

FELONY

PILOT EPISODE - "THE BREAKOUT"

By

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FELONY

"THE BREAKOUT"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

PC Jack ADAMS (31) sits, as he comes to the end of his night shift. He's White, with nicely shaped hair and sharp sideburns. A typical British gentleman.

TIM (V.O)

It sneaks up on you when you're asleep.

His eyes droop while he yawns wildly. He peers through the window , left and right, trying to stay awake.

TIM (V.O)

It reveals itself, slow like the sunrise.

As his car scampers down the near deserted road he notices something -

An OLD MAN shouts and swears as he stumbles around.

TIM (V.O)

We take comfort that the end comes for everyone.

EXT. WALWORTH ROAD -- NIGHT

PC Adams stops immediately. He sighs at the sight of the old man as he steps out of his car.

He approaches the old man and signals him to stop.

TIM (V.O)

But when the penny drops, you will be the only one left to pick it up.

The old man turns towards PC ADAMS and bellows out incoherent sentences.

(CONTINUED)

PC ADAMS
How much have you had to drink
tonight sir?

The old man squirms out a few words.

OLD MAN
Happy new year!

PC Adams laughs at the sight of the old man's dazzling moves.

PC ADAMS
OK Sir. I think you have had enough
for one night. Go home.

The old man waves, then dazzles on into the night. He Shakes and twirls as he sings in the new year.

PC Adams shakes his head, then retreats back to his car.

INT. POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

As he steps in he grabs his phone and begins to dial a number.

PC ADAMS
(into phone)
Hun.

INT. HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

SUSY (27), white average looking women with blond hair lays on a couch eating chocolate.

SUSY
Hey. Where are you?

INTERCUTTING BETWEEN PC ADAMS AND SUSY DURING PHONE CALL.

PC ADAMS
They got me doing a couple more
hours. Some of the boys called in
sick.

SUSY
That's what you should have done.
They're probably out now enjoying
the new year.

Susy giggles down the phone.

PC ADAMS
How's the little one.

SUSY
She's fine. Just got her to sleep
an hour ago.

PC ADAMS
Well. I'm on my way back. Just need
to pop back to the station.

SUSY
Ah. You won't be back before the
new year.

PC ADAMS
We'll celebrate when I get back.
Happy new year. I love you.

SUSY
I love you too.

INT. POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

PC Adams puts his phone down and smiles. The car starts to
move then -

Suddenly a body COLLIDES with the car side window. It's a
woman - kicking and screaming for help.

Alarmed, PC Adams opens his car door.

EXT. WALWORTH ROAD -- NIGHT

The woman screams drops to the ground holding her head.

PC Adams bends over and tries to help her up.

PC ADAMS
Calm down. I need you to calm down
and tell me what's wrong.

Suddenly, two bullets BLOW into his back.

He drops to the ground, grasping for air.

PC Adams face turns blank. His eyes turn white as his body
shakes.

Blood spews from his back as he watches the shadow of a
woman and a man run off.

He slowly stops moving. His body still and his face lifeless. Silence.

INT. PUB -- NIGHT -- 12.00AM

An old fashioned British bar, with normal banter and a thriving bar.

Men and women swing beers at each other as they celebrate the new year.

DCI Scott WILLIAMS (33), rugged face, dark hair and an expensive black suit; stands next to DCI Julie GRAY (25), blond, sophisticated and also in a suit.

WILLIAMS

Happy new year.

GRAY

Happy new year.

(pause)

Jeremy Patterson is getting sentenced tomorrow.

WILLIAMS

(moves closer)

What?

GRAY

Patterson, he's getting sentenced tomorrow. I've been waiting for this day for so long.

WILLIAMS

We all have. Which is more of a reason we should celebrate.

GRAY

What?

WILLIAMS

Lighten up a little. It's new years eve.

GRAY

I know. Just got a lot on my mind.

WILLIAMS

It's your mum, isn't it? Look if you need help all you have to do is...

(CONTINUED)

GRAY
...No, no, it's fine.

WILLIAMS
You sure?

GRAY
Yeah.

Williams glances at the dance floor. Sergeant SMITH, tall, blond and husky dances with a beer in his hand.

WILLIAMS
He would've had my badge.

GRAY
What!?

WILLIAMS
Smith. If we didn't get Jeremy he would of fired me without a second thought.

GRAY
You need to sort out your differences. He's your boss.

WILLIAMS
We're just two very different people. I understand what's going on in these streets. He thinks everything is rosy. He's an idiot.
(pause)
Fancy a dance?

GRAY
I don't know.

WILLIAMS
Come on? You can't be much worse than the lot out here.

Williams phone vibrates as he gets up.

WILLIAMS
Hold on Julie.

He answers it. Gray waits with her arms crossed.

WILLIAMS
(into phone)
Hello...Yes I can barely here you.

Williams looks for an exit, but there is none in sight.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS
You have to be quick.

Williams looks uneasily at Gray.

GRAY
Is there something wrong?

WILLIAMS
(into phone)
A PC doesn't carry a weapon.

Williams pulls the phone from his ear and looks up.

WILLIAMS
Shit.
(into phone)
I'm on my way.

Williams grabs his coat.

GRAY
Where are you going?

WILLIAMS
There has been a shooting on
Walworth Road involving a police
officer. We need to go now.

EXT. WALWORTH ROAD -- LATER

Williams and Gray pulls up in an all black car. Long yellow tapes are everywhere.

Williams and Gray leave the car. They both arrive behind the yellow tapes. Just beyond it, lies a body.

Gray covers her mouth.

GRAY
Oh my God.

Beside them is PC JOHNSON (28), tall and black - looks like he can take care of himself. He weeps like a girl.

Williams approaches him and puts his arm over Johnson's shoulders.

WILLIAMS
I'm so sorry. Jack was a great
police officer.

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON
(blows his nose)
I just know I should of been here.

WILLIAMS
He was working alone?

JOHNSON
We got spit up after a couple of
guys called in sick.

WILLIAMS
When was the last time you spoke to
him?

JOHNSON
Right before we left the station.

WILLIAMS
What time was that?

JOHNSON
Seven.

WILLIAMS
OK. We may need to talk to you
later. Thanks for the help.

Williams gestures to leave.

JOHNSON
But.

Williams stops.

JOHNSON
He was so cool and humble as usual.
(starts crying harder)
He didn't know he was gonna die.

WILLIAMS
I promise we will find who did
this.

Williams walks back to Gray shaking his head.

GRAY
What did he say?

WILLIAMS
Nothing real helpful. He was
working alone and there seems to be
no witnesses.

Gray watches the lifeless body, hand still over her mouth.

GRAY

Why hasn't the body been taken yet?

WILLIAMS

Probably cos' its new years eve.

GRAY

We should probably go and speak to
his wife.

WILLIAMS

No. I think we should leave that to
his partner.

They both watch as PC Johnson walks away, shoulders down and head bowed.

EXT. FINSBURY ROAD -- MORNING

Slick London suburban houses. The air is cold and the street is peaceful.

PC Johnson wears a black suit. He walks solemnly towards a front door.

He reaches the door, numbered 22. He takes a deep breath and stretches his arm.

He then dabs at the doorbell which rings loudly.

After a few moments the door starts to unlock. Johnson readies himself.

Door opens. Susy appears at the front.

SUSY

Michael.

JOHNSON

Susy, may I come in?

Johnson stares at the ground, not once lifting up his head.

SUSY

Is there something wrong?

JOHNSON

Please.

INT. HOME -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Susy moves out the way and Johnson moves into the corridor.
Susy shuts the door.

SUSY
Did Jack send you? He didn't come
back last night.

JOHNSON
I'm sorry I have to break this to
you but...

SUSY
What?

JOHNSON
He's dead.

Susy's face changes, her eyes begin to dampen as her hands
stick to her side.

SUSY
What?

JOHNSON
Jack was shot last night.

SUSY
Stop playing around, where's my
husband.

Johnson looks away.

SUSY
(shouts)
Where is he!?

She burst into tears. Johnson approaches her and raps his
big arms around her.

JOHNSON
It's OK Susy. It's OK.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

PART ONE

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- DAY

The club is dark and empty. A few guys hang out at the bar including TIMOTHY (18), MASON (23).

Tim is black with strong facial features. He's quite lanky and wears dark jeans and a blue coat.

Sat below him is Mason, quite shorter and more huskier. A cigarette hangs in his mouth.

MASON

So everyone knows how this shit is gonna go down, yeah?

They all nod except Tim.

MASON

What's the matter with you?

TIM

Nothing.

MASON

Don't be scared. You got shit to say, say it blud.

TIM

The whole basis of the plan. It's too risky.

MASON

Breaking a guy out of prison is always gonna be fucking difficult.

TIM

I know, I know but, I mean, think we are making it harder for ourselves. Your over complicating things.

JIM (23) appears from the background. Heavily bearded with platted hair.

JIM

This is big boy shit, if you can't handle this shit you shouldn't be here.

MASON

Wait.

(CONTINUED)

JIM
Your brother is just being a
fucking chicken.

MASON
Lets hear what the guy has to say.

JIM
It's a fucking waste of time, we
should be....

MASON
Just shut the fuck up for one
second. Tim, speak.

TIM
This is just what I think. Instead
of doing this intricate plan, lets
keep it simple.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

A big black van towers down a normal city street, with
black tinted windows.

INT. BLACK VAN -- DAY

In the back of the van is JEREMY (28) chained up with an
armed officer beside him. He is black and his face is draped
with hair. His eyes are stone cold and he stares
persistently at the ground.

TIM (V.O)
We know, probably, they will have
an armed guard at the back, so it's
better we hit them. And we hit them
quick.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Steaming behind the black van, is a white van with an 'AA'
logo stamped on the side.

TIM (V.O)
We crash a car into them.

Suddenly the AA van CRASHES into the black van. The black
van spins out of control; it tips and lands on its side.

Two officers climb out of the black van.

(CONTINUED)

The AA van pulls up beside it. Three masked men jump out - they hold guns and scream at the two officers.

The officers lay on the pavement - dazed and incoherent. Two of the masked men stand over them; as the other breaks into the back of the van.

BANG BANG. The locks at the back of the van are broken by two gun shots. Languishing upside down is Jeremy. The masked man pulls him out of the wreckage.

MASKED MAN

I got him. Lets get out of here.

They all scramble into the AA van.

They speed off into the street until their out of site. When the dust is clear the officers look back to find the white van also gone.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Williams drives and Gray is in the passenger seat.

GRAY

It's a bit quick questioning her just a day after her husband died.

WILLIAMS

If we want to catch the pricks who did this we got to act now.

EXT. FINSBURY ROAD -- DAY

Williams parks outside the suburban houses.

Williams and Gray exit the car and proceed to the number 22 door.

Williams knocks.

Pause.

SUSY (O.S)

Who is it?

WILLIAMS

Police.

(CONTINUED)

SUSY (O.S)
The police?

WILLIAMS
We just wanna ask you a few
questions. We won't be long.

Susy slowly opens the door. They both enter.

INT. HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Williams and Gray both sit in the couch. Susy comes in with two cups of teas in her hands. She places them on a glass table in the middle of the room.

Susy sits down opposite to them.

WILLIAMS
Thanks for allowing us in. I know
this must be a very difficult time
for you.

SUSY
It's no problem.

Williams sips on his tea.

WILLIAMS
When was the last time you spoke to
your husband?

SUSY
Well...

Susy burst into tears. Gray hands her a tissue.

GRAY
(to Williams)
Let me speak to her.

WILLIAMS
You sure?

GRAY
Yeah.

WILLIAMS
I will be in the car.

Williams leaves. The door shuts. Gray gets up and sits up beside Susy.

GRAY

I know its a hard time.

SUSY

It's just he was here yesterday morning. Before he went he told me he was going to come back. He told me we were going to celebrate New Years Eve together.

GRAY

It's not his fault. He was murdered by some sick thugs. Do you remember when you last spoke to him?

SUSY

Yeah. Just before midnight. He told me he was going to lock up and come home.

GRAY

Do you know of any problems? He may have had, drugs, loans, disagreements.....

SUSY

No. He was a sensible person. He worked for me and his child. He didn't deserve it.

GRAY

I know. Thanks for your help.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Williams watches as Gray walks from the house. Williams opens the door and she gets in.

WILLIAMS

What did she say?

GRAY

Nothing, she doesn't know anything.

WILLIAMS

Dammit. This person is getting away.

GRAY

Don't be hard on yourself, you taught me sometimes you have to wait for the breakthrough to come to you.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS

Your right, but this is just weird.
Cops don't get gunned down for no
reason.

GRAY

Maybe it was a drunken exploit. It
was New Years Eve.

WILLIAMS

Bullshit. This has a back story, I
know it. I can feel it.

Williams phone vibrates. He takes it from his pocket and
picks it up.

WILLIAMS

(into phone)

Hello...nice... I'm on my way.

Williams puts his phone down.

GRAY

Who was that?

Williams straps himself in and starts the engine.

WILLIAMS

Mills. She says she's found
something which can help us.

Williams speeds off.

INT. HIDEOUT -- EVENING

It seems lifeless and dark then ...

Mason opens up the front doors. He walks in first with
Jeremy behind. Tim follows with a couple of other men.

Mason flicks on the lights.

Surrounding the room is discarded newspapers. There is a
large wooden table towards the middle, where they all go and
sit around.

MASON

Tim, get the beers.

Tim gets up and picks up a pack of beers from a fridge
hidden in the corner of the room. He comes back with them
and hands them out.

(CONTINUED)

Mason opens then raises his beer.

MASON

Cheers to Jeremy, the son of a bitch, our leader for finally back on his fucking turf.

They all start drinking in happiness.

JEREMY

Fucking hell Mase. I really appreciate this Mason. You never let me down. You nearly fucking killed me.

MASON

How you holding up?

JEREMY

My fucking neck is killing me. But I'll be fine. I'm fucking free.

Jeremy looks at Tim.

JEREMY

Who the fuck's he? Can't remember him being here.

MASON

You know him. My little brother, he helped get you out.

JEREMY

(to Tim)

Tim! You've fucking grown boy, what do you eat. Shit man.

Tim turns away embarrassed.

TIM

Just the normal stuff.

JEREMY

Can't believe you got me out. Just like your bruv, reliable. Last time I saw you, you were like

Jeremy raises his hands sideways close to the ground.

JEREMY

That fucking tall.

Tim just smiles.

JEREMY

He's a shy one ain't he. I owe you one. I owe all of you one.

Mason's phone rings.

MASON

(to Jeremy)

I'll be back, one second.

Mason walks off outside the hideout.

It stays silent for a while.

JEREMY

Shit Tim. You never look the type, with your skinny arms. You were always in those fucking books. When did it start?

TIM

What?

Jeremy and the other men all laugh.

JEREMY

Being a fucking criminal.

TIM

This is a favour to my brother.

JEREMY

What for?

TIM

He went to prison for something I did.

JEREMY

Shit. Your brother is one in a million, you get me. He never lets a you down.

Mason comes back in.

MASON

Hey, Jim just belled me. He'll be here later.

JEREMY

That's good. What's all this shit drinks. Where's my Guinness?

(CONTINUED)

Everyone looks at each other. Jeremy turns to FRANK (20), mixed races short and quiet.

JEREMY

I thought you were getting the
fucking Guinness.

FRANK

It was meant to...

JEREMY

It was meant to be here. Then where
the fuck is it?

FRANK

I'm sorry Jeremy.

JEREMY

Don't fucking say sorry. Just stop
talking.

FRANK

It won't happen again.

Jeremy jumps up and grabs him by the neck.

JEREMY

What did I tell you?

Tim watches on concerned.

JEREMY

Lucky I'm in a good mood. I wudda
ripped your fucking head off. Seems
whilst I've been gone some youngers
have lost some sense.

Jeremy releases his neck.

JEREMY

Why has everyone gone so fucking
quiet? Lets celebrate.

He raises his can of Cider, as does everyone else.

JEREMY

This is what I'm talking about.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- SCREENING ROOM -- EVENING

Sam MILLS (23), blond hair and geeky glasses, sits with Williams and Gray standing over her. They all watch a screen which shows CCTV.

GRAY

Do you have any pictures of the murder scene?

MILLS

There were none covering that position but I did find something else. Look here.

Mills points at the screen - a man walking.

MILLS

This is a couple of minutes after we think the shooting happened. He is about a couple metres away from where PC Adams' body was found.

GRAY

Is there any CCTV where the actual murder happened.

MILLS

No. All we have are areas around the scene.

Williams focuses his eyes at the screen.

WILLIAMS

The man in this CCTV video is too hard to see.

MILLS

No problem. I managed to isolate his face and I got a match.

Mills turns and picks up a file on her desk. She hands it to Williams.

WILLIAMS

Jason Fletcher.

MILLS

He lives in Brandon estate, Walworth. Not far from the scene.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS

I think we should pay him a visit.
(to Mills)
You're a blessing.

MILLS

Anytime.

INT. HIDEOUT -- EVENING

Sizzling British rap music beams in the background. Smoke dampens the air. Mason, Tim, Jeremy, Jim and Frank are cramped around a table.

TIM

Mason, can I talk to you for a second?

MASON

Go on then.

TIM

In private.

Mason gets up.

TIM

Thanks.

They both leave the hideout to

EXT. HALLWAY -- EVENING

Mason and Tim stand opposite each other outside the big silver door leading to the hideout.

Tim looks around.

TIM

I need to get home.

Mason sighs.

MASON

It's fucking Dad, init.

TIM

You know him. If he's alone too long he mashes himself up.

(CONTINUED)

MASON

He's a fucking grown man. Fuck man.
He needs to take care for himself.

TIM

I know. You know he ain't fully
recovered.

MASON

Mum died years ago.

Mason dashes his cigarette onto the floor.

MASON

All right go. I'll tell them you've
gone to get something for me.

He throws Tim his keys.

TIM

Thanks a lot bruv.

MASON

Don't get yourself into any shit.
Don't get arrested, don't even
speak to anyone. Just make sure Dad
is OK, then get back here. OK.

TIM

Yeah.

INT. HIDEOUT -- EVENING

Mason walks back in with his hands in his pockets.

JEREMY

Hey Mase, where did you go?. Take a
seat.

Mason comes round the table and sits down.

JEREMY

Where's your bro?

MASON

I sent him somewhere.

JEREMY

What?

Everyone goes silent.

(CONTINUED)

MASON

It's OK. He will be back in a few hours.

JEREMY

What if he gets caught by the fucking police? Didn't you think? Of all people I wouldn't expect this shit from you.

MASON

He won't get caught. He doesn't even has a criminal record.

JEREMY

What's so important that you need to send him now?

Mason stays silent.

JEREMY

What the fuck? You can't speak?

The others including Jim watch on anxiously.

MASON

It's our pups. He's sick and he needs his medication. You know how it is. He usually gives it to him.

JEREMY

You have never told me this before?

MASON

Didn't think it was important.

JEREMY

Your like a brother to me. Any problems you have, I have. You know that don't you?

MASON

Yeah.

Mason breaths a sign on relief. The others carry on their banter.

EXT. BRANDON ESTATE -- NIGHT

It's dark and crisply cold. Williams and Gray walk through the rundown estate, to a flight of stairs.

INT. BRANDON ESTATE -- FLAT -- SECOND FLOOR -- NIGHT

Williams and Gray reach the second floor.

WILLIAMS

What number does he live at?

GRAY

Sixteen.

They trample down the echoey floor until they reach number sixteen. Williams knocks.

Brief pause. Then the door starts unlocking.

MRS. FLETCHER (31) white, old, opens up.

GRAY

Hello. Sorry to disturb you so late but we are looking for Steven Fletcher.

MRS.FLETCHER

Steven.

WILLIAMS

You know him?

MRS.FLETCHER

He's my son.

GRAY

We need to speak to him, it's really urgent.

MRS.FLETCHER

Come in. Please.

Mrs. Fletcher widens the door and Williams and Gray go in.

INT. FLETCHER HOME -- CORRIDOR

It's cramped and dirty. Old magazines and a wrinkled cupboard makes it hard to pass through.

(CONTINUED)

MRS.FLETCHER

Please come through to the kitchen.

Mrs. Fletcher glances at the stairs leading up - then walks into the kitchen.

WILLIAMS

We haven't got time, I need to speak to him now.

MRS.FLETCHER

He isn't here.

WILLIAMS

What do you mean...

Williams turns around and sees the door wide open.

WILLIAMS

... son of a bitch.

Williams stamps to the doors and looks out. He spots a boy running.

He turns back.

WILLIAMS

Gray stay here and call for back up. I'm going after him.

Williams runs off.

GRAY

Scott wait!

INT. BRANDON ESTATE -- FLAT -- SECOND FLOOR -- NIGHT

Williams speeds off down the second floor towards the staircase.

WILLIAMS

Wait police!

EXT. BRANDON ESTATE -- NIGHT

The boy pushes open the exit doors, then trips. Williams comes right behind him.

But the boy regains his footing. Just in time. Then dodges Williams clutches.

The boy races, Williams just behind him. They turns a corner into a desolate park.

EXT. PARK -- NIGHT

Williams is closer now. He can almost touch him.

Williams growls as he stretches a bit further and seizes his arms.

WILLIAMS
Gotcha! You prick.

He jumps on the boy. They both fall on the ground. Williams on top. He turns the boy around and sees his face.

WILLIAMS
Jason Fletcher.

Jason sneers back at him.

WILLIAMS
Nice to meet you.

Williams pulls him up.

WILLIAMS
Come on get up.

END OF PART ONE

FADE OUT

PART TWO

EXT. URBAN ROAD -- NIGHT

A vehicle drives along a clear road.

EXT. COUNCIL FLAT -- NIGHT

Tim gets out of the car the stares at a top window.

INT. COUNCIL FLAT -- STAIRCASE

Tim jogs up the last few stairs. He takes out his keys.

He reaches the top. There are two doors one on the left and right. Tim turns right. He puts the key in and the door opens.

INT. MBEKA HOME -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Tim shuts the front door. All the lights are on. A TV can be heard in the background.

TIM

Dad.

Tim walks through the corridor and into the.....

INT. MBEKA HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Living room. As he enters he finds a man laid forward on the floor with a beer in his hand.

TIM

Dad.

Tim rushes to the ground and turns the man over.

TIM

(worried)

Dad, wake up.

Tim slaps his face a couple of times. CHARLES wake up.

CHARLES

Tim. Is that you?

TIM

(relieved)

Yeah. What you doing on the floor?

CHARLES

Must have fell asleep.

Tim helps Charles up. Charles dust himself off.

CHARLES

My son, where have you been?

(CONTINUED)

TIM
Staying at a friends.

Tim wipes the living room table and picks up rubbish laid on the floor.

TIM
This place is a dump dad. I can't keep cleaning up for you.

Tim leaves the living room. Charles follows.

INT. MBEKA HOME -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Tim throws the rubbish in the bin.

CHARLES
What happened to you son? You were good. Now look at you, you're a blooy bum.

Tim ignores him and carries on cleaning up.

CHARLES
Just like your brother. I don't know you. You're all dead to me.

TIM
This is the reason Mason never wants to see you.

Charles can't stand up straight. He flips around the kitchen, waving his finger.

CHARLES
I don't need you. All you do is chat bullshit. Your mother said you are smart and you will be rich. But look at you, you're a fool.

TIM
I'm going to my room.

CHARLES
All right run off to bed. Coward.

TIM
Listen to yourself you sound like an idiot.

Charles takes another sip from the beer in his hand.

Tim leaves the kitchen and enters a bedroom opposite it. He slams it shut.

INT. MBEKA HOME -- ROOM -- NIGHT

The room is small and narrow with a T.V., small sized bed and a glass table.

Tim drops onto his bed and spreads out. He sighs loudly.

Suddenly loud bangs crashes against the room door.

CHARLES (O.S)

Tim. Tim, please open up.

Charles coughs out loudly.

CHARLES (O.S)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I love you Tim... You really care for me not like that...that damn Mason.

Tim turns in his bed.

CHARLES (O.S)

Come on, let me in. I'm your Dad. This is my house, open this door now...OK fine.

Tim closes his eyes as the footsteps outside start to peter away.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

One square table centres the room. It's covered with four thick grey walls. Jason sits by himself, hands in pockets. He sucks loudly a dry gum and crunches up his face when Williams walks in and switches on the tape.

WILLIAMS

Jason Fletcher.

Williams sits down opposite the rugged Jason and releases a folder onto the table.

WILLIAMS

That was a nice trick your mum tried to pull there.

Jason stays quiet.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS

Your quite a busy one aren't you.
I've read your file.

Williams opens the folder.

WILLIAMS

Armed robbery, common assault,
possession of stolen goods; the
list is endless.

He drops the folder.

WILLIAMS

Where were you last night during
between 11.30pm and 12am?

JASON

Partying.

WILLIAMS

We have a tape of you walking on
Walworth road at 11.50 and ten past
twelve, so don't give that
bullshit. What were you doing?

JASON

Meeting a friend. Just before
midnight he called me to meet him
on Walworth road.

WILLIAMS

To do what?

JASON

Nothing man, just meet up init.

WILLIAMS

Did you see anything or hear
anything suspicious?

JASON

No. It was loud, but it was New
Year's Eve.

WILLIAMS

A police officer was killed.

JASON

A copper was killed? When?

Williams jumps onto the table and grabs his neck.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS

Don't play these games with me. You were there weren't you? You know something you son of a bitch.

Jason squirms.

Gray rushes into the room.

GRAY

Let him go.

WILLIAMS

Can't you see it? He's lying.

GRAY

Let him go now.

Williams releases Jason.

GRAY

Can I speak to you outside quickly?

Williams storms out of the room.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Williams stands, hands on his hips. He breaths heavily. Gray shuts the interrogation room door.

GRAY

What's wrong with you?

WILLIAMS

He's holding back.

GRAY

Look, you can't just strangle information out of people. It's against the rules.

WILLIAMS

Forget the rules. One of us is dead. Murdered. All the rules have been broken.

GRAY

What has gotten into you?

WILLIAMS

I new him. Jack.

Williams holds his head.

(CONTINUED)

GRAY

Why didn't you tell me?

WILLIAMS

He came to me for advice at a meeting. He was an open guy. Wouldn't hurt a fly. Non if this makes any sense. Why him?

GRAY

I understand your pain.

WILLIAMS

You know what the worst thing is. No ones feels safe anymore. Those coward pricks have made us scared. And I can tell by the look in the son bitches eyes, he knows something.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Gray sits opposite Jason, who has a lawyer with him. Williams stands and watches proceedings.

GRAY

Questioning commences at 9.05pm.

Gray presses the tape.

GRAY

OK, Mr. Fletcher.

JASON

Keep that mad man away from.

GRAY

It's OK. He's not going to speak, I am. I've read your file and discovered something interesting. You're on parole. One more thing and your back in prison for sixteen months.

LAWYER

Where are you heading with this?

GRAY

Basically your client ran from a police officer.

(CONTINUED)

JASON
He never said he was.

GRAY
And you that that we hold up in
court.

LAWYER
What do you want?

GRAY
I want to know what you're hiding
from us.

The lawyer whispers something into Jason's ear.

GRAY
Well.

LAWYER
My client will like to share
something.

JASON
(sighs)
Of course I know a copper got
killed, everyone was talking about
it. It's been all over the news how
the streets are becoming a war
zone.

Jason looks at Williams.

JASON
What I'm going to say is true,
believe me. It started off as a
rumour that a girl was fucking a
police officer. Then that this girl
was pregnant with the cops baby. I
didn't believe it.

GRAY
What are you talking about?

JASON
I met the girl who was pregnant.
That's when I believed it. She
showed me the belly and everything.
But then I asked her the name of
the copper. She refused to say but
luckily she told her big mouthed
friend.

(CONTINUED)

GRAY

Jack Adams.

JASON

Yep. A copper had got a fifteen
year old girl pregnant.

WILLIAMS

You better not be lying about this.

JASON

Trust me. This is the truth.
Shocked me to.

WILLIAMS

What's her name.

JASON

Rebecca Benson.

WILLIAMS

You have her address?

Jason nods slowly.

INT. MBEKA HOME -- ROOM -- NIGHT

It's dark and lifeless. Tim lays on his bed, asleep like a
baby.

EXT. URBAN ROAD -- NIGHT

Armed police officers approach the council flat.

INT. MBEKA HOME -- ROOM -- NIGHT

Tim is woken by a little sound. He sits up and scans the
room. Everything is still the same.

He gets up of his bed and opens his door into the corridor.

INT. MBEKA HOME -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Tim rubs his eyes, then walks down wearily towards the
living room.

INT. MBEKA HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Tim walks in and switches on the light. Laid on the table is Charles. Drool drips from his mouth, as he squeaks a haunting snore.

Tim shakes his head and lifts Charles onto the sofa.

Suddenly loud bangs start echoing into his ears.

OFFICER #1 (O.S)
Police. Open up.

INT. MBEKA HOME -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Tim walks to the front door and looks through a small hole. He sees armed officers get ready.

OFFICER #1 (O.S)
Open up, now!

Tim stands over the door and looks around.

OFFICER #1 (O.S)
We are giving you thirty seconds.

TIM
OK, OK. Don't bash the door.

Tim opens the door. The armed officers barge their way in.

TIM
Hey, hey.

A last person walks in. But he's not an armed officer. He's in a grey suit with a black tie. His hair is mixed with grey and blond and he walks with authority. It's DCI TOMKINS.

TOMKINS
I'm DCI Tomkins and I have a warrant for these policemen to search your address.

INT. MBEKA HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Charles jumps up as officers ravage the living room.

CHARLES
Hey....hey what's going on?

INT. MBEKA HOME -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Tomkins brandishes a piece of paper in Tim's face.

TIM
Whatever you are looking for,
you're not gonna find it.

TOMKINS
Can you tell me where were you at
1pm this afternoon?

TIM
What's it to you.

TOMKINS
It's a question and you have to
answer.

An officer #1 approaches Tomkins.

OFFICER #1
Sir, it's all clear.

TIM
Told you.

Charles taps Tim on the back.

CHARLES
Son. What's going on? Who are these
people?

TIM
Go to your bedroom Dad.

CHARLES
No, not until someone tells me
what's going on.

TOMKINS
Basically we believe your son may
have been involved in helping a
prisoner break out.

CHARLES
No. No. That's Mason, not my Tim.
You have the wrong man.

TOMKINS
I'm sorry Mr. Mbeka but I'm going
to have to arrest your son.
(to officers)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOMKINS (cont'd)

Cuff him.

An officer grabs Tim and slaps handcuffs on him.

TIM

What! What for?

TOMKINS

For refusing to answer my question.

TIM

You can't do that.

TOMKINS

Yes I can. (to officer) Take him away.

CHARLES

Son. Where are you taking my son!

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Tim sits with his hands crossed. Tomkins stands over him.

TOMKINS

You sure you don't want a lawyer?

TIM

I ain't got anything to hide.

TOMKINS

OK.

Tomkins flicks on the tape and sits down.

TOMKINS

OK Timothy. Can you tell me where you were at 1pm today?

TIM

I was with my father.

TOMKINS

Your father?

TIM

Yep.

TOMKINS

And your father will be able to confirm this?

(CONTINUED)

TIM
Definitely.

Tomkins sighs in frustration.

TOMKINS
Have you spoke to your brother in
the past twenty four hours?

TIM
Nope.

TOMKINS
Really?

Tomkins throws a paper with all Tim's contacts over the last
twenty four hours.

TOMKINS
We found your phone and found eight
calls to your brother Mason.

TIM
Oh yeah I remember now. We were
just catching up, he wanted advice.
You know, brother to brother stuff.

TOMKINS
Look Tim. You're a sensible kid. I
know you wouldn't personally get
yourself into things like this. If
you know where he is, it is better
for all of us you tell us.

TIM
Me and Mason aren't close. I don't
know what he gets himself into but
I stay well clear. I just try and
look after my father. He's in a
real bad way.

TOMKINS
A cold blooded murderer has been
freed.

Tim looks away.

TOMKINS
Look at me. He is a murderer. He's
killed two people and who knows
more.

TIM

I don't know what you want me to say. Me and my brother don't talk.

TOMKINS

Your brother is friends with a killer. So help you God if you're lying. Anymore deaths will be on your conscience.

Tomkins stares at him. Tim takes it all in.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT

The wind blows steadily as Williams and Gray walk out of the police station.

GRAY

What if he's telling the truth?

WILLIAMS

He's lying. When we go to this address we will find nothing.

GRAY

Scott.

Williams stops walking.

GRAY

Are you sure you're up to this?

WILLIAMS

It's my job, of course I'm up to it.

Williams walks off in a hurry. Gray follows but stops at the sound of her phone. Williams turns back and watches as she picks it up.

GRAY

(into phone)

Hello.

INT. GRAY HOME -- NIGHT

An old lady stands holding her walking stick. She screams at a young lady who holds a phone and backs away.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE
J... J... Julie? Is that you?"

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT

GRAY
(into phone)
Yes this is her.

INT. GRAY HOME -- NIGHT

NURSE
Your mother has lost her mind. I
can't get her under control.

Gray's mother, LINDA (56) swings her stick again.

LINDA
Get away from me, now! I don't know
you.

NURSE
She doesn't recognise me anymore. I
don't know what to do.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- NIGHT

Gray pauses for a moment - then sighs.

GRAY
(into phone)
I'm on my way now, just keep her
from hurting herself.

YOUNG LADY (V.O)
OK.

Gray puts her phone away.

GRAY
I'm sorry Scott, I need to go.

WILLIAMS
Where to?

GRAY
It's a family emergency, I'm sorry.

WILLIAMS

It's OK. I understand. I'll speak to the girl.

GRAY

No. Wait until the morning, she isn't going anywhere.

WILLIAMS

The killer is on the loose. There is no time for a half time break... Look, I'll go. I won't be too long. Just need to make sure it's not true, that's it.

GRAY

OK. I will be round yours first thing next morning, all right?

WILLIAMS

All right.

Gray walks off into the distance. Williams gets into his car and drives off.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- LATER

Gray parks in the driveway. She quickly detaches herself from the car.

She looks up at the semi detached house. Screams echo in her ear as she runs to the front door.

INT. GRAY HOME -- NIGHT

Gray slams the door shut and runs up the stairs. The screams become louder. She stops at the top of the stairs and listens.

She turns left and opens a door.

INT. GRAY HOME -- ROOM -- NIGHT

Crouched in the corner is the nurse. Her hair twisted and her eyes in fear. Over her is Linda holding scissors.

GRAY

Mum.

Linda turns her head.

(CONTINUED)

GRAY
It's me Julie.

Gray approaches her slowly.

GRAY
Give me the scissors mum.

LINDA
Julie?

GRAY
It's me mum. I need you to give me
those scissors.

LINDA
No. This woman.

Linda sticks the scissors towards the nurses mouth.

LINDA
She's a stranger. She must of
broken in.

GRAY
Mum, just please. Please give me
the scissors. I will take care of
her.

The scissors shake in Linda's hand as Gray gets closer and closer.

GRAY
That's OK mum. It's all OK.

Gray slowly grabs the scissors out of her mum's hand. Her mum then falls into Gray's arms. Gray clutches her tightly.

GRAY
It's all going to be OK mum. I'm
here now.

The nurse runs out of the room.

Snot runs down Linda's nose. Her body flops like a fish in Gray's arms.

Gray lays her on a bed gently. She strokes her mums hair softly as tears tare down her face. Linda just smiles, her teeth crooked and skin wrinkly.

GRAY

Just sleep now. Sleep.

As Gray's hands rub against Linda's cheek, Linda's eyes start to drowse until she quietly drops of into a deep sleep.

Gray kisses her, softly, in the forehead. She picks up a bed sheet strangled on the floor. She spreads it out, flat, then delicately releases over Linda's body.

She walks to the door and pauses to see her mother sleeping like a baby.

INT. GRAY HOME -- DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

The nurse packs in a hurry. Gray enters.

GRAY

I'm sorry about my mother.

The nurse stops halfway towards the door.

NURSE

She is a very sick women. She needs professional help.

GRAY

She's just very old. She needs people around her to care for her.

NURSE

No. It's more than that. I read her file Miss Gray. Your family has a history of mental illness.

GRAY

You're wrong. My mother isn't crazy.

NURSE

You all need help.

The nurse leaves through the front door.

Gray backs up against the wall and falls to her knees.

END OF PART TWO

FADE OUT

PART THREE

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- EXIT -- NIGHT

A police officer removes Tim's handcuffs.

TIM
Am I free to go?

OFFICER #1
Yes.

Tim stretches out and breathes in slowly. Tomkin stands behind him.

TOMKINS
Look Tim.

Tim spins around.

TOMKINS
We may have let you go but we won't stop. I know you're protecting your brother. It's just a matter of time before I find you.

TIM
Goodbye Tomkins.

Tim bops away through the exit into the open darkness of night.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Williams drives erratically. He tosses and turns back through on coming traffic.

Suddenly his phone vibrates. Williams picks it up.

WILLIAMS
Hello.

JOHNSON (V.0)
Is this DCI Williams?

WILLIAMS
Yes. Who is this?

JOHNSON (V.0)
We met at the night of the murder.
You asked me a few questions.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS
PC Johnson. Adams partner?

JOHNSON (V.0)
Correct.

WILLIAMS
How did you get this number?

JOHNSON (V.0)
It doesn't matter. I need to speak
to you, in person.

WILLIAMS
Why?

JOHNSON (V.0)
I'll explain everything.

WILLIAMS
Where?

JOHNSON (V.0)
The tavern, outside Kennington
train station.

Williams glances at his watch.

WILLIAMS
I'll be there in ten.

INT. THE TAVERN -- LATER

It's quiet and dead. Slow music compresses the air. At the bar Johnson waits. His hand is wrapped round a beer.

Williams arrives. He pans the pub, and spots Johnson. He walks over.

WILLIAMS
So what is it you want to tell me?

Johnson turns around. His face looks bruised and battered. His eyes can hardly open.

JOHNSON
Thanks for coming. I really
appreciate it.

WILLIAMS
It's fine. So what is it?

(CONTINUED)

JOHNSON

Let me get us some drinks and we
can sit down and discuss it.

WILLIAMS

No. I haven't got time. You need to
tell me now.

Johnson swallows the rest of his beer then wipes his mouth.

JOHNSON

Fine. Lets go out back.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

Williams and Johnson walk out the back exit of the pub
into a dark desolate alleyway.

WILLIAMS

So what was so urgent?

JOHNSON

I found some interesting
information on the Adams case.

Johnson takes out a folder from his inside pocket. He hands
it to Williams.

JOHNSON

Adams was a peaceful guy. He never
went looking for trouble so I asked
myself, who would want to kill him.

Williams looks through the folder.

JOHNSON

Then I found a case out about a guy
he ran into last year. His name
Jimmy Sekio. Does he ring a bell.

WILLIAMS

(shakes his head)

No.

JOHNSON

Anyway he is a friend of Jeremy
Patterson.

Williams head rises from the folder.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS

Patterson. He broke of of prison today. What has that got to do with this case?

JOHNSON

Adams arrested Jimmy last year for assault but Jimmy was later released cos' the charges were dropped.

WILLIAMS

Weren't you his partner?

JOHNSON

This was before we were put together. So I spoke to his old partner PC Wilson. He told me Jim and Adams had a long running beef.

WILLIAMS

What about when you were partners?

JOHNSON

He never told me of any beef he had with anyone. He was the nicest guy you could ever meet. He loved helping people.

WILLIAMS

Did you notice anything weird about him.

JOHNSON

What do you mean?

WILLIAMS

Did he act suspicious in any way.

JOHNSON

No. Adams wasn't like that. But there was one thing during the beginning of our partnership.

WILLIAMS

What?

JOHNSON

At the start he used to always wanna split up and go and do his own thing. But it was all cleared. One day I follow him and I discovered where he was going all this time.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS

Where?

JOHNSON

He was helping a girl named Rebecca Benson.

Williams eyes widen. He stares at the ground bewildered.

JOHNSON

After doing more studying I found out she was the girl Jimmy Sekio assaulted, and he was just checking up on her.

Williams holds his mouth as his heart starts to thump wildly.

JOHNSON

What's the matter?

WILLIAMS

What was the name of the girl?

JOHNSON

Rebecca Benson.

WILLIAMS

I need to go.

Williams hands Johnson back his folder.

JOHNSON

Wait. I need your help finding this guy.

Johnson watches Williams walk off into the main road.

JOHNSON

Hey!

EXT. MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

It's almost pitch black. A few night buses stroll through the road.

Tim walks, hands in pockets.. He stops off at a pay phone.

INT. PAY PHONE -- NIGHT

Tim squeezes in and takes out a few pennies; He puts them in and dials a number.

MASON (V.O)
Hello.

TIM
It's me Tim.

INT. HIDEOUT -- NIGHT

Mason moves to a corner and talks quietly.

MASON
Tim. Are you at home?

INTERCUTTING BETWEEN TIME AND MASON DURING PHONE CALL.

TIM
No. I'm in a pay phone on...

Tim looks out of the pay phone.

TIM
Malwood road.

MASON
What happened?

TIM
I got arrested.

MASON
Shit. How the fuck did you get nabbed?

TIM
They came to the house. Went through everything.

MASON
What did they ask you?

TIM
Relax, I didn't say anything.

MASON
Good.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Can you come pick me up?

Mason stays silent.

TIM

Mason, are you still there?

MASON

Take a cab home.

TIM

I ain't got any money.

MASON

Fine. Shit, you took my car as well... All right I'll get a car and pick you up, just stay where you are?

TIM

OK. Later.

MASON

Later.

Tim puts the phone down.

INT. HIDEOUT -- EVENING

Michael puts the phone down, then looks around.

JEREMY

Who was that?

MASON

Tim.

JEREMY

Is there a problem?

Mason pauses and looks at the ground.

MASON

He was in a crash.

JEREMY

Car crash.

MASON

Yeah. He's fine, but the car's destroyed. He needs me to pick him up.

(CONTINUED)

JEREMY

All right.

Mason goes to leave but stops at the sound of Jeremy's voice.

JEREMY (O.S.)

Don't get nabbed by the police.

MASON

I won't.

INT. GRAY HOME -- ROOM -- NIGHT

Gray sits on the floor opposite Linda's bed, phone in ear.

The phone dials and dials but there is no answer.

WILLIAMS (V.O)

I'm sorry you can't reach me at the moment. Please leave a message and I will get right back to you.

Gray throws her phone on the floor.

GRAY

Mum.

Linda wakes up.

LINDA

Julie.

Gray goes and stands beside her.

LINDA

Ah Julie.

GRAY

Mum you OK. I'll get you some water.

Gray turns.

LINDA

Wait don't go. Don't leave me.

Grays stops and goes back to her.

GRAY

I'm not going anywhere.

EXT. BRANDON ESTATE -- NIGHT

Williams parks. He gets out of the car and looks up. He sees the number 14, patched on a door.

INT. BRANDON ESTATE -- STAIRCASE -- NIGHT

Williams walks up the staircase, cold eyed.

INT. BRANDON ESTATE -- FLAT -- FIRST FLOOR -- NIGHT

Williams slowly approaches the number 14 door. He looks around, he sees -

Hooded boys walk around, the crusty walls eroded.

He reaches the door and knocks.

REBECCA (O.S.)
Who is it?

WILLIAMS
Police.

REBECCA unlocks the door and opens it. She looks young and prosperous. She holds a dummy in her hand. Williams brandishes his badge.

REBECCA
What's the problem?

WILLIAMS
I need to speak to a Rebecca Benson.

REBECCA
Yes. That's me.

WILLIAMS
May I come in?

INT. BENSON HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Williams sits down on the couch. The room is cramped and squeezed. Toys engulf the floor.

Rebecca goes and sits down on an opposite chair.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS

Thanks for allowing me into your home. Is your mum or Dad about?

REBECCA

My mums gone out and my Dad died when I was young.

WILLIAMS

Sorry. How old are you Rebecca?

REBECCA

Sixteen. Why are you here? Has it got something to do with my mum?

WILLIAMS

No.

Williams stutters.

WILLIAMS

Do you know a police officer by the name of PC Jack Adams?

REBECCA

Yes. He helped me after I was assaulted.

WILLIAMS

You know how he was murdered on Walworth road last night?

REBECCA

Everybody knows. Really sad, he was a good person.

WILLIAMS

A boy mentioned you were in a relationship with each other.

REBECCA

He was a really good friend.

WILLIAMS

This boy mentioned you were more than friends. You were lovers.

REBECCA

What?

WILLIAMS

You gave birth to his child?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

That's not true. Non of it, it's all lies.

WILLIAMS

Are you lying to me Rebecca?

REBECCA

I'm not.

WILLIAMS

Did you or did you not have a sexual relationship with PC Jack Adams?

REBECCA

No.

A huge cry screams in the background.

WILLIAMS

Who's that?

Rebecca gets up and leaves the room.

A few seconds passes and she is back, holding a baby in arms.

Williams stands in shock.

Rebecca starts crying.

REBECCA

Her names Cassandra. She's Jack Adams' little girl.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- NIGHT

Tim stands with his arms together. A car pulls up beside him.

Mason nods at him. Tim smiles and gets in. Mason drives away.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Tim straps himself in and turns the radio on. Mason immediately turns it off.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Hey.

MASON

I let you go home and you get arrested.

TIM

How is it my thought? I didn't know they would be there.

MASON

I don't think you know what kind of guy we dealing with. Jeremy is no fucking nonsense. He's the most feared guy on ends bro. The drugs, goods...anything, he's got everything on lock.

TIM

How do you know someone like that?

MASON

It's complicated. I've known him since secondary school. We've been through a lot.

TIM

He will get you killed. He will get all of us killed.

Mason stops the car. Tim looks out the window and notices their house.

MASON

You've payed me back for what I did for you. Go home.

Tim angrily opens the door but shuts it back.

TIM

I'm coming with you.

MASON

This ain't your problem.

TIM

It is now. We're family init.

MASON

Don't ruin your life. You can still do something with it.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

If getting Jeremy out of this country is the only way to get you out of this life, then I will help you.

The brothers glare at each other.

TIM (V.O)

It is God's decision when we die.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Williams sits with a haunted look in his face.

TIM (V.O)

But it is our choices which determine the way we die.

INT. GRAY HOME -- NIGHT

Gray stands beside her mother.

TIM (V.O)

Life is more about family than morals.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- TOMKINS OFFICE -- NIGHT

Tomkins stares at his wall, which is filled with pictures and photos of Jeremy, Mason and Jim.

TIM (V.O)

They say you can run but you can't hide.

INT. HIDEOUT -- NIGHT

Jeremy gobbles down a can of cider. Jim laughs and claps.

TIM (V.O)

But you're more likely to survive hiding, than running.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

A light rap song plays as Mason drives.

TIM

What is our next move?

MASON

Getting him out the country.

TIM

How are we gonna do that?

MASON

It all begins tomorrow.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE