid it's you personally, Tony.

Gates looks very worried.

CUT TO:

1/61 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 2. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 5. 1/61

Arnott waits behind a desk. Next to him sits Hastings. Enter Gates, shown in by Fleming.

FLEMING
Can I get someone to bring you a
tea, coffee, sir?

Hastings and Arnott stand to shake hands with Gates.

GATES
I'm fine, thanks, Fleming.

Arnott tries to catch Fleming's eye with a mollifying smile. She pointedly ignores him and exits.

HASTINGS
DCI Gates, Superintendent Hastings.
Like the Battle.

GATES
(Shakes hands.)
I know who you are, sir.

HASTINGS
(Off Gates's look to
Arnott.)
This is DS Steve Arnott.

ARNOTT
Pleased to meet you, sir.

Gates shakes hands. He sits down, smiles, adopts a friendly and confident posture.

GATES
I recognise and respect the
importance of your mission. I'm
very happy to help in any way I
can.

HASTINGS
That's very reassuring, ... Can I
call you Tony?

GATES
Whatever you're most comfortable
with, sir.

HASTINGS
Maybe we should call you "Officer
of the Year"?

Hastings stops the tape.

GATES

This is coming from the muggers, isn't it? These toe-rags learn every trick in the book.

HASTINGS

Sorry, Tony, we have to go through the motions.

GATES

Not your fault, sir.

Gates shakes hands and exits briskly.

Hastings gathers his materials. He glances at Arnott. Arnott remains seated in the same mood of sulky embarrassment.

HASTINGS

A player like Gates knows it's against regs not to declare a gratuity. So what does it tell us that Gates didn't bother to fill in the form?

ARNOTT

That he forgot?

HASTINGS

DCI Officer of the Year's stuck-on and just strolled out of here like butter wouldn't melt. He's an arrogant so-and-so.

ARNOTT

(Beat.)
Right.

HASTINGS

Steve?

ARNOTT

What's this got to do with investigating Gates's performance indicators?

HASTINGS

Sooner or later he was going to twig we had our eye on him. This way, he thinks it's all over a storm in a teacup. Or should that be a coffee cup?

Arnott forces a subordinate look.

HASTINGS
Steve?

ARNOTT
Yes?

HASTINGS
Why don't you call me "sir"?

ARNOTT
Sorry, sir. I didn't realise.

CUT TO:

1/62 EXT. POLICE STATION. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 5. 1/62
Outside on the street, Arnott wears a deeply troubled look.

INTERCUT:

1/63 INT. CID CORRIDOR/GATES' S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 5. 1/63
Gates strolls along the corridor. A couple of detectives hold out their hands and he gives them high/low-fives. He returns to his office calmly.

Fleming taps away at her keyboard, updating the unsolved burglaries with lines like "no further information available" "offender undetected" "IP unwilling to assist". The undetected cases have big red markings on them.

She takes a big breath then makes her way to Gates' s office. She knocks.

GATES
Come in.

FLEMI NG
Sorry to bother you, sir.

GATES

GATES

Thanks for the tip, Fleming. Good work.

She waits expecting more from him, such as an invitation to get involved, but nothing is forthcoming. So she comes right out with it.

FLEMING

I want to join TO-20.

GATES

Anyone with any sense would steer clear right now.

FLEMING

AC-12? -- you'll piss all over them, sir.

She shuts the door behind her.

Fleming (cont'd)

I'm sick of CID, sir. We get all the crap no one else wants. I'm better than that. I want to be on a squad.

GATES

Join the queue.

FLEMING

Check out my cv. I've got five years. I've been kicked, punched, spat on and pissed on. But my social life aside ...

Gates grins.

Fleming (cont'd)

Every week it's a new initiative or a new audit. I want to work for a unit that actually fights crime.

GATES

Part of the job description is surveillance. Men are going to notice you.

FLEMING

And women don't notice you?

A momentary crackle of sexual tension. Gates enjoys the moment. Fleming acts like she does too.

GATES
Come for a drink this week.
(Off her surprise.)
Not a date.

FLEMING
You're breaking my heart, sir.

GATES
It'll be a good way to get to know
the lads a bit.

FLEMING
And?

GATES
And then we'll see.

Gates gives nothing more away. She exits. He watches her go, but his desire is dark.

Fleming retakes her position at CID. Janson slaps a hand down on her desk, standing right over her.

JANSON
What the bloody hell was that?

FLEMING
Nothing.

JANSON
I'm next in line for a squad.

FLEMING
If you say so, Leah.

JANSON
I'm one-quarter Romany.

Exit Janson.

Gates strolls out into the CID office, arriving at Rita's desk. She's texting on her phone and eating a bun.

GATES
Rita.

RITA
(Half-choking on bun.)
Sir?

GATES
I'm DCI Gates.

RITA
(Gushing.)
I know who you are, sir!

GATES
We get some civvies who aren't up to the job, but I want you to know that I'm impressed with your work. What was it you did before coming to us?

RITA
Parking Enforcement.

GATES
Traffic warden.

RITA
All that walking. My corns.

GATES
There's a hit and run ...

RITA
Oh, yes, sir. I'm still trying to match the victim to missing persons' reports.

GATES
It might connect with something my team's looking into. If you get anywhere, you'll come straight to me, to no one else, won't you?

RITA
Yes, sir. Absolutely.

GATES
You're a star.

Rita's face lights up.

CUT TO:

1/64 INT. KINGSGATE. PUB. DAY 5.

1/64

Hastings shows Arnott in to a pub local to the station. Various officers we recognise mingle with regular punters.

HASTINGS
This'll cheer you up.

As soon as other officers clock them, they move out of their way. They're given space at the bar -- too much space.

ARNOTT

Maybe this wasn't the best place to come.

Hastings indicates some female officers, among them Janson. Janson pays attention to Arnott.

HASTINGS

Young single fella, new in town.
You need to find yourself a
girl friend.

ARNOTT

Uh. Hm.

HASTINGS

I haven't put my un-PC foot it in,
have I?

ARNOTT

(Takes a second to get his
meaning.)
No -- I'm straight.

1/66 EXT. POLICE STATION. CAR PARK. NEXT DAY. DAY 6. 1/66

From his parked car, Arnott watches Gates pull up. Arnott gets out. Gates wants nothing to do with him. He walks briskly through the car park with Arnott in pursuit.

ARNOTT
Wait, sir, listen.

GATES
I can throw down a harassment charge just like that.

ARNOTT
A minute of your time. Please, sir.

GATES
Some of us have got proper work to do.

ARNOTT
I can't believe you're stuck-on for this.

That makes Gates pause.

ARNOTT
Hastings gives a toss about you having a free egg and bacon. I don't. I just want to make the yellow notice go away so we can both get on with investigating real crime.

GATES
Hastings has got you playing mind-games.

ARNOTT
A few weeks ago I was running counter-terror ops. I'm a proper copper and I know another when I see one.

GATES
You can make Hastings back off?

ARNOTT
I can certainly try, sir. Off the record.

GATES
It won't be easy. He's a zealot.

Arnott's pc unease simmers, but Hastings maintains a neutral silence as they exit.

CUT TO:

1/68 INT. AC-12. WALKWAY. CONTINUOUS. DAY 6.

1/68

Hastings leads Arnott onto the walkway. He watches a lift ascend from the ground floor. A few uniformed officers are visible in the lobby, to maintain the impression of a headquarters building.

ARNOTT

Frankly, sir, so what if Gates had a free breakfast?

HASTINGS

We should cut him some slack, you mean? Turn a blind eye because he's one of ours?

Arnott glowers.

The lift door opens.

Out steps Gates, flanked by his Police Federation rep, DCI ALICE PRIOR (40s).

HASTINGS

Alice, what a lovely surprise. I'll have to be on my toes today.

PRIOR

You've always been a lovely mover, sir.

Laughter. Hastings shakes hands with Gates.

HASTINGS

Come along, Tony, make yourself at home.

GATES

Thank you, sir.

Hastings leads Gates and Prior towards the entrance to AC-12. Arnott is nonplussed.

GATES

I was surprised to be called in again so quickly, sir. I hope it's good news.

As Gates passes, he gives Arnott an expectant look -- he thinks they have a deal.

Arnott isn't so sure any more.

CUT TO:

1/69 INT. AC-12. INTERVIEW ROOM. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 6.

1/69

Hastings starts the tape recorder.

HASTINGS

Here's the yellow notice. You've got the regulation 10 days.

Hastings shoves the document across the desk.

PRIOR

DCI Gates strenuously denies any wrongdoing. Nevertheless he offers the investigation his full cooperation.

HASTINGS

Thank you. Appreciated.

PRIOR

I'd like to determine the conditions of Tony's suspension from duty.

HASTINGS

We're not seeking a suspension at this time.

(Off their surprise.)

We don't recognise DCI Gates as a threat to the public or his fellow officers. Why should our citizens be denied his selfless service?

GATES

That's very generous, sir.

(To Arnott.)

Looks like you've found your level.

PRIOR

Tony, let's not descend to --

GATES

No one plays me.

Exit Gates, followed by Prior, taking the yellow notice.

Very tense beats between Hastings and Arnott.

HASTINGS

You didn't detect the ladder because you didn't even look. I recruited you because you took a moral stand against your colleagues, regardless of the personal cost. You're a born AC officer. Why don't you bloody start acting like one?

ARNOTT

You've dropped me into an ongoing investigation. You could test me or you could actually brief me.

HASTINGS

Gates cherry-picks a crime that's easy to solve, and dumps the rest. Then he invents additional charges that never appear in court but boost his clear-up rate. That's how Tony Gates's got where he is.

ARNOTT

But he's black. He's got where he is because he's had to be twice as good as the next bloke.

HASTINGS

And that means to be corrupt he's got to be twice as bad?

ARNOTT

No, sir, but victimisation of --

HASTINGS

My best mate, we went through training together. First year out, they sent us on a job. The two Catholics. Drove straight over a pipe bomb. I was in intensive care for a month. Him, they buried. The Duty Log vanished; nobody would say a word. Don't talk to me about victimisation. No one's blacker than me, son.

Exit Hastings. Arnott considers his position.

CUT TO:

1/70 EXT./INT. KINGSGATE. PUB. DAY 6.

1/70

The police boozier again. Fleming crosses the street and enters. Inside Kapoor's at the bar and waves her over.

KAPOOR

Kate! What you having?

FLEMING

Lager.

At a booth/table, Gates, Cottan and Morton clock Fleming.

COTTAN
Like the look of the recruitment
policy, Tone.

GATES
(Finger to lips.)
Shhh, sexist.

COTTAN
(Joking, feigning a move.)
Right, that's it, I'm off.

GATES
HR'll be down on me like a ton of
bricks. This is an important
appointment for me.

Loyal and professional, both Cottan and Morton give nods of assurance.

Kapoor points away from the bar and Fleming follows his finger to Gates, Morton and Cottan. They make room for her and she sits down.

GATES
Kate, this is DC Morton.

MORTON
Ni ge.
(Shakes hands with
Fleming.)

GATES
DS Matt Cottan.

MORTON
Dot.

Cottan fancies his chances with Fleming and shows off a bit.

COTTAN
Tone says you want to be in with
the in-crowd.

FLEMING
(Looks around.)
In-crowd -- where?

Laughter.

FLEMING
(To Gates.)
I want to work for the best, sir.

GATES
We're off duty, Kate, you can call me --

MORTON
Tina.

Laughter.

COTTAN
Sounds like an excuse for a proper sesh tonight.

GATES
Like you lot need an excuse!

Laughter. Kapoor arrives with the drinks on a tray and the boys grab theirs.

Gates (cont'd)
Last --

COTTAN
-- and definitely least --

Laughter.

GATES
-- DC Deepak Kapoor.

KAPOOR
Sorry, Kate, I didn't know whether you wanted a half or a pint, so I got you two halves.

COTTAN
See what happens when you send a boy to do a man's job.

Cottan gives Fleming a wink she ignores.

FLEMING
Thanks, Deepak.

She takes one half, and the boys make a noise of being underwhelmed. She takes the second, one in each fist, and the boys give her due acknowledgement.

Meanwhile Gates sticks a yellow Post-it note on his forehead. Raucous laughter.

FLEMING
Now that is stuck on!

Raucous laughter.

CUT TO:

1/71 INT. SUBURBS. GATES' S HOUSE. LATER THAT DAY. DAY 6. 1/71

The facade has dropped from his face as Gates lets himself in via the front door. His daughters -- Natalie, 9, and Chloe, 7 -- run downstairs to hug him. The dog sniffs round his ankles. Jools is in the kitchen.

NATALIE + CHLOE

Daddy!

GATES

Hi, girls, that's a nice welcome.

NATALIE

I got an A in piano today. D' you want to hear?

JOOLS

Daddy's just walked in the door, Natalie.

GATES

It's fine, Jools. I'd love to hear it.

Natalie skips away excitedly. Jools studies Gates. He puts on a brave face.

CUT TO:

1/72 INT. GATES' S HOUSE. GIRLS' BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER. NIGHT 16/72

Natalie plays the piano, watched by Chloe and Jools. Gates listens, but we see his mind churning, his troubles impossible to suppress.

CUT TO:

1/73 INT. AC-12. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. LATER THAT NIGHT. NIGHT 6. 1/73

Alone, Arnott studies Gates' s file on the computer. We see Gates' s exemplary service record, his promotions, his performance indicators and his Officer of the Year award.

Arnott shuts it all down, scoops a few personal items into his pockets, and exits.

CUT TO:

1/73A INT. AC-12. WALKWAY. MOMENTS LATER. 1/73A

As Arnott comes out, Hastings is waiting for him. Arnott looks a little sheepish.

HASTINGS
Come with me.

They get into the lift. Arnott is suddenly very curious. The lift goes up.

CUT TO:

1/74 EXT. AC-12. ROOF. MOMENTS LATER. NIGHT 6. 1/74

Hastings and Arnott emerge onto the roof. A figure framed against the city scape turns -- Fleming. Arnott is shocked.

HASTINGS
We're going to get Gates with or without you, Steve. You can help us, or you can be just another prick who lost his bottle. Your choice, son.

Exit Hastings.

ARNOTT
I didn't know AC-12 used undercover officers.

FLEMING
Hence the term.

ARNOTT
(Beats.)
You're the one that fed us the information about Gates's gratuity.

FLEMING
Breakfastgate.

He laughs. It warms them to each other.

FLEMING
I'm on the inside at last, Steve.

ARNOTT

All this just to bring down Gates? Instead of spending all this time and money policing the police, it'd make more sense to assign us to the cases Gates isn't investigating.

FLEMING

T0-20's been nicknamed the Big Sexy Crime Unit. Gates's been awarded the highest budget three years running. His squad's got the best kit in the station. Meanwhile victims of crime miss out on justice because he only tackles the cases that score points.

ARNOTT

Who doesn't? It's the system.

FLEMING

I wouldn't be risking what I'm risking, if I didn't believe Gates was a special case.

ARNOTT

I thought Anti corruption was about getting the blokes who're on the take, the ones in the pockets of criminals --

FLEMING

You took a stand and it put you out on your own. You're not on your own any more. Unless you want to be.

That reaches him. She exits, leaving him to decide.

CUT TO:

1/75 EXT. KINGSGATE. POLICE STATION. NEXT DAY. DAY 7. 1/75

Arnott faces the facade. He's deciding how to tackle Gates.

CUT TO:

1/76 EXT. POLICE STATION. CAR PARK. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 7. 1/76

Arnott comes to his car, still undecided.

He remote-unlocks it and realizes it's already open. Apprehensively, he opens the driver's door.

A turd lies on the seat.

Arnott is disgusted.

Then his expression hardens.

CUT TO:

INT. TO-20. MOMENTS LATER. DAY 7.

Gates briefs his team -- Fleming, Morton, Cottan and Kapoor. Gates refers to a map of their area, "Central", divided into three neighbourhoods:

-- Kingsgate -- city centre, the location of the police station;

-- Edge Park -- leafy, well-to-do;

-- Moss Heath -- run-down, high crime.

Gates indicates a particular sink estate in Moss Heath -- the Borogrove Estate, nicknamed The Bog.

GATES

Kate's been tracking arrests on the Bog. Over the past month there's been a three-fold increase in supply and demand of Class A narcotics. I've talked to the Fifth Floor and we've got the go-ahead for a surveillance op --

Enter Arnott, furious. Everyone tenses.

ARNOTT

DCI

Arnott sees he's outnumbered. Fleming looks neutral.

ARNOTT

1/79 INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE. LATER THAT DAY. DAY 7. 1/79

Gates lets himself in with a key. He's hesitant, edgy. He follows music to a back room, where he finds Jackie.

JACKIE
Any news?

GATES
Nothing yet.

JACKIE
They're not suspicious?

GATES
It's been filed as an unexplained
hit-and-run.

JACKIE
That's good, isn't it?

GATES
(Beats.)
I shouldn't be here.

JACKIE
But you are.

He wants to leave but can't. She moves towards him, kisses him, then goes down on him. On his face, we see she's his drug.

CUT TO:

1/80 INT. AC-12. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. THAT NIGHT. NIGHT 7. 1/80

At a computer station, Arnott starts a database search on the name "Gates".

The screen fills with matches.

The cases are listed by most recent first: top of the list is the car-jacking, followed by the double arrest for the mugging outside the cafe.

He opens the first entry.

Arnott opens a notepad, writes a heading:

-- LADDERING

Then he writes the number 1, then CARJACKING.

Hastings appears behind him, lays a hand on his shoulder.

HASTINGS

I have it on good authority it was
Gates, personally, who soiled your
car.

Hastings gives him a heavy look then exits. Arnott reflects.

CUT TO:

1/81 EXT./INT. THE BOG. STREET CORNER/UNMARKED CAR. LATER 1/81
THAT NIGHT. NIGHT 7.

This is the red-light area -- pretty run-down, women on the
streets, cars kerb-crawling.

A drug dealer we'll meet again later -- WESLEY DUKE (20s) --
slips one of the street-walkers a wrap of crack in exchange
for a few fivers. The girl has the starved, anaemic look of a
junkie.

In an unmarked car, Cottan snaps a photo on a very long lens,
Morton at his side watching through binoculars.

CUT TO:

1/82 EXT./INT. THE BOG. GREEN LANE/UNMARKED CAR. LATER THAT 1/82
NIGHT. NIGHT 7.

LONG LENS PHOTO MONTAGE:

Wesley goes up to the door of a little semi-detached house in
a rundown street, carrying an empty rucksack. The door opens,
Wesley goes in.

Wesley comes out, rucksack full.

A photo-click.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TO-20

MORTON

Our old friend Wesley Duke, with a big fat rucksack full of crack cocaine. While you were all tucked up in your warm beds --

GATES

You were tucked up with Dot.

Laughter.

MORTON

-- Dot and me traced the source back to this address --

Further pictures repeat the images of Wesley at the semi; in the doorway are two figures who are almost impossible to make out except they're dark-skinned and wear hoodies.

MORTON

- 161 Green Lane. Wesley's been small-time but this appears to be a new, large-scale supply he's tapped into. Next stage would be to pick up Wesley and turn him.

FLEMING

What if he blabs? We don't want to alert the Green Lane mob to us watching them.

GATES

I agree. Keep up the surveillance for now. Let's see who else comes and goes from this address.

(To Morton.)

Tah, Ni ge.

Morton starts to turn off the visual aids.

GATES

Leave them, Ni ge.

The team disperses but Gates remains in the room, troubled, pensive. He keys the remote control and goes back to the only image that shows the shadowy figures in the doorway of the semi. Fleming is last to exit.

GATES

Oh, Fleming, I'll talk to the Fifth Floor about formally approving your transfer to T0-20

FLEMING

Thanks, sir. I won't let you down.

Exit Fleming. Gates glances at the photos again, intrigued by these new kids on the block.

CUT TO:

1/84 EXT. THE BOG. GREEN LANE/SURVEILLANCE VAN. THAT NIGHT. 1/84
NIGHT 8.

Kapoor and Cottan stake out 161 Green Lane from a surveillance van parked down the street. Kapoor's mobile vibrates; he reads the caller ID.

KAPOOR

(Into phone.)

DC Kapoor.

(Listens.)

OK.

(Hangs up.)

Next turn's on the way, Dot.
They're pulling us off for the night.

COTTAN

"Pulling us off." Best I got at Hillside Lane was a pint after work.

They both laugh hard. Cottan guns the engine.

KAPOOR

Shouldn't we wait for the next turn?

COTTAN

(Taps clock/watch.)

You had the memo about overtime.
They'll be here in ten minutes.

Cottan accelerates away.

CUT TO:

1/85 EXT./INT. THE BOG. 161 GREEN LANE. NEXT DAY. DAY 9. 1/85

Crime scene tape cordons off the house. A crowd of scraggy locals -- adults, teenagers and kids - stand around gawping. Forensic Scene Investigators comb the scene. Gates arrives, immediately addressing a uniformed PC.

GATES

Move the pond life further away and they'll soon go back to watching Jeremy Kyle. And make the kids go to school, the ones who aren't excluded.

Gates slips covers over his shoes and then walks in through the front door of No. 161.

In the hallway, well back from the living room, are Morton, Cottan and Fleming, covers over their clothes.

MORTON

Morning, boss.

Gates doesn't answer, peers into the living room grimly -- two dead Asian men, tied to chairs, dead from multiple stab wounds. There's a lot of blood. Both men have had all their fingers cut off, which lie on the carpet round them, being bagged one by one by FSI's in white suits.

Cottan looks very, very sheepish.

COTTAN

Tone, I don't know what to say, mate ...

GATES

Later, Dot, alright.

Cottan nods, hangs his head sheepishly.

FLEMING

From the blood spatter both men were alive when the fingers were amputated. Looks like whoever killed them wanted to know something, and didn't find out.

GATES

The finger amputations are clean. Each one done with a single stroke. Most likely with a bolt-cutter. Dot, go through the files back at the station, see if there's a similar M.O. here or in another force's case history.

COTTAN

OK.
(Exit.)

GATES

Nige, I want entry control back and front, dabs from all the downstairs rooms; if there's a bathroom upstairs, there too. Once Forensics have got all their samples, I want you to go through everything, find out who this pair were.

MORTON

Aye, aye, skipper.

GATES

Fleming, I want you to run door-to-door.

Exit Gates and Fleming.

CUT TO:

1/86 EXT. GREEN LANE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 9.

1/86

Gates and Fleming come out of the house, shed their shoe covers and walk.

GATES

This is what I'm dealing with. I'm trying to run a round-the-clock op and some bloody penpusher bans overtime.

FLEMING

There were fifteen minutes for someone to break in.

GATES

The lads in that house were new kids on the block. Someone didn't like them muscling in on their territory.

FLEMING

Not tempted to dump this one on CID, sir?

GATES

(Shakes his head.)
It's big. It's sexy. That makes it mine.

He exits. Fleming watches him go, even more fascinated by Gates than she was.

CUT TO:

1/87 INT. OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOMS. LATER THAT DAY. DAY 9. 1/87

Wearing a grave expression, Fleming heads towards an interview room. Janson "greet" her.

JANSON

What goes around comes around.

Janson exits with a sneer. Fleming goes in. Alf Butterfield is inside, being comforted by Larkin. Alf has a black eye and a cut lip.

ALF

This time I was home when they broke in.

FLEMING

Mr. Butterfield, I'm very sorry --

Enter Hilton, at the door, beckoning Fleming out. They talk in the corridor, in whispers.

HILTON

He's going to make a complaint!

- false imprisonment
- conspiracy
- possession of firearm with criminal intent

CUT TO:

1/89 INT. CID. SAME TIME. DAY 9.

1/89

Rita clicks open the image for Gates. Gates looks very uneasy.

RITA

This missing persons report came through from County CID.

She opens a missing persons file on someone called GURJIT PATEL. Switching between the morgue images of the dead man and Gurjit Patel we see they're one and the same.

RITA (cont'd)

Gurjit Patel went missing the day before the hit and run. Mr Patel was an accountant for Laverty Holdings.

Gates turns from uneasy to ashen.

Rita calls up the file image for Jackie Laverty.

RITA (cont'd)

Laverty Holdings is owned by Jacqueline Laverty, the lady whose vehicle was stolen the same night Mr. Patel got run over. He was her account-

GATES

Thanks, Rita. My squad's taking over this case from now on. Leave it to me to inform County we've got an ID.

RITA

RITA

Yes, sir -- of course.

He takes her seat.

GATES
(With a wink.)
Milk, no sugar.

Rita complies, happy to do so and not one bit suspicious. As soon as Rita reaches the kitchen, Gates highlights the section relating to Gurjit Patel.

The enormous dilemma plays on Gates's face. He looks like his world is about to cave in.

CUT TO:

1/90 OMITTED 1/90

1/91 INT. AC-12. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 9. 1/91

Arnott exits the previous case, back to the main list of Gates's cases. There's a new one at the top, the most recent:

-- HIT AND RUN

Arnott is curious and a little puzzled.

CUT TO:

1/92 INT. CID. CONTINUOUS. DAY 9. 1/92

Gates hits DELETE.

CUT TO:

1/93 INT. AC-12. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 9. 1/93

Arnott's finger hovers over the mouse, ready to open the file.

CUT TO:

1/94 INT. CID. CONTINUOUS. DAY 9. 1/94

Gates exits -- calm, in control, invulnerable.

CUT TO:

1/95 INT. AC-12. OPEN PLAN OFFICE. CONTINUOUS. DAY 9. 1/95

CLOSE-UP:

Arnott's finger clicks the mouse.

SMASH OUT.

END OF EPISODE 1.