

YOU WALK WITH THE DEVIL

"PILOT"

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON- AFTERNOON

ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF LONDON CITY CENTRE.

CUT TO--

EXT. BLOCKED OFF STREET- LONDON- AFTERNOON

The area has been set up for a MUSIC PRESS CONFERENCE. A long table sits in the middle with SIX CHAIRS, each accompanied by A MICROPHONE. JOURNALISTS, PRESS, FANS etc. take their seats opposite the currently EMPTY table.

SECURITY GUARDS surround the area.

ANGLE ON

TWO SECURITY GUARDS (40's), standing, waiting... looking bored.

SECURITY GUARD #1
(to SECURITY GUARD #2)
What time's it start?

SECURITY GUARD #2 checks his watch.

SECURITY GUARD #2
'Bout forty seconds.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Oh.
(beat)
Doing well so far then.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Must've hit a little traffic.

CUT TO-- SHOTS OF HEAVILY CONGESTED TRAFFIC. ALONG THE STREETS. BRIDGES... HARDLY MOVING.

CUT THEN TO--

INT. TOUR BUS- AFTERNOON

A tour bus sits smack bang in the middle of the traffic.

MUSIC MANAGER MAXY JONES (40's) sits at the front of the bus. Next to her is OTHER MUSIC MANAGER, JAMES LOT (50's) who is driving the bus.

Behind them, sitting on the sofas, are the FOUR MEMBERS OF POPULAR BOY GROUP BOYS DURATION (early 20's): MITCHEL, AARON, JAKE AND BEN.

THE GROUP'S PR DENNY BULL (30's) sits at a table nearby. Her eyes are fixated on the work iPad in front of her.

Maxy, stressed, checks her watch-- *very late.*

MAXY

Shit.

JAMES

(calm)
It's ok.

MAXY

We've should've been there ten minutes ago. God, haven't even started and we've already screwed up.

JAMES

We'll get there when we get there.

MAXY

Which is when?

James looks to her. Smiles reassuringly.

JAMES

It'll be fine. Just relax.

She takes a deep breath. Exhales, nodding: *ok, it'll be fine.*

Just as she's letting herself relax--

MITCHEL

(from the back)
Oi, Jimmy boy! We there yet?

Maxy rolls her eyes.

James takes her hand, caressing it.

JAMES

Relax.

EXT. BLOCKED OFF STREET- LONDON- AFTERNOON

The boys now sit at the long table, each with a microphone, opposite the press. James and Maxy sit with them also, their own microphones in front of them.

Denny sits front row opposite.

They are currently in the middle of the conference--

MITCHEL

I mean we are just like, what would you say lads, ecstatic? Two years into our careers and we're, wow, selling out stadiums, it's... we can't believe it. We're just so grateful for everything we've got to look forward to.

JAKE

Yeah, Wembley stadium I'm especially psyched about. My dad used to stage his imaginary gigs there whenever he had a jamming session, belting out songs in the family kitchen. He's both thrilled and jealous as hell-- *love you dad.*

A light laugh from the audience.

A LATINO REPORTER STANDS UP. Addresses the group:

LATINO REPORTER

Could you tell us more about your show production you're bringing to South America?

AARON

Yeah, sure. So what we want to achieve with this tour, what we want to give our fans and all, is something which isn't just a repeat of everything we've done before. So bigger stage, new songs, overall an experience that doesn't just copy the *To Her I Go* tour. And with us starting in places like Columbia, Brazil, Paraguay, you know, we might dabble in a bit of Spanish song. Ben here does know *Mulan* in Spanish.

BEN

Sí. But you might have to pay extra for that.

Another laugh from the audience.

AN ENGLISH REPORTER then stands up--

ENGLISH REPORTER

One for those backstage. Will you be using this tour as a basis for the film coming out next year?

Maxy turns to James. Smiles. *You go.*

James nods. Leaning into the microphone:

JAMES

Honestly I myself can't quite fathom that our boys are selling out stadiums. And to know you have a *film* coming out on top of that, you just can't get your head around it. Not that you'll be seeing much of *me* in it, a bit camera shy you see--

As James keeps talking, Maxy notices something on the surface of the table. She narrows her eyes, taking it in more closely-

-

A MINUSCULE RED DOT. Perfectly still. Motionless like a spider in shock. She thinks nothing of it at first.

THEN IT MOVES-- ACROSS THE TABLE.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We don't want to give away too much, but in essence, yeah, you'll be getting glimpses of life backstage during the *About A Girl* tour, as well as maybe snippets from the *To Her I Go* tour--

The dot stops at James' hand. Remaining still again. The boys and James are too distracted to notice.

Maxy looks over to the buildings AHEAD OF HER--

MAXY'S POV: scanning the buildings, seeing nothing suspicious.

Wary marks her face. She brings her focus back to the dot--

She can't find it.

She looks for it. Unable to locate it.

She sees it again-- ON JAMES' FOREHEAD.

James keeps talking--

JAMES (CONT'D)

I just can't thank the boys, and my
co-manager Maxy here, enough for
the effort they've put in--

MAXY

JAMES!

James turns his head towards her.

SNAP! A bullet HITS, penetrating James' TEMPLE. James collapses in his chair. DEAD INSTANTLY.

Members of the press immediately START SCREAMING. The boys panic, as does Denny. Maxy, looking more shell-shocked than anything, stares at James' dead body with buzzing eyes, not fully registering what's just happened.

Not like other members of the press though, who rise from their seats. Running. Fleeing the scene chaotically like some sort of stampede.

SECURITY is on it quickly. Rushing to the group's aid. Escorting the boys and Denny from their seats.

The panic absorbing the atmosphere persists. People are still screaming, running for their lives as if this were an end of the world type deal. They push and shove, a real survival of the fittest exercise going on here.

WE GO BACK TO MAXY who remains fixated on James' dead body. Slumped over in the chair. Dead eyes staring blankly at her. The hysteria refusing to die down in b.g.

A COUPLE SECURITY GUARDS attend to Maxy, lifting her up out of the chair by the arms--

SECURITY GUARD

M'am we gotta go!

She snaps out of her transfixed state. Obeying them, allowing them to take her away.

As she is exiting from the scene, she looks back towards the body, horror-stricken in expression. A single tear falling from her eye.

EXT. CEMETERY- LONDON- AFTERNOON

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF CEMETERY. Rows upon rows of graves. The ground dotted with trees. Birds chirping in b.g.

ANGLE ON

DETECTIVE FREDDY JUNE (early 30's), slightly immature, a less than passionate member of the law, despite his aptitude. He stands some feet away from his parents MAY AND MATTHEW JUNE (50's) who are in front of a gravestone.

CUT TO-- CLOSE UP ON PICTURE OF A MAN IN POLICE UNIFORM (early 30's) on the gravestone. The stone reads: *IN LOVING MEMORY OF ANTHONY DAVID JUNE. DECEMBER 12TH 1980- MARCH 7TH 2015. TREASURED SON AND DEEPLY BELOVED BROTHER.*

June's mother places a bouquet of flowers on the gravestone. She then starts sobbing, standing back up, clutching her husband's arm.

June looks to his parents. Not with a look of concern or care, rather with one of annoyance.

His phone then rings.

He steps further away from the scene. Answers the call:

JUNE

Hello.

GARCIA (O.S.)

(over phone)

June, it's Garcia. Am I interrupting anything?

June looks over to his parents. His mother continues to cry.

JUNE

Not really.

GARCIA (O.S.)

(over phone)

Any chance you can get down to St James' Street? We've had a shooting.

JUNE

(beat)

Sure. I'll come now.

GARCIA (O.S.)

(over phone)

Great. I'll see you there.

JUNE

Yep.

Garcia hangs up.

June turns back to his parents, already moving off from the grave.

June approaches the grave himself. He stares it down with stoney eyes.

He eyes up the freshly laid flowers.

His eyes shift in the direction of his parents. Then back to the flowers.

After a beat, he picks them up. Walking off with them.

He passes A BIN-- CHUCKING THE FLOWERS IN as he passes by.

INT. BULLPEN- POLICE HEADQUARTERS- LONDON- AFTERNOON

DETECTIVE CHRISTOPHER STEWART (early 30's), down on his luck, in need of a clean shave, sits at a computer, exhausted.

He types up a report. Something incredibly mundane- an injustice really, given his talent. There is paper all over his work station, coffee sitting on top, dangerously close to the edge of the desk.

A GROUP OF COLLEAGUES gather at another section of the bullpen, talking, laughing. Stewart does his best to ignore it.

His phone then PINGS, startling him, causing him to knock the coffee over onto himself:

STEWART

Shit!

He attempts to dab himself clean with HIS JACKET sitting on the back of his seat.

He then looks down at his phone-- A MEMORY FROM TWO YEARS AGO.

He opens it-- INSERT: A VIDEO OF A WOMAN (late 20's) standing on a beach, close to the water. Clearly very windy wherever she is. We hear a MALE VOICE IN B.G.-- the camera operator, egging the woman on, encouraging her to go to the cold water. When the wave comes, it hits her hard, soaking her. We hear the guy laugh in response.

CUT TO-- STEWART looking down at the phone. His look is stoic, we can't really tell what he's thinking.

His colleagues continue to enjoy themselves in b.g. ANOTHER DETECTIVE (30's) then enters the bullpen--

DETECTIVE
(calling out)
Khan, Dougal. Room Five. Now.

DETECTIVE ALI KHAN and DETECTIVE BRYAN DOUGAL (30's) break away from the group. They make their way out of the bullpen. KHAN is a friendly guy, good at his job. DOUGAL, whilst talented himself, is a dickhead, with the maturity of a teenage boy.

They come past Stewart's desk en route, Dougal notices Stewart's lap covered with coffee--

DOUGAL
Supposed to *drink* the coffee
Stewart.

Stewart frowns at Dougal as he walks past.

EXT. STREET- LONDON- AFTERNOON

June's car pulls onto the street, not far from the conference shooting. He parks up. Getting out.

EXT. BLOCKED OFF STREET- CORNERED OFF BY POLICE TAPE- LONDON- AFTERNOON

Currently occupied by UNIFORMS. A CRIME LAB VAN is parked on the street. Some officers have the job of keeping those burning with curiosity from entering the scene of the crime. Some talk with WITNESSES, REPORTERS, some stand with LAB TECHS EXAMINING LOT'S BODY.

June walks through the scene. He sees CHIEF JESÚS GARCIA (50's).

Garcia spots June, waits for him to come over.

GARCIA
Afternoon June.

TYLES
Chief.

GARCIA
A shooting. Since when?

They walk and talk. June could care less about appearing attentive.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

Victim is James Lot, co-manager of boy group Boys Duration. Shot and killed instantly whilst answering a question from a member of the audience during the press conference, held here earlier this afternoon. We've placed everyone that was with Lot outside of central London for now. Our killer is Mr. Nobody right now. The other manager, Maxy Jones, observed what she thought was the target dot of a gun moving across the table during the conference. Claims it reached Lot's forehead right before he was shot. But she never saw where it came from.

JUNE

Course not, 'cos then things would be too easy.

GARCIA

(not up for the bullshit)
I wish they were June, because maybe then I could get home and see my kids *before* they're tucked in for the night.

June backs off.

They continue walking.

ANGLE ON

TABLE WHERE LOT'S BODY STILL SITS.

Garcia and June approach.

LAB TECHS take pictures of the body still slumped over in the chair. Head cocked to the side. Dead eyes still open.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

(to LAB TECHS)
How's it going?

LAB TECH

Well, corpses are the most reliable of posers. They take the whole sitting still thing very seriously.

GARCIA

I'm sorry, do you share the same parents as June? Did they also convince you that comedy was your forte?

June frowns.

LAB TECH

I'm just a poor, misunderstood artist.

JUNE

(to LAB TECH)
Where did the bullet hit him exactly?

LAB TECH

In the temple.

June looks into LOT'S DEAD EYES. A chill runs through him.

JUNE

(to GARCIA)
Any witnesses?

GARCIA

I have one claiming to have seen someone aiming a gun out of one of the windows of a Terrence flat building, across the street from here. They estimate the seventh floor. Another, a resident of the alleged building, claims to have passed a suspicious-looking individual on the stairwell shortly after the time of the shooting, coming down fast apparently.

JUNE

They get a good description?

GARCIA

The witness believes them to have been a white male, their height around maybe six foot two. Looking a little on the *lean* side.

JUNE

Has the seventh floor of this building been checked out already?

GARCIA

Why don't you have a look for yourself? We wouldn't want things to be too easy now, would we?

June presents a fake smile: *ha, ha, hilarious.*

INT. HALLWAY- SEVENTH FLOOR- TERRENCE BUILDING- LONDON- AFTERNOON

June walks down the hallway with ANOTHER POLICE OFFICER (30's).

The flats along the hallway, either side of them, have their doors wide open. OFFICERS occupy the hall, walking in and out of flats, talking to fellow officers, FLAT RESIDENTS dotted about.

OFFICER

Given the witness' account of where they believe the shot was fired from, we believe it happened in one of the few flats coming up on your right here--

They come up to a flat to the left of them, the officer gesturing him in.

POLICE OFFICERS, more LAB TECHS occupy the empty flat.

June walks through with the officer.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Flat here has been unoccupied for over a year. The last occupant Daryl Miles, moved out last September, to Jersey for work. The building's owner Marshall Joy, has been trying to renovate it since then, but there have been a few financial struggles. He claims to be unaware of anyone being in here at any point during its empty occupancy. According to him, no one has access to this room but him. He's down the hall talking to Williams right now, just came in from Camden.

June takes in the squalor-looking flat. The wallpaper is peeling off the walls, the carpet is filthy, what's left of the furniture is broken, remnants discarded across the floor.

JUNE

Better win the lottery fast Joy.
This place looks like Sid and Nancy
holidayed here.

He walks up to the open flat window that looks out onto the street. He peers out of the window--

CUT TO-- JUNE'S POV: looking out onto the crime scene below. Taking it all in. Studying the shooter's angle.

This was no amateur shot.

INT. BULLPEN- POLICE HEADQUARTERS- LONDON- AFTERNOON

Stewart, sitting at his desk, sorts his report into a binder. He looks to the small clock barely breathing under the paper ocean still on his desk.

It reads 7:20. *Time to go.*

He finishes up sorting the report, places other documents in his bag. He gets up, grabbing his coffee-stained coat off the chair. He moves off from his desk.

He crosses the bullpen, stopping to look up at the small TV situated up in the corner of the room. FOOTAGE FROM THE SHOOTING IS SHOWN, A NEWS ANCHORMAN, quiet, reporting over it.

He focuses on it for a moment. Then he moves off-- IMMEDIATELY BUMPING INTO SOMEONE.

STEWART

Shit, sorry--

It is ANOTHER DETECTIVE, male (30's), attractive.

Stewart looks to him, shocked he's here.

This is awkward. Clearly there's some tension.

They stay sharing this air of unpleasantness for a couple more beats.

Then--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Lockingworth!

The detective, LOCKINGWORTH, snaps his head round.

A DETECTIVE (40's) is beckoning him to come over.

Lockingworth looks back at Stewart. He goes to open his mouth-

Stewart begins walking off, not giving him the chance to speak.

STEWART
(to LOCKINGWORTH; bitter)
Congratulations.

INT. JUNE'S CAR (MOVING)- AFTERNOON

June drives down a country road, en route to Maxy and the group.

INT. MAXY AND DENNY'S HOTEL ROOM- OUTSIDE LONDON CITY-
AFTERNOON

CLOSE UP ON TV SCREEN. A NEWS ANCHORWOMAN reports on the shooting:

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN
St James' Street became the scene of chaos today. Group manager James Lot, of popular boy band Boys Duration, was shot dead during the middle of a music conference, whilst addressing a question from the audience--

INSERT: FOOTAGE OF MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE FLEEING THE SCENE; the camera filming the event is very shaky (found footage type deal).

CUT TO-- MAXY, sitting on her hotel bed, watching the footage, her face vacant of expression.

NEWS ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
Members of the conference began fleeing the scene immediately. Officers in attendance did their best to assist all those in the centre of the crisis. As of yet, no one has been identified as a potential suspect--

DENNY ENTERS THROUGH THE MIDDLE DOOR connecting the room to the boys'.

DENNY
(to MAXY)
They're here.

INT. BOYS' HOTEL ROOM- OUTSIDE LONDON CITY- AFTERNOON

The boys sit with Maxy and Denny ACROSS FROM JUNE. OFFICER THORPE (30's) stands in the corner of the room. Keeping guard.

Whilst the boys and Denny remain shaken up after today's events, Maxy doesn't appear all too emotional. It's like she's still in shock.

June, notepad in hand, questions them about the shooting. Hardly showing much interest, he treats the questioning as routine and nothing more.

JUNE

So just to clarify, you only saw the target dot *during* Mr. Lot's talk, never before?

Maxy doesn't respond.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Miss Jones?

Denny places her hand on Maxy's arm:

DENNY

Maxy?

Maxy looks to her, then to June.

MAXY

I'm sorry, could you repeat the question?

JUNE

You only saw the target dot *during* Mr. Lot's talk, never before?

MAXY

Uh, yes. That is correct.

JUNE

And you never saw where it came from?

MAXY

No. I didn't.

June turns to the others.

JUNE

How about *you guys*? Did you see anything?

MITCHEL/ AARON
No. Nothing. BEN

Jake shakes his head. As does Denny.

JUNE
Right. Now did any of you encounter any odd behavior from anyone at this event, or maybe during your trip here? Anyone you might've deemed a little suspicious?

They say no.

JUNE (CONT'D)
What about back home? Any strange occurrences there with anybody?

They say no.

JUNE (CONT'D)
And Mr. Lot--

June suddenly becomes light-headed, throwing his hand up to his head, closing his eyes momentarily.

JUNE (CONT'D)
(trying to fight it)
Uh, was he... was he on bad terms with anyone at all? He ever raise any concerns about... about certain individuals?

They say no.

JUNE (CONT'D)
Ok.

The others register his discomfort.

DENNY
Sir, are you ok?

JUNE
(nods)
Mm-hmm.

He opens his eyes, shrugging it off momentarily.

JUNE (CONT'D)
Right, well we'll resume this later.

(MORE)

JUNE (CONT'D)

For now, we have Officer Thorpe and Officer Ray on standby for you. Try and... get some rest. We'll talk soon.

He stands up slowly. Proceeding to walk out of the room.

OFFICER THORPE follows him out.

Denny turns to the others.

DENNY

Ok well, you heard him... let's try and get some rest.

The boys look to her: *you serious?*

Maxy says nothing.

EXT. CAR PARK- OUTSIDE HOTEL- OUTSIDE LONDON CITY- CONTINUOUS

June, still feeling dizzy, walks away from the hotel, crossing the empty car park to his car.

We see OFFICER RAY (30's) standing outside the door to the boys' hotel room in b.g.

As June crosses the car park, we can observe that the hotel is in a very remote location, in the middle of nowhere it seems.

OFFICER THORPE MOVES AFTER HIM:

THORPE

Oi, June.
(catching up)
Mate, you alright?

JUNE

Yep. Perfect.

THORPE

I might beg to differ.

JUNE

(almost defensive)
Well I'm fine. Really. I'll talk to you soon.

Thorpe, not completely convinced, makes his way back towards the hotel.

June gets to his car, unlocking it. Getting in--

INT. JUNE'S CAR (STATIONARY)- CONTINUOUS

June gets in, shutting the door.

Beat.

JUNE

Ah, fuck me.

He opens up the glove compartment on the passenger's side-- taking out A BLUE BAG, about the size of a first aid kit.

He unzips it-- retrieving A PREFILLED INSULIN PEN AND NEEDLE.

He snaps on the needle to the pen, dials the dosage. He then lifts up his shirt-- he INJECTS THE INSULIN INTO HIS STOMACH. Waiting ten seconds.

He then removes the needle, covering his stomach with his shirt again.

He chucks the needle to the ground of the passenger seat beside him, the kit in the back.

He takes a deep breath. Leans back in his seat. Closing his eyes.

INT. FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT- LONDON- EVENING

A chill ambiance. The interior is lit with a nice amber hue. Gentle piano music plays in b.g.

Stewart sits with his parents DENNIS AND SHERYL (late 50's) at a dinner table. Good people who care deeply about their son.

This is a place you never dine at unless on special occasions, or in Stewart's case, for which he is greatly embarrassed, someone else is paying for you.

Stewart and his parents wait for their menus. Stewart remains visibly uncomfortable.

SHERYL

(off Stewart's discomfort)
You ok sweetie?

STEWART

Hmm? I'm fine.

SHERYL

How's work been going?

STEWART

(it's shit)
Same old same old.

DENNIS

We heard about that shooting. Scary stuff. You know much about it?

STEWART

Not my case.

DENNIS

Right, sure.

They receive their menus from their WAITER (20's).

They give them a look over. Very lavish descriptions. Very high prices. Stewart doesn't feel too great about it.

After a beat:

STEWART

You guys want to try somewhere else? Somewhere where the food isn't so... *much*?

DENNIS

Son, we already told you it's on us.

STEWART

I know and I appreciate that, but--

DENNIS

Let us treat you. We know things are... well, with everything that's happened in the last few years--

His son looks to him: *please not now*.

Dennis stops there. Drops it.

Sheryl swoops in:

SHERYL

Look, everyone once in a while is allowed to pretend they're a royal or whatever, dining like one occasionally. I mean the world is a stage, and we are just actors and actresses. Pretending is what we're good at, it's what we enjoy.

STEWART

(correcting)
*All the world's a stage. And all
 the men and women merely players.*

SHERYL

Oh. Well you get where I was going
 with that.

Dennis places his hand on top of his wife's:

DENNIS

It was a good attempt babe. We
 acknowledge it as such.

Stewart goes back to his menu.

The waiter appears shortly, pen already poised, ready to take
 the order.

WAITER

What can I get you?

SHERYL

Well I would like the bottarga.
 Never heard of it, and I'm always
 up for trying new things.

WAITER

(to DENNIS)
 And you sir?

DENNIS

(reading)
 The... Fiorentina steak. *Have heard*
of it, and I'm never up for trying
new things.

The waiter turns to Stewart. His go.

Stewart scans the menu again, still not sure what to get.

STEWART

Uh, I'll have the seafood risotto,
 because... I enjoy what lies in
 between.

The waiter takes the menus and walks away, clearly not amused
 by the amateur comedy act just performed here.

DENNIS

That wasn't great son.

STEWART

Right 'cos you had him in stitches,
did you?

SHERYL

(to DENNIS)
Never up for trying new things?
Well it's obvious I didn't marry
you for your adventurous side.

DENNIS

Ok now...

SHERYL

I guess I've got to be grateful
that my son at least *tried* to go
for an in between... couldn't live
knowing I'd have *two* blank canvases
to deal with.

DENNIS

(to STEWART)
God, your mother's mean.

Stewart smiles, amused.

He then darts his eyes unintentionally towards the entrance
to the restaurant. A WOMAN (early 30's), attractive, walks
in.

There's something familiar about her. At closer inspection...
we see it is THE WOMAN FROM THE VIDEO ON STEWART'S PHONE.

She walks in with A MAN... LOCKINGWORTH.

Lockingworth has his arm wrapped loosely around her shoulder.
They approach the hostess stand. The woman has her hand
resting on her stomach.

Stewart's face drops.

STEWART

Oh fuck.

SHERYL

(shocked at the language)
Christopher.

Dennis and Sheryl follow his eye back to the woman.

They realize.

SHERYL (CONT'D)

Oh.

The girl locks eyes with their table. Her own face bearing an *oh fuck* expression.

Stewart shoots up--

STEWART
I need the loo.

DENNIS
Now son--

STEWART
I'll be back soon.

He moves off quickly from the table.

Sheryl and Dennis watch him go. Sad for him.

They then look back to the woman and Lockingworth. Taking the latter in more closely.

DENNIS
I know we hate him, but--

SHERYL
That's a dreamboat if ever I saw one.

DENNIS
(nodding)
Mmm.

INT. MENS' TOILETS- FANCY ITALIAN RESTAURANT- LONDON- EVENING

Stewart moves quickly into the toilets.

He crosses to the sink. Looks into the mirror.

He reflects. Sighs in response.

STEWART
Congratulations? Are you serious?

He continues staring when-- his phone rings.

He answers.

STEWART (CONT'D)
Hello?

GARCIA (O.S.)
(over phone)
Evening Stewart, it's Garcia.

STEWART

Oh. Evening sir. What can I do for you?

GARCIA (O.S.)

(over phone)
I'm calling in regards to the St James' shooting. You free to talk?

STEWART

Ah, yes. I am.

GARCIA (O.S.)

(over phone)
Right, so I've had an officer back out of the investigation due to a family emergency. Our team's a little short as a result. I'm wondering if there's any chance you could take over?

STEWART

(beat)
Yes, of course. I can do that.

GARCIA (O.S.)

(over phone)
Good. I'm at the station until ten if you can make it. I can go over some things.

STEWART

Sure, I'll come now.

GARCIA (O.S.)

(over phone)
Ok. Thanks Stewart.

Garcia hangs up.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM- APARTMENT BLOCK- LONDON- EVENING

June sleeps in his bed.

After a moment--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(like a whisper)
Hey. Freddy.

June wakes. He sits up, looking over to where the voice is coming from off-screen--

His eyes widen. His jaw drops slightly. He sits there motionless.

At the end of the bed sits ANTHONY JUNE. Hunched over. But he looks far from photo ready here: his body is wasting away, he looks skeletal.

He holds onto an IV machine that is hooked up to him.

He smiles almost crookedly at June.

ANTHONY

It didn't hurt too much today.

Not a muscle in June's body moves.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Why don't you come here?

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM- APARTMENT BLOCK- PRESENT- LONDON- EVENING

June jolts up into a seating position, breathing rapidly.

June looks to the end of the bed. Anthony is not there.

June starts to take longer, much more relaxed breaths.

Eventually he lies back in bed.

INT. BOYS' HOTEL ROOM- OUTSIDE LONDON CITY- MORNING

CLOSE UP ON TV. *Spongebob* is on.

PAN OUT TO REVEAL-- THE BOYS vacantly watching the screen.

INT. MAXY AND DENNY'S HOTEL ROOM- OUTSIDE LONDON CITY- SAME TIME

Denny sleeps in her bed.

Maxy sits at a desk, on her laptop. Looking restless. She browses news articles about the shooting.

Her phone BUZZES.

She picks it up-- A NOTIFICATION FOR A FAN MEET AND GREET IN BRIGHTON, 3PM.

She deletes it. Being left with her SCREEN PHOTO: HER AND JAMES TOGETHER, SMILING, HAPPY.

She stares only a moment, before placing the phone back on the desk.

She goes back to browsing articles.

She does this for a few more beats then-- HER SCREEN GOES STATIC-- IT SHUTS OFF-- GOING BLACK.

MAXY

What--

She presses random keys. Nothing.

A PROMPT THEN APPEARS:

Sleep well?

Maxy stares at the screen.

Guess who.

Maxy doesn't move for a few beats. Then, very slowly, she types in: WHO ARE YOU.

:(

Can't you guess?

Maxy sits there for a beat. Then she types: NO.

:(

A couple beats. Maxy does nothing.

She then types in again: WHO ARE YOU.

Gun's still loaded.

WHO ARE YOU.

Tell your police friends.

WHY.

Beat.

No need to put a bullet in any more of you.

Beat.

Chat soon.

TK.

XXX

The screen GOES BLACK. SHUTTING OFF COMPLETELY.

Maxy stares at the laptop screen, with alert eyes.

She shuts the laptop.

INT. STAFF ROOM- POLICE HEADQUARTERS- LONDON- MORNING

June, arms folded, looking tired, coffee in front of him, sits with Khan and Dougal at the table in the centre of the room. Waiting.

June watches Dougal as he devours a cinnamon swirl. Hardly an elegant eater.

Dougal studies June's tired expression as he eats.

DOUGAL

Bloody hell June, you look like the Walking Dead just finished shooting.

JUNE

(sarcastic)
Yes, we did overrun today.

KHAN

How much longer do we need to wait for Stewart?

JUNE

He had to liaise with Irons about a couple things regarding his previous case. But either way, I'd say he'll be a little bit longer than Dougal will inhaling that cinnamon swirl.

DOUGAL

You think just 'cos you're in charge you can put the rest of us down June?

JUNE

No. But I can sure offer my expertise on how to eat like a regular human being.

DOUGAL

(eating swirl)
Up yours June.

JUNE

(the thought of it)
Oh God no.

KHAN

(to BOTH)
What are you guys, twelve-years-
old?

INT. CORRIDOR- POLICE HEADQUARTERS- LONDON- MORNING

Stewart walks up the corridor to the staff room.

His phone rings--

He looks at the caller ID: KAYLEE.

Stewart stares at the screen a moment. Then rejects the call.

He keeps on walking.

INT. STAFF ROOM- POLICE HEADQUARTERS- LONDON- MORNING

Stewart reaches the open door, knocking.

June, Dougal and Khan, still seated at the table, turn their attention to him.

STEWART

Hi. Sorry I'm late.

JUNE

It's fine. Come in.

Stewart comes to sit at the table.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(to STEWART)
You spoke with Garcia last night?

STEWART

Uh, yeah, I did. I think I'm up to date on everything.

DOUGAL

Now wait a minute Stewart, if you're here, then who's attending to the crap on your desk? I say you might want to hire a cleaning service.

JUNE

Kindly shut up Dougal.

He does.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Great, moving on. Techs got back to us on details regarding the bullet used to kill Lot, which we already know was identified as a .338 Lapua Magnum cartridge. They've checked for serial numbers on the casing, attempted DNA extraction, but all results have come back inconclusive.

Khan nods his head:

KHAN

Good news.

Beat.

STEWART

The ammunition involved was suited for the calibre of a L115A3 rifle, is that right?

JUNE

Mmm-hmm.

STEWART

Garcia suggested the suspect might've been employed in the military as a result.

JUNE

Yep.

KHAN

Expensive stuff, that rifle.
(as if in a daydream)
But boy, can you go the distance with it.

DOUGAL

Fucking guns, are you Khan?

KHAN

I used one when I was in the armed forces. And I can tell you that the L115A3 is sold exclusively to clients working within the military. It is not accessible to the general public, therefore, the likeliness of getting a hold of this weapon outside of military circles is... unlikely.

(MORE)

KHAN (CONT'D)

I mean it's not impossible, nothing ever is, but...

JUNE

You know who manufactures them?

KHAN

I want to say... "*Accuracy International*"? I think they're based in Portsmouth or something.

JUNE

Well I guess that's a starting point.

AN OFFICER (20's) knocks at the door.

OFFICER

Uh, we just got a call from the Boys Duration lot. Hacking of some sort apparently.

INT. MAXY AND DENNY'S HOTEL ROOM- OUTSIDE LONDON CITY-
MORNING

Similar setup to before: the boys, Denny and Maxy one side, June, now joined by Stewart, on the other.

JUNE

What time did this hacking take place?

MAXY

About eight thirty.

JUNE

And can you describe what happened exactly?

MAXY

(beat)
My screen shut down. Some messages came up.

June opens his mouth to ask the next question, but then Stewart takes his turn to speak:

STEWART

What did they say?

Beat. Maxy addresses Stewart now.

MAXY

They wanted me to guess who they were.

STEWART

Were you able to answer them?

MAXY

No.

(beat)

I mean I told them I didn't know... who they were.

STEWART

Then what?

MAXY

They... they threatened to kill more of us if... if I didn't tell you about it.

JUNE

You mean the police?

MAXY

Yes.

Beat.

STEWART

Did they say anything else?

MAXY

They said goodbye.

STEWART

And that was it?

Long beat.

A little too long.

MAXY

They signed off with... with TK.

JUNE

"T-K"?

MAXY

Yes.

JUNE

Any idea what "TK" could stand for?

Long beat.

MAXY

No. No I don't.

Stewart keeps his eyes on Maxy, somewhat skeptical.

Something doesn't seem quite right here.

Maxy picks up on it. But says nothing.

INT. JUNE'S CAR (MOVING)- MORNING

June drives with Stewart.

After a moment June turns to Stewart, the latter in deep thought.

JUNE

What's on your mind?

STEWART

(beat)
I'm sorry?

JUNE

You just...
(shrugs shoulders)
I dunno. What are you thinking?

STEWART

(beat)
What time did we get the call about
the hacking?

JUNE

Uh, just after nine, I think. Why?

STEWART

Jones said she was hacked when?

JUNE

She said around eight thirty.

Beat.

STEWART

When someone threatens to kill you,
or someone else, don't you call the
police as soon as you can?
Especially when the one threatening
you *insists on it*?

JUNE

Uh, yeah, that is usually how it goes.

STEWART

It took Jones over thirty minutes to make that call. Their lives were potentially on the line, all she had to do was call. But she waited. Why? And TK...

JUNE

You think she was lying about not knowing who TK was?

STEWART

Maybe.

JUNE

Hmm.

The watch on June's wrist BEEPS.

He glances at it.

GLUCOSE: 70. LOW.

Shit.

INT. MAXY AND DENNY'S HOTEL ROOM- OUTSIDE LONDON CITY-
MORNING

Maxy, alone in the room, standing, dials a number on her phone.

She lets it ring. Looking towards the boys' room. Her expression appearing almost vigilant.

The number goes to voicemail--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(over voicemail)

Hi you've reached Harry of Jeff Stone Records. I can't get to the phone right now, but if you leave a message I'll get back to you as soon as I can. For recording booth hire, please contact Adrian Grey on 07891678550. Thank you--

BEEP--

MAXY

Hi, it's me. I'm sure you've heard about... about James, and... Harry, my computer got hacked this morning, by someone called TK. It could mean nothing, but... could you ring me back, please? I need to talk to you. Ok, bye.

She hangs up.

She remains standing. More apprehensive after that call.

INT. STAFF ROOM- POLICE HEADQUARTERS- LONDON- AFTERNOON

June and Stewart walk into the room with JEREMY BELL (30's), colleague, former hacker- kind of how he landed himself a job here.

Bell carries MAXY'S COMPUTER.

BELL

Pull up some chairs.

June and Stewart do so. Setting them up at Bell's desk. ANOTHER LAPTOP already sits on top.

JUNE

How long will it take?

BELL

Not sure.

JUNE

Estimated time?

BELL

Learn a thing called patience June.

Bell sits in the middle of the two, in his desk chair.

He opens up Maxy's laptop. Hooks it up to his via a few cables. Getting to work.

He navigates his way through the servers, typing in code ON HIS LAPTOP. June and Stewart observe.

June's eyes glance over at a mug sitting on the corner of the desk, a thermal sleeve over it. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON is printed on the material.

JUNE

When exactly did you start hacking Bell?

BELL

Twelve. Successfully at fourteen.

JUNE

And you studied *what* at university?

BELL

Criminology.

Stewart tries to hide an amused smile. As does June.

JUNE

Interesting.

Bell looks at them both for a brief second, not amused, then returns back to the screen.

BELL

I'm a practical learner.

JUNE

Sure. I mean I know I learnt the anatomy of murder through mutilating a few people.

BELL

With a push of a button, I can fuck up your life June.

Beat.

STEWART

(re: hacking)
So how's it going?

BELL

Still checking the data traffic, looking for any possible intrusions. Might take a while if your guy's any good at their job.

Bell continues for a few beats, the others watch the screen.

Stewart points to something on the screen--

STEWART

Wait. What's that?

A file has turned up on screen. It reads: TK0726.

JUNE

TK.

BELL

Looks like it entered the server at about eight thirty am this morning.

STEWART

The time Jones was hacked.

JUNE

(to BELL)

Can you enter the file?

Bell does. A spurt of files pours down the page.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Well?

BELL

Hold on.

The files keep pouring.

A CERTAIN FILE then appears at the bottom:

COMEFINDME.TXT.

JUNE

(sarcastic)

Well that doesn't look suspicious at all.

Bell opens it.

66 BULLINGTON STREET. ST. CHAPPERFIELD.

STEWART

Chapperfield.

BELL

(grinning)

Well gentlemen, looks like you have a fun game of cat and mouse ahead of you.

EXT. CITY STREET- NEAR BULLINGTON- LONDON- AFTERNOON

June and Stewart drive down a rather degenerate-looking street, passing shops etc.

EXT. 66 BULLINGTON STREET- ST. CHAPPERFIELD- LONDON- AFTERNOON

The car pulls up to an old dilapidated property on a main shopping street. Big glass windows look into an old office building of some sort. A closed shop from many moons ago.

June and Stewart exit the car. Crossing over to the building.

June and Stewart come to the door. It is unlocked. June and Stewart look to each other. Nodding. Moving in--

INT. MAIN RECEPTION- 66 BULLINGTON STREET- ST. CHAPPERFIELD- LONDON- CONTINUOUS

The area is small. Dark. Natural light appears resistant to casting itself through the windows.

There is a reception desk, some waiting chairs, an old TV mounted up in the corner, a water cooler.

June and Stewart move further in.

Up ahead is a corridor, leading to different rooms. Doors open.

June and Stewart proceed with caution down--

INT. CORRIDOR- 66 BULLINGTON STREET- ST. CHAPPERFIELD- LONDON- CONTINUOUS

June takes to the right, Stewart the left.

The rooms contain desks, chairs, old filing cabinets. Discarded business banners etc. These rooms appear to have been old rented office spaces of some sort.

June and Stewart eventually meet in the middle.

June mouths to Stewart: *anything?*

Stewart shakes his head.

They start to move further up the corridor--

They then hear a voice. Then another. Both muffled.

Coming from a room up ahead.

They move up. Approaching the door to the room.

It is shut. But the muffled voices are still heard.

June turns to Stewart. He counts up with his fingers: *one, two--*

He proceeds to kick the door down. Moving into--

INT. ROOM- 66 BULLINGTON STREET- ST. CHAPPERFIELD- LONDON-
CONTINUOUS

June and Stewart rush into the room--

JUNE
POLICE! GET YOUR HA--

THERE'S NO ONE HERE.

The voices that are heard are coming from a FILM PROJECTED
ONTO THE WALL TO THE LEFT OF THEM.

The reel shows a GIRL (19 or 20), pretty, appearing soft in
nature, holding a guitar, sitting in front of a microphone,
in a RECORDING BOOTH.

The girl starts strumming her guitar, singing.

With a beautiful, angelic voice, she carries herself smoothly
through the chorus of a gentle, but sad-sounding
indie/folksong.

A WOMAN OFF-SCREEN interrupts her after a moment:

WOMAN (O.S.)
Sorry hun, can I just interject a
sec?

GIRL
(stopping)
Uh, yeah. Of course. Go ahead.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Stick with the major seven chord we
mentioned earlier. Sounds too
depressing right now, I think.

GIRL
Oh. Ok.

She switches chords. Strumming her guitar again, singing.

Hmm, yes, it does sound happier now.

As she sings, June's eyes explore the room. Stewart remains
watching the reel.

The film is shown by a projector sitting on a table on the
opposite side of the room.

A USB FLASH DRIVE is slotted into the side of the projector.

The girl keeps singing.

June crosses over to the projector. Inspects the USB DRIVE.

The girl's about to reach the end of the chorus when-- IT SUDDENLY CUTS OFF. RETURNING TO THE BEGINNING OF THE REEL SHORTLY AFTER. Where the girl sits in the recording booth with her guitar, talking with the WOMAN OFF-SCREEN:

WOMAN (O.S.)

Well you must have *some* aspirations.

GIRL

I mean, it's not that I want to be anyone else exactly, but... I guess you know, I'd like a sound like Taylor Swift or... Fiona Apple. Yeah, maybe more Apple.

WOMAN (O.S.)

I'd say that's achievable. So come on then, let's hear it.

GIRL

Ok. Thank you.

The girl quickly sorts through presumably her sheet music. Getting them in order.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Everything ok?

GIRL

Yeah, I just... I lost where I was. I'm sorry.

WOMAN (O.S.)

It's ok. Don't worry.

GIRL

Ok.

She eventually figures it out.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Ok, I'm good. I'm ready.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Great.

And we're back to her singing again.

June and Stewart watch the footage again.

The girl smiles, initially a little nervous. That soon lifts the more she gets into it.

She keeps playing. Pausing to have that conversation with the off-screen woman we observed earlier.

We approach the end of the film again-- we see the girl's eyes briefly shift to something off-screen--

We then CUT BACK TO-- THE BEGINNING OF THE FOOTAGE AGAIN. To her talking to the woman.

Stewart remains focused on the girl. June studies Stewart's concentration.

JUNE

What is it?

Nothing.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Stewart?

STEWART

(beat)
Her face.

JUNE

What?

STEWART

Watch her face. At the end.

June does.

He registers AN EXPRESSION OF DISCOMFORT ON THE GIRL'S FACE after her eyes shift to whatever it is she sees off-screen.

It cuts again-- GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING AGAIN.

JUNE

Huh. Wonder what happened there?

Stewart says nothing. Thinks.

INT. MAIN RECEPTION- 66 BULLINGTON STREET- ST. CHAPPERFIELD- LONDON- AFTERNOON

OFFICERS gather in the reception area.

Khan and Dougal, the latter holding a BLACK COMPUTER BAG, walk through the open entrance door, into the reception. Walking along the corridor towards--

INT. ROOM- 66 BULLINGTON STREET- ST. CHAPPERFIELD- LONDON-
CONTINUOUS

Khan and Dougal walk in. Meeting Stewart and June.

The film is no longer being projected on the wall.

DOUGAL

(as he walks in)

You can rest easy now boys. We're
here.

JUNE

(sardonic)

Praise be to God. You got it?

DOUGAL

(opening bag; removing laptop)

The crappiest one I could find.

Dougal crosses to the table.

Opens up the laptop. Logging in.

He then puts latex gloves on.

DOUGAL (CONT'D)

Got the stick?

June, wearing gloves also, hands it to him. Dougal inserts it
into the computer.

He clicks the USB ICON-- it takes him to the ONLY TWO FILES
stored on the stick.

The AUDITION FILM is shown as one of the files available.
Dougal clicks on it--

WOMAN (O.S.)

Well you must have *some*
aspirations.

Khan and Dougal watch for the first time. June and Stewart
revise it.

GIRL

I mean, it's not that I want to be
anyone else exactly, but... I guess
you know, I'd like a sound like
Taylor Swift or... Fiona Apple.
Yeah, maybe more Apple.

They keep going. Reaching that final bit--

June pauses it ON HER UNEASY FACE.

DOUGAL
Ok. Explain.

JUNE
Deduce her expression.

Both Dougal and Khan study her face.

DOUGAL
Uh, she looks... alert.

KHAN
Uncomfortable.
(to June)
Do you know who this is?

JUNE
No.
(beat)
Click the next file.

Dougal goes to click the next file--

LOCKED.

JUNE (CONT'D)
Great.

KHAN
Gotta work for it I guess.

Long beat.

Stewart's eyes light up. Recalling something.

STEWART
(to JUNE)
What was that file called that Bell
hacked into? The one we opened?

JUNE
Uh... *COMEFINDME*—something.

STEWART
And the one before that?

JUNE
(beat; thinking a little harder)
Ah, TK... I'm not sure.

Stewart thinks about it.

He then reaches for the keyboard. Types in: TK0726. UNLOCKING THE FILE.

A blank screen. AN AUDIO RECORDING PLAYS OVER:

WOMAN (V.O.)

But you understand that you can't say anything, right?

We hear a quiet SNIFFLE, followed by:

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

Yes.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I get this might be a little... hard for you right now. But eventually it won't be.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

(uncertain)
Really?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Yes really. You still want to achieve those dreams, right?

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

Yes. I do.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Then forget the whole thing. Otherwise it's bye-bye to all that.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

(beat)
Ok.

WOMAN (V.O.)

It's not even that big a deal. Happens all the time. Just how it is.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

(taking deep breath)
Just how it is.

The audio ends there.

Long beat.

KHAN

Well, I'd say someone's up to something.

EXT. 66 BULLINGTON STREET- ST. CHAPPERFIELD- LONDON-
AFTERNOON

Stewart stands outside the building with Dougal.

They stand there in silence.

Then--

DOUGAL

What were you working on before
this Stewart?

STEWART

(beat)
The Grahams case.

DOUGAL

(coming across a little
condescending)
The tax refund scandal?

Stewart's not sure if that's meant to come across as
insulting or not.

STEWART

Yes, the tax refund scandal.

DOUGAL

Huh. Well I imagine you're pretty
annoyed to be given this shit. I
mean that last case must've been a
hell of a rollercoaster for you.

STEWART

(annoyed)
I've done homicide plenty.

DOUGAL

You get demoted or something?

Stewart frowns, but says nothing.

He has a point though. Sometimes it does feel like it.

June then walks out of the building.

Stewart's PHONE PINGS--

He looks to his phone-- INSERT PHONE SCREEN-- A MESSAGE FROM
KAYLEE: *Can we talk? Please.*

Stewart shoves the phone back in his pocket.

June heads to his car. Stewart follows.

Dougal starts to walk towards his own vehicle:

DOUGAL (CONT'D)
Right, see you ladies at the
station.

Dougal gets into his car. Starts the engine. Drives off.

JUNE
Fuck that guy.

Stewart says nothing. But he smiles. Glad the feeling's mutual.

June gets into the driver's seat. Stewart the passenger's.

INT. JUNE'S CAR (STATIONARY)- CONTINUOUS

June fiddles with his car keys.

Stewart buckles up.

His eyes shift unintentionally to the floor of the car--

He spots something. Narrowing his eyes--

AN EMPTY NEEDLE.

He looks to June, preoccupied with starting the engine. Stewart's eyes go back to the needle. Unsure at first. But soon realizing what it is.

He drops the subject from his mind. Changing it--

STEWART
(re: SINGER)
What do you think made her drop the
happy demeanour in that video?
Someone walking into the room?
Someone she... may have had a bad
encounter with? You think that's
the reason for the crying in the
audio file?

As he speaks, a car with DARK WINDOWS, pulls up across the street from them.

JUNE
You assume it was *her* crying?

Stewart debates this. An interesting theory.

Just as June buckles up, getting ready to drive off, Stewart makes eye contact with the CAR ACROSS THE STREET--

A window rolls down-- Stewart sees a hand. Makes out what appears to be A CHRISTIAN CROSS TATTOO ACROSS THE DORSAL PART OF THEIR HAND--

THE HAND IS WRAPPED AROUND A GUN. POINTED STRAIGHT AT THEM.

Stewart responds quickly--

STEWART

GET DOWN!

JUNE

Wha--

He follows Stewart's eye-- sees the gun--

Both Stewart and June duck as-- *BANG! A SHOT IS FIRED-- A BULLET PASSING THROUGH STEWART'S WINDOW, THEN HITTING JUNE'S.*

The gunman quickly rolls up the window. DRIVING OFF.

JUNE (CONT'D)

FUCK!

STEWART

ARE YOU OK?!

June immediately steers the car out of its spot-- racing after the gunman. Sirens a blazing.

INT. JUNE'S CAR (MOVING)- CONTINUOUS

June and Stewart chase the GUNMAN'S CAR up the street.

CUT TO--

EXT. MAIN STREET- ST. CHAPPERFIELD- CONTINUOUS

The gunman's car BOLTS DOWN THE STREET. June and Stewart follow.

The gunman weaves in and out of traffic.

Though it's a struggle, June and Stewart manage to keep up.

THE TRAFFIC LIGHT UP AHEAD TURNS RED. The gunman does not stop-- they SOAR ACROSS THE FOUR WAY JUNCTION-- onto the other side.

June and Stewart cross over just in time, mildly avoiding collision.

They continue to pursue the gunman.

The gunman moves further down the street-- before taking a quick sharp turn to the right-- onto a side street. Very narrow.

June does his best to swerve right in time-- wheel going up onto the pavement as he does-- coming back onto the road shortly after.

The gunman keeps driving, clipping the sides of parked vehicles as they do. June succeeds with avoiding this problem.

The gunman moves back onto another main street. Flying across another junction. June and Stewart come after them, approaching the junction when--

The traffic ahead starts moving. From both sides. Blocking June and Stewart's access.

JUNE

FUCK!

Stewart eyes up the gunman's car straight ahead. He sees them turn right. Onto another street.

He shifts his eyes to the street coming up on his immediate right.

STEWART

Go right.

JUNE

What?

STEWART

Go right.

June waits for opportunity. GOES RIGHT.

They drive up the street. Stewart keeps his eyes on the street to his left. A row of houses sits in front, but in between the gaps of the properties you can see ANOTHER STREET ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Stewart searches for the gunman... HE SEES THEM THROUGH AN OPEN GAP.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Keep going.

June does.

Stewart's eyes dart forward, before turning back.

The gunman's car continues to shoot through the gaps.

Stewart looks up ahead. Sees a GREEN TRAFFIC LIGHT.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Left lane.

June gets in the left lane.

Stewart looks to the gunman again. Then shifting focus back onto the traffic light turning amber. Then the turning.

They keep driving. Coming up to the light. The gunman keeps going on *their* side.

As the light turns red--

STEWART (CONT'D)

Left! Now!

June RIPS LEFT. Narrowly avoiding a couple cars as they go to pass.

They end up on another main street as-- THE GUNMAN'S CAR SHOOT PAST THEM ON THE STREET THAT CROSSES OVER AHEAD OF THEM.

June and Stewart turn right. Following the gunman onto--

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY- CONTINUOUS

June REVS through the traffic-- trying his best to catch up to the gunman. Watching the needle on the speedometer get higher and higher.

The gunman races through traffic.

The gunman shortly exits off the dual carriageway. June and Stewart do the same. They follow the gunman as they fly over the roundabout. Coming onto--

EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS

June and Stewart follow the gunman down the street.

JUNE

(re: GUNMAN)

Where the fuck are you going?

The gunman takes a turn to the left. Onto a dead end street.

They drive down it. June and Stewart following.

The gunman comes up to the locked gates of an OLD WAREHOUSE OF SOME SORT.

STEWART

They're not...

JUNE

Yep.

The gunman's car SMASHES THROUGH THE GATES, THEN THE WOODEN DOORS TO THE WAREHOUSE-- driving in.

June and Stewart follow. Entering--

INT. WAREHOUSE- DEAD END STREET- CONTINUOUS

June and Stewart follow the gunman through the EMPTY warehouse.

They hit remnants of the old warehouse. Scraps of various pieces of wood, metal etc.

They get closer to the gunman-- reaching the end of the warehouse.

STEWART

(nervous)
There's an end.

JUNE

I know.

As the gunman reaches the back wall of the warehouse-- they SUDDENLY SCREECH TO A HALT, STOPPING.

June and Stewart do the same. Remaining a little distance away.

The gunman's engine remains on.

June and Stewart wait. Anticipating.

Nothing is happening. The gunman's car does not move.

INT. JUNE'S CAR (STATIONARY)- CONTINUOUS

June and Stewart wait, unsure what to do.

We see through the windshield the gunman's car continuing to sit there. The rear headlights still on.

It doesn't move.

THEN THE HEADLIGHTS SUDDENLY TURN OFF.

June goes to open his door.

STEWART

Wait.

June does. Closing the door.

Stewart opens up the glove compartment. Digging around--
FETCHING OUT BINOCULARS.

He uses them to see into the interior of the gunman's car--

STEWART'S POV: Stewart's eyes wander about the interior.
Drawing attention to the front seats. He studies the driver's
seat-- he sees a body with a straight posture sitting
completely still in it.

STEWART (CONT'D)

They're not moving.

June is about to open his door again when-- Stewart witnesses
something-- THE BODY JERKING HARD IN THE SEAT. LOOKING LIKE
IT'S CONVULSING.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

JUNE

What?

Stewart exits the car quickly. June follows.

JUNE (CONT'D)

What is it?

Stewart moves quickly to the gunman's car. He approaches the
driver's side. Coming to the window.

His eyes widen.

He reaches for the door. Opens it.

A PLASTIC CUP OF SOME SORT falls out of the car onto the
ground. LIQUID pouring out of it.

In the seat is a MALE (40's or 50's) AGRESSIVELY CONVULSING.
PUPILS NOT VISIBLE. FOAMING AT THE MOUTH... HAVING A FULL ON
SEIZURE.

STEWART

(to JUNE)

Call medical!!

June gets on with it. Dials the number.

The seizure continues.

Stewart observes. Turning his attention then to the cup lying on its side on the ground. A pool of liquid surrounding it.

INT. WAREHOUSE- DEAD END STREET- LATER

A POLICE CAR pulls up beside June's. GARCIA GETS OUT of the car. Crosses over to the crime scene.

June stands beside the gunman's vehicle. Stewart is busy examining the interior.

TWO MEDICS ARE MOVING A BODY BAG ONTO A STRETCHER. ZIPPING UP THE MAN'S BODY. There are LAB TECHS also, one notably placing the PLASTIC CUP that had fallen onto the ground earlier into a PLASTIC WALLET, carrying it to their van.

Garcia approaches June.

GARCIA

Well I wouldn't say this case leaves you twiddling your thumbs too much, huh June?

JUNE

No sir.

GARCIA

Give it to me then.

JUNE

A plastic cup fell from the driver's side as Stewart opened the door during the man's seizure. We think it contained the remains of a liquid that was hazardous.

GARCIA

And you think this was what lead to the seizure?

JUNE

And his suspected suicide as a result.

GARCIA

Oh joy. Have you been able to identify him at all?

JUNE

Not quite. There's no ID on him.

GARCIA

Right.
 (beat)
 Let me talk to the medics. I'll
 speak again with you in a moment.

JUNE

Sure.

Garcia nods, walking off to see the medics.

June goes back to the vehicle.

INT. GUNMAN'S CAR (STATIONARY)- CONTINUOUS

Stewart, gloves on, is in the front passenger seat of the
 vehicle. Checking the glove compartment etc.

June approaches his side of the vehicle.

JUNE

Anything?

STEWART

Not yet.

JUNE

Right.

June gets a pair of gloves on, goes to do a check of the
 back, opening the back door, climbing in. Inspecting under
 the seats. In between etc--

HE SUDDENLY BECOMES LIGHTHEADED-- slowing down.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(very quietly)
 Aaaah, shit.

He climbs back out of the car. Standing up, leaning back
 against the car.

He pinches his eyes shut. Putting a hand to his head. Trying
 to fight the dizziness.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck you.

CUT TO--

INT. GUNMAN'S CAR (STATIONARY)- CONTINUOUS

Stewart looks around a little more.

He pulls the passenger seat's visor down. Hoping for something to fall-- it doesn't.

He goes to push the visor back up when-- he notices something.

He inspects the VISOR MIRROR. The stitching visible on the right-hand side of it is slightly loose... it is also A DIFFERENT COLOUR than the stitching on the left-hand side.

Stewart goes to pull at it. Can't. It requires something sharp.

Stewart exits the car--

INT. WAREHOUSE- DEAD END STREET- CONTINUOUS

Stewart crosses to the MEDICS OVER BY THEIR VAN.

STEWART

Have any of you got scissors, or something similar?

One of the medics nods. Retrieving a first aid kit from the van. Removing SCISSORS. He hands them over to Stewart.

MEDIC

(jokingly)
Now no running around with them,
ok?

Stewart smiles awkwardly. He crosses back over to the car.

INT. GUNMAN'S CAR (STATIONARY)- CONTINUOUS

Stewart gets back into the passenger seat. Attends to the visor still left hanging open.

He draws the scissor blade along the material of the visor, close to the stitching, ripping the material up.

He pokes his fingers through the hole.

HE RETRIEVES SOMETHING-- A PIECE OF PAPER. FOLDED UP. DIRTY-LOOKING, OLD.

He unfolds it.

On the piece of paper is written: *Side of nuts. Pretzels. G&T.*

Stewart studies the paper a little more. His eyes travel down to the bottom right-hand corner: *MARCO'S LOUNGE* is written in a funky logo. A tiny cartoon sketch of a COCKTAIL GLASS is beside it.

INT. MARCO'S LOUNGE BAR- MAIN FLOOR- LONDON- EVENING

Tailored to both youthful drinkers, as well as those of a more experienced age. Replete with velvet booths, velvet armchairs and coffee tables, a marble bar with velvet stools located in the middle of the place.

It is PACKED. Chill music plays in b.g.

June and Stewart enter. Locating the bar. Walking over. June is evidently still a little tired from his dizzy spell earlier.

A MALE BARTENDER (20's), handsome, dressed in formal-casual attire, stands behind the bar. Concocting a drink.

He registers June and Stewart. Becoming slightly alert- as many do when seeing law officials approach them.

BARTENDER

Good evening officers.
(beat; attempts a joke)
Off duty, are you?

JUNE

Detective June, Detective Stewart.
We're here in regards to the recent
shooting in St James' Street.

BARTENDER

Oh. Heard about that. How can I
help?

June produces a small plastic wallet from his coat pocket. Puts it on the counter. Slides it towards the bartender. THE PAPER WITH THE OLD BAR ORDER is inside the wallet.

JUNE

(as he's sliding it over)
We'd like you to take a look at
this for us. It appears to be an
old food, drink order, written on a
piece of paper with what looks like
your company's logo printed on it.
We get that you might not remember
the order, and we know it's a long
shot, but do you at all recognize
the handwriting?

The bartender studies it. His produced look doesn't appear promising.

BARTENDER

I'm sorry, I've got no idea.
(still studying it)
Has to have been from quite a while ago though. At least four years ago.

STEWART

Four years ago?

BARTENDER

Yeah, we don't do orders by hand anymore. It's all electronic. Has been for four years.

JUNE

Right.
(beat)
Are you the manager here?

BARTENDER

Uh, no, that's Graham. He's--

He points to the MANAGER, GRAHAM (40's) serving drinks to customers at the other end of the bar.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

He's just at the end there.

JUNE

Thank you.

BARTENDER

No problem.

Stewart turns to June:

STEWART

I'll be right back.

JUNE

Ok.

Stewart moves off.

June takes a seat at the bar.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(to BARTENDER)
You have coffee?

The bartender nods, preparing the drink at the machine behind him.

JUNE (CONT'D)
 (to BARTENDER)
 Got anything sweet?

The bartender reaches into a basket of snacks behind him. Grabs a SMALL BAG OF BISCUITS, placing them in front of June.

JUNE (CONT'D)
 (putting money down on counter)
 Thanks.

The bartender takes the cash. June sits there, waits for the coffee.

He looks at his monitor watch. Sighs.

He opens the biscuit packet, taking a bite out of a small biscuit.

The bartender shortly places the coffee in front of him.

JUNE (CONT'D)
 Great. Thanks.

June takes the two sugar sachets on his saucer, ripping them open, pouring them into the coffee.

INT. CORRIDOR- BY TOILETS- MARCO'S LOUNGE BAR- LONDON-
 EVENING

We hear a FLUSH as Stewart emerges from the men's toilets.

Stewart moves up the corridor. Men and women come past him.

Stewart stops to look at A WALL OF PHOTOS. EMPLOYEE PHOTOS. Dressed in formal attire. They stand, assembling in front and behind the bar. A homage to the years of being at the lounge.

Stewart surveys them. Moving along each photo--

He stops at one in particular. Hones in on it--

-- A PHOTO OF EMPLOYEES. 2013. SAME MANAGER THE BARTENDER POINTED TO, standing in the centre of the bar. Surrounded by EMPLOYEES. MEN AND WOMEN RANGING FROM THEIR TWENTIES TO FORTIES.

Stewart fixates on one employee in particular: A MALE (20's), average height, slim, smiling in the photo. Stewart looks closer-- at the MALE'S HANDS-- sees a TATTOO ON HIS LEFT HAND... A GREAT, BIG CHRISTIAN CROSS TATTOO.

Stewart is pulled out of his concentration by A YOUNG BOY (2 or 3) GRABBING HIS HAND. HOLDING ON.

Stewart, alert, looks to him. Confused at first.

But then he smiles warmly at the boy.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Jason!

Stewart whips his head to the right, seeing A MAN (late 30's) coming down the corridor. Spotting THE KID. Sighing in relief.

He runs up to Jason, picking him up.

MAN

(to JASON)

What have I told you about running off? You're making me tired.

(to STEWART)

Sorry sir. You blink for a second longer than you should and... well, you know kids.

STEWART

I can imagine.

MAN

Have a good night.

He walks off with Jason in his arms.

Stewart watches them leave. The kid looks back at him. Lifting his hand, opening and closing it, almost as if saying goodbye.

Stewart waves back. He watches him disappear with solemn eyes.

He then turns back to the picture.

He takes the picture off the wall. Walks back towards the main floor with it.

INT. MARCO'S LOUNGE BAR- MAIN FLOOR- LONDON- EVENING

June remains at the bar, his coffee half-drunk, biscuit pack half-eaten. He jots things down in his notebook as THE MANAGER GRAHAM (40's), speaks to him. The plastic wallet sits on the counter beside June.

Stewart appears, holding the picture.

JUNE

(upon seeing STEWART)
 Uh, Graham, this is Detective
 Stewart. Stewart, this is Graham,
 the manager here.

STEWART

Hello.

GRAHAM

Hi.

JUNE

Unfortunately, Graham doesn't
 recognize the handwriting either.

STEWART

Oh. Right.

He presents the picture on the counter to the manager.

STEWART (CONT'D)

I saw this on the wall by the
 toilets.
 (pointing to Graham in picture)
 That's you in the middle right? Do
 you remember taking this picture?

GRAHAM

(studies it)
 2013... yeah, that was taken the...
second year after I started here.

STEWART

As manager?

GRAHAM

Yeah. I'd previously worked at
 Chappelle's a couple streets over.

STEWART

(pointing to male with tattoo)
 Can you tell me who *this* is?

GRAHAM

(studies it)
 Uh... I believe that's--was Kelly.
 Thomas Kelly.

STEWART

(to himself)
 Thomas Kelly.
 (realizes; turns to June)
 TK.

JUNE

Huh.
 (to Graham)
 What do you mean by "was"?

GRAHAM

Well Kelly *was* a bartender here. A good one, too. Nice guy. Or so I thought. One day he just... didn't show up for his shift, and that was that. We never saw or heard from him again. It was weird.

STEWART

He just... disappeared?

GRAHAM

We don't know *what* happened exactly. I do remember him acting very strange during the last week he was here. He lashed out at some customers, at other employees, *me*. Was going to have words with him during his next shift, but... he never showed.

JUNE

So you have absolutely no idea where he is now?

GRAHAM

I don't.

Beat.

JUNE

Thanks for your time.

GRAHAM

No worries. If you need anything else...

June nods. Stewart smiles.

They set off out of the bar.

INT. MAXY AND DENNY'S HOTEL ROOM- OUTSIDE LONDON CITY-
 EVENING

Denny lies on her bed, watching TV.

CUT TO--

INT. BATHROOM- MAXY AND DENNY'S HOTEL ROOM- OUTSIDE LONDON CITY- EVENING

Maxy sits in a tub of bathwater. Her posture erect. Her eyes staring blankly at the tiled wall ahead of her.

She stays like this for a couple beats-- her eyes then break off from the wall-- she goes to splash her face with water.

She rubs her face with her hands as--

Her phone CHIMES. On the toilet seat next to the bath.

She turns to face it. Dries her hand on the towel currently dumped on the floor.

She reaches out, grabbing the phone off the toilet.

A TEXT MESSAGE NOTIFICATION. NUMBER UNKNOWN.

Maxy unlocks the phone. Opening the message:

A VIDEO ATTACHMENT. Maxy plays it-- A COPY OF THE VIDEO OF THE SAME GIRL SINGING AND PLAYING GUITAR IN THE RECORDING BOOTH.

THE PHONE THEN RINGS. CALLER ID UNKNOWN.

Maxy stares at the screen. Debates answering.

She does.

THE AUDIO FILE FOUND ON THE USB PLAYS OVER PHONE:

WOMAN (V.O.)

But you understand that you can't say anything, right?

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

Yes.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I get this might be a little... hard for you right now. But eventually it won't be.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

(uncertain)
Really?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Yes really. You still want to achieve those dreams, right?

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

Yes. I do.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Then forget the whole thing.
Otherwise it's bye-bye to all that.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

(beat)
Ok.

WOMAN (V.O.)

It's not even that big a deal.
Happens all the time. Just how it
is.

WOMAN #2 (V.O.)

(taking deep breath)
Just how it is.

It stops.

A couple beats then--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(over phone)
Is that still true?

Maxy says nothing.

Beat.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(over phone)
Do you still think about it? I know
I do.

Maxy again says nothing.

Beat.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(over phone)
We'll catch up again soon darling
Maxy.

They hang up.

Maxy keeps her ear to the phone for a moment. She then takes
the phone away, bringing her arm over the tub.

She keeps hold of the phone. Resuming her staring at the wall
act from earlier.

Then, as if by impulse, she CHUCKS THE PHONE HALF WAY ACROSS THE ROOM.

She takes a deep breath. Tries to withhold the heavy panic rising in her.

CUT TO-- CLOSE UP ON PHONE ON BATHROOM FLOOR. SCREEN NOW CRACKED IN THE CORNER.

The phone is still unlocked.

ANOTHER MESSAGE-- A PHOTO: A SELFIE OF MAXY. IN BED. Her naked body is covered up with her bed sheets.

She is being kissed on the cheek by no one other than THOMAS KELLY.

"Not even that big a deal" THEN POPS UP AS A MESSAGE UNDERNEATH.

We HOLD ON THE PHOTO, THE MESSAGE as we--

FADE OUT.

COMING TO--

END OF EPISODE