

HERE COMES THE NIGHT

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1 EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON - NIGHT- 4:39 AM 1

Dead of night. The roar of a car engine.

Suddenly - a black TOYOTA CAMRY rockets through shot.

-in reverse.

SMASH!

The Camry tears through a central reservation. A shower of white-hot sparks erupts beneath the car as steel screams against the tarmac.

2 INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - NIGHT 2

A three bar orthodox crucifix swings on a rear view mirror.

Cut to reveal the DRIVER'S SEAT.

But it's empty. **No one behind the wheel.**

Pan right. Reveal: RAUL TAVARES, 29, running on empty, unravelling. Blood is pouring from a fresh cut through his eyebrow.

He's on the back seat, tearing at the rear seats. Foam and fabric everywhere.

A drip of blood swells, falls - we follow it down - to a child's shoe, rolling loose across the seat.

MUFFLED VOICE 1(O.S.)

Daddy!

RAUL

I'm here!

He pulls harder - breath ragged, refusing panic.

3 EXT. HAYMARKET - NIGHT 3

Theatre signs blur past. SMASH!

The Camry ploughs through a line of roadworks barriers. Cones buckle, warning lights scatter across fresh tarmac.

4 INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - NIGHT 4

CLOSE ON RAUL - sweat, terror, concentration.

MUFFLED VOICE 2 (O.S.)
RAULLLLLL! Help!

RAUL
I'm nearly there.

5 EXT. WHITEHALL - NIGHT 5

The now smashed up car flies down Whitehall.

6 EXT. VICTORIA EMBANKMENT 6

The car mounts the kerb and smashes its way down Victoria Embankment.

7 INT. CAR - NIGHT 7

Raul is thrown around by the impact. He glances up-

Horror fills his face.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

JOEL (O.S.)
Hey, Sleepyhead.

8 INT. EVRI FULFILMENT CENTRE, DARTFORD - DAY 8

MATCH CUT: Close on Raul through a CCTV camera. Fast asleep. Standing up.

JOEL
Only 270? Anything I should know?

Raul jolts awake. Perched on a ladder inside a vast EVRI fulfillment centre. A scanner dangles loosely in his hand. Below, workers move like ants in endless lines watched over by CCTV cameras pointed at every corner.

Joel (43) manager of the month energy, lanyard, is watching Raul.

Close on scanner screen: **TIME OFF TASK. KEEP MOVING, RAUL!**

RAUL
(shaking himself awake)
Nope. I'm on it, chief!

JOEL
Gotta hit 320. I believe in you,
kid!

Scanner: PICK RATE TARGET: 320. CURRENT RATE: 270.

MONTAGE - THE PACE OF WAREHOUSE WORK

A large countdown timer overhead: 00:19:59...58...57

BEEP. Raul back and forth to his work station that is surrounded by cameras that track his movements. He scans a parcel. *THROW.* Into a yellow tote.

BEEP. *THROW.* *BEEP.* *THROW.* The Pick Rate climbs - 270, 272, 274.

BEEP. Raul ducks into a doorway.

CLOSE UP - urine filling a bottle. Raul caps it.

BEEP. A pregnant co-worker drops some items. Raul rushes over. Helps her gather them.

BEEP. SCANNER: **TIME OFF TASK.**

They share a look: We're both drowning.

JOEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Seven minutes - you're at 317.
Gimme 320, baby.

BEEP. Raul stops. Mesmerised. Resting on top of a torn cardboard box: A TRAX-MAX POLICE MONSTER TRUCK. Raul approaches. Picks it up. Admires the weight. The tyres. Imran (24), wiry, turban, cockney, greets him.

IMRAN
You into these?

RAUL
My boy is.

BEEP. SCANNER: **TIME OFF TASK. COUNTDOWN TIMER: 00:12:06...**

Raul ignores it. He's locked in.

IMRAN
Two hundred quid the docket says.

Raul lets out a low whistle.

RAUL
You want it taken to damages?

IMRAN
If you don't mind?

Raul sets off.

BEEP. THROW. COUNTDOWN: 00:02:46...

BEEP. Fumble - misses. COUNTDOWN: 00:47...

BEEP. Last parcel. He runs. He throws. PICK RATE: 319. Can he hit 320?

RINNNGGG. A bell rings out....

... The parcel lands in the yellow tote, just in time?

Raul checks his score: 319 - Pretty good. Exhales. Exhausted.

9 INT. HALLWAY EVRI WAREHOUSE - DAY 9
CCTV: Workers in fluorescent jackets shuffle down a corridor.

10 INT. BREAK ROOM EVRI WAREHOUSE - DAY 10
Raul, grateful for a rest, dabs a bleeding foot blister. Opens his locker. Inside: A PHOTO of his wife DEMETRIA and son THEO.

Raul angles the locker door to shield himself, reaches into his bag. Pulls out the TRAX-MAX POLICE MONSTER TRUCK he said he'd take to damages. Grins. Tucks it behind some clothes.

IMRAN (O.S.)
That thing track your HRV?

IMRAN is suddenly beside Raul. Raul jumps. Shuts his locker. Imran is pointing at Raul's watch.

RAUL
Yeah it's good. HRV, Sleep, heart rate.

IMRAN
You'd think they'd issue them here. Save the gaffer the foreplay.

Raul changes his shirt, revealing a long scar on his left flank. Imran clocks it, a flicker of recognition. Raul turns towards the sink, starts to make a protein shake, when, the bell blares out. Break's already over. Raul winces.

11 INT. EVRI FULFILMENT CENTRE - ENTRANCE TURNSTILES - DAY 11

CCTV: Workers file back down the hallway towards turnstiles.

BEEP. RAUL braces himself for the next shift. Scans his card. Nothing. Scans again. Nothing.

Joel walks past, latte in hand. He speeds up when he sees the barrier won't open for Raul.

RAUL
Boss. My card needs recharging.

Joel winces. Turns to face Raul.

JOEL
System flagged you, buddy.

Raul looks away. Keeps scanning.

RAUL
Nah, sure it's just my card.

JOEL
You gotta hit target, mate.

RAUL
I was one under.

JOEL
Golden rule. They're up my arse cos
of Q3 numbers coming up.

Raul looks at Joel. Then at the latte.

RAUL
(firm)
Don't be like that. Let me in.

Joel bristles.

JOEL
(lowering his voice)
You fell asleep. Go home.

Raul kicks the barrier. A firm hand lands on Raul's shoulder: a security guard. Raul flinches.

RAUL
Get off me.

Raul's elbow flies back - catches one security guard, DARREN, full in the face.

DARREN

Hey -
(under his breath)
Fucking gringo.

RAUL

What did you call me?

Raul lunges. Sudden, furious strength. Guards drag him down.

The line keeps moving. Workers step around Raul as he's grappled to the floor by the security guards. One worker slows. Half a look. Then the scanner in her hand chirps her onward, and she's gone.

Close on Raul. Humiliated.

BEEP. CLOSE ON RAUL'S SCANNER: GREAT WORK. YOU'RE MOVING 30% FASTER.

12

INT. RAUL'S KITCHEN - EVENING

12

A high rise in Tower Hamlets. Kid detritus everywhere. Overdue bills on the table. DEMETRIA (27), composed, stretched thin, wearing a Travelodge polo, is chatting away on the phone while under the sink with a spanner in her hand.

DEMETRIA

(Greek)

Yeah, I've been tracking it. Thing is, when you've got a five-year-old, it sort of doesn't matter how much you track it's finding the time-

Demetria hears the front door. It starts to open.

DEMETRIA (CONT'D)

(Greek)

Oh honey, listen I better go. (to Raul) Bug?

Demetria slides out from under the sink. A grimy mark on her cheek. See's Raul in the doorway smiling, like nothing just happened.

DEMETRIA (CONT'D)

You're early?

RAUL

(thinking quickly)

Oh, yeah they moved my times.

(MORE)

RAUL (CONT'D)
(he gestures at the sink). Did the
guy not show?

DEMETRIA
Not til we pay him.

He pulls her gently to her feet and kisses her.

DEMETRIA (CONT'D)
You smell like warehouse.

RAUL
(smiling)
You say that like it's a bad thing.

Raul looks to Theo's bedroom door.

13 INT. THEO'S BEDROOM - EVENING

13

THEO(5), asleep under a Trax Max 911 poster. RAUL sneaks over quietly, kisses his head. DEMETRIA appears at the door.

DEMETRIA
Raul, don't-

RAUL
I'm just saying goodnight.

Theo stirs. His eyes register Raul without surprise. RAUL pulls out the Police Monster Truck. Raul's eyes full of hope.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Look.

THEO pushes the truck away.

DEMETRIA
C'mon. Let him sleep.

THEO
Daddy. Go away.

Raul takes the hit. Covers it with a nod. He places the monster truck on the shelf above Theo. Heads for the door, looks back. Theo's already asleep. Raul looks on, feeling guilty, then pushes it away.

14 INT. RAUL'S KITCHEN - EVENING

14

RAUL
What's up with him?

DEMETRIA

He was just in a funk cos you
couldn't take him to school in the
end.

RAUL

(frustrated)

But they made us go in early?

DEMETRIA

Hey, don't shoot the messenger I
told him all that.

Raul sees a kid's drawing on the table. A boy holding hands
with his mum under a rainbow. A man has been rubbed out.

Demetria sees Raul's reaction.

DEMETRIA (CONT'D)

He'll settle down. You two are the
same.

She gestures for Raul to finish her sentence.

RAUL

Pig headed.

DEMETRIA

I thought you could take him out on
Saturday. He loves this new soldier
game-

RAUL

Fuck's sake.

Raul's not listening. He's picked up one of the bills.

RAUL (CONT'D)

When did this come?

DEMETRIA

Are you listening to me? I thought
you could take him out Saturday
morning-

RAUL

I can't, I've got an airport run.
It's good money.

She nods. Kisses him on the head. Slides her phone across.
Close on screen: OVIA APP NOTIFICATION: *11th March. Today is
Your Best Chance to Conceive.*

Raul stares at it. At the drawing. At the bills. Overwhelmed.

Demetria slides her hand up his shirt trying to distract him.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Hang on, I thought I smell of
warehouse?

15 INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

15

A Crucifix over the bed. Wobbling. Then it stops.

RAUL
(Portuguese)
Porra.

Raul collapses beside her, unable to deliver.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Desculpa. I'm sorry.

She turns towards him. Smiles.

DEMETRIA
(in Greek)
It's fine.

Demetria turns and switches on the TV.

RAUL
Oh ok fine...

DEMETRIA
I'm just giving it a minute.

A beat. Raul watches her settle in. He starts getting dressed.

DEMETRIA (CONT'D)
Hey?

Raul bristles.

RAUL
I won't be long. I'm behind on
hours.

DEMETRIA
It's bedtime. You can drive
tomorrow.

RAUL
Today's the cut off. (a beat) And I
lost the warehouse gig today.

Demetria clicks her fingers.

DEMETRIA
I knew something was up.

She's already calculating. Then she takes her chance.

DEMETRIA (CONT'D)
I'll call Dad.

He raises a hand. Then pulls her close. Kisses her.

RAUL
Nice try.

She kisses him back. Raul heads for the door.

DEMETRIA
Raul, please? We were going to stop
this.

A flash of frustration in his eyes. Then he stops himself.

RAUL
Just let me get through tonight.

16 INT. THEO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 16

On his way out Raul passes Theo's bedroom door. Stops and looks in. Theo's kicked off his duvet. Raul enters, puts the duvet back over him and kisses him on the head. Close on: the rejected truck on the shelf above Theo. Raul leaves.

17 INT. RAUL'S TOYOTA CAMRY - NIGHT 17

Dark empty street. In Raul's rear view mirror we see him open his phone. Logs into Uber.

The date, March 11th, pings up on screen. A look of despair on his face. He swipes it away.

Raul checks out the windows around him. Navigates to a news article on his phone. We see a couple of glimpses. A corner of a kid, not Theo. And a news strap that says 'this article is 5 years old'. Text in Portuguese that he scrolls but we can't read it. He closes it then dials. A foreign ringtone.

MUM
(Portuguese)
Alô.

RAUL
Ma. It's me.

MUM
You sound tired. What time is it there?

PING. Uber app on Raul's phone. NEW TRIP! Raul hits ACCEPT.

RAUL
Oh just gone 9. Keep me awake.

MUM
Well, you know what? The girl with the braids just did my hair. I look like a film star.

RAUL
Very nice. Did you eat?

MUM
They brought Mortadella. God almighty.

RAUL
Ma, you gotta eat.

MUM
You should see the woman who does it. What's that saying, 'never trust a skinny cook'.

Raul smiles. He pulls away.

MONTAGE: RAUL'S UBER SHIFT

UBER APP: COMPLETE 9 TRIPS TO HIT BONUS

- Raul reads it, sets his tired eyes on the road ahead.
- DRUNK YOUNG WOMEN spill into Raul's car. Loud. Rude.

UBER APP: 5 TRIPS TO HIT BONUS

- At a red light. Raul stares dead ahead. Blank. Sleeping but awake. Light goes green. A horn blares. He jolts into action.

UBER APP: 3 MORE TRIPS TO HIT BONUS

- An ELDERLY WOMAN tries to pay cash. Raul won't let her pay. Helps her with bags.

UBER APP: 0 TRIPS LEFT. CONGRATULATIONS! YOU HIT BONUS.

In Raul's POV the 'bonus' text blurs from tiredness. He exhales with relief and hits LOG OFF. Shift over.

Close on: Raul's keyring with a cute photo of Demetria and Theo. He touches it with his thumb.

He leans back. Eyes shut. BUZZ. New messages flood his screen. He tries to read them all:

- PAYDAY LOAN: Final Notice - OVERDUE £400.
- DEMETRIA: Do you pass a 24hr chemist? Can you get Theo's puffer refill?

Raul turns the car back on.

18 INT. 24HR CHEMIST - NIGHT - 1:15AM 18

At the check out. Fluorescent lighting overhead. Raul pays for his son's inhalers. £32.05.

19 INT. COMMUNAL STAIRWELL - NIGHT - 1:35AM 19

Raul picks up discarded fried chicken boxes. Bins them.

20 INT. RAUL'S FLAT - NIGHT 1:40 AM 20

Raul opens the door, relieved to be home. Stops.

Reveal: The flat has been ransacked. Cupboards emptied. Cushions torn open. Papers everywhere.

RAUL
(cautious)
Bug?

Nothing.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Theo?

He moves. Differently now. Focused. Deliberate. Searching.

RINNNNG. RAUL stops. Eyes flick to the landline.

RINNNNG. He covers his hand with his sweater. Picks up.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Hello?

Background noise of a busy road.

FEMALE VOICE
(In Portuguese; casual)
Tut, tut. You look how I feel.

Raul turns, goes over to the window. Scans outside.

RAUL
(firm)
Who is this?

FEMALE VOICE
Follow the clues. Fall asleep
again. They die. Golden Rule, Raul.

Raul steadies his breathing.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)
And don't call the police. I know
you're thinking about it.

RAUL
If you hurt them-

CLICK. The line goes dead.

BUZZ. Raul's phone. A text message from *Unknown Number*.

It's a video. CCTV. A man in a balaclava kicks Demetria into the back of a van. Followed by a screaming Theo.

Raul watches. Distraught. When it ends, he closes the phone. His knuckles white.

The colour drains from his face as the reality hits him. Then, a shift. Action mode. He surveys his surroundings. The ransacked room. The phone.

And then he notices: Right in the middle of the totally clear kitchen table: The Police Monster Truck he took from work.

He moves toward the truck, wary. Picks it up. The quiet rattle of a loose battery cover. He opens it. Inside: A handwritten note:

Two Magpies.

Close on Raul's face. Recognition. He holds the truck to his chest. Closes his eyes. Fighting a thought, but he lets it in.

Looks at the note again.

Nods once. Slow.

His eyes move immediately to the ceiling above the kitchen.

He's moving faster now. Deliberate.

Closes the curtains. Grabs a chair.

Starts examining each ceiling tile.

Close up: His finger lands on a tiny cross in pencil on the corner of one of the ceiling tiles.

Dust fills the screen as he shoves the ceiling tile out the way. Plunges his hand in.

And grabs a small metal key.

Examines it. Crosses himself. Slips it into his pocket.
Checks his watch: 01.47.

Sprints out the flat.

21 INT. VAN - NIGHT 1:55 AM

21

A thin slice of light reveals Demetria's bruised face. Shivering, a steeliness in her eyes, she scans her whole environment with precision.

By her side is Theo, also shivering, subdued. They're tied up with marine rope to a thick steel pipe, squeezed between gas canisters, pallets and shrink-wrapped cargo.

A large metal hook hangs down above them.

Demetria tests the marine rope holding her in place quietly. It holds.

THEO

I need a wee.

DEMETRIA

(whispering, kind)

Shhhh. I know moro mou, I'll take you.

A loud clang from up front. Demetria freezes. Listens.

Footsteps. Then silence.

THEO

(loud)

Who is that?

DEMETRIA
Whisper. It's just the wind.

THEO
(still loud)
My foot is itchy.

Theo pulls up his foot to show her.

DEMETRIA
I'm looking, but we've got to
whisper, OK? Every time we are as
quiet as mice for a whole minute
you get a star in your jar. Five
stars, you choose dinner.

THEO
(whispering now)
What if I want ice cream?

DEMETRIA
Then you get ice cream, my friend.

Theo settles against her. But his breath has a thread in it now - a faint catch on the inhale. Demetria hears, feels his chest.

She keeps the smile. Keeps the voice.

DEMETRIA (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Slow breaths for me. In through the
nose. Like we practise.

Demetria places her hand on his back. Counting the rise and fall of his breath. Hiding her face from Theo she winces, the start of a wheeze in his chest. She closes her eyes for a moment, plotting her next move.

THEO
(whisper)
I want daddy to do it.

Demetria opens her eyes. Smile back on.

DEMETRIA
I know. He's coming soon, why don't
you try and sleep.

She pulls him close, strokes his hair.

Over his head her eyes go back to the rope. The pipe. She twists her wrist. Testing.

And then she sees it. Through a crack in the van's lining she can see a brick floor. And a black boot. It moves. Demetria traces upward - past the crack. The side of the van. A man. *Right there on the other side of the van's wall.*

We can hear him breathing. The colour drains from Demetria's face.

22

INT. RAUL'S TOYOTA CAMRY - NIGHT - 2:01 AM

22

Raul slams the car door, hits the ignition, and floors it. A plastic toy dinosaur rattles in the cupholder as the engine catches.

The car zooms down the silent street. He swerves. Just misses a car. He rubs his eyes. Dials his phone.

MUM

(Portuguese)

Alô.

RAUL

Mum. Are you OK?

MUM

Raul?

RAUL

Yes! Are you OK?

MUM

Don't shout! I'm not stupid.

RAUL

I'm not shouting. I just wanted to check-

MUM

I'm fine, sweetie. It's so late why are you still up?

RAUL

I'm in the car.

MUM

Still? Your father's the same.

Raul's jaw tightens.

RAUL

(quiet)

(Sure, Ma.

(MORE)

RAUL (CONT'D)
 (changing the subject)
 Look, is anyone in the
 room with you? Like,
 anything weird happening
 there?

MUM
 What? I'm just waiting for the girl
 to come back so she can put on the
 radio for me. Is that what you
 mean?

BANG.

A tattooed palm slams on Raul's window, a spider's web inked
 across it. A furious moped driver peers inside the car
 shouting, but their helmet muffles their words. Raul yells
 back.

RAUL
 Não hoje, mano! (back to his mum)
 Mum, listen. I'm gonna call you
 back. I'm glad you're OK.

MUM
 Let's talk tomorrow. It's late. And
 go home. Too much, my boy.

Raul hangs up and turns - straight into traffic.

Brake lights everywhere. He inches forward, trapped, engine
 revving.

RAUL
 Move. Move. Move.

He leans on the horn. Frustration and pressure building.

He begins to count backwards under his breath in Portuguese.

RAUL (CONT'D)
 Dez. Nove. Oito...

Next, he spots a gap. Cuts up a delivery van. Darts through
 the gap and slams his foot down. Finally making some headway.

23

EXT. ROYAL VICTORIA DOCK - NIGHT 2:07 AM

23

Silhouettes of defunct cranes reflect over deep black water.
 The city twinkling beyond.

On the edge of the water, a boarded-up pub: **Two Magpies.**

RAUL pulls in. Jumps out. Engine still running. Clocks his surroundings. Deep breath.

Then ROARS.

RAUL
DEMETRIA! THEO!

Silence.

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE
Welcome.

Raul reads the message. Scans 360 around the dock. Clocks a CCTV camera. Looks directly at it.

TEXT MESSAGE (CONT'D)
In stranger abductions, most
victims are killed within the first
03:00hrs.

Cut to POV inside the CCTV camera. Raul standing alone on the dock looking up.

TEXT MESSAGE (CONT'D)
You have used 30 minutes.
COUNTDOWN: 02:29:59...58...

Raul turns and runs over to the pub. Tries the door. Locked. Window. BANG BANG.

RAUL
Demetria! Theo!

He runs round the back. Corrugated iron. Thick weeds. Spots a smashed window. Kicks away the spikes of glass and dives in.

Inside: Raul's phone torch illuminates his search. Collapsed ceilings. Dusty fruit machines. A low whistle of wind.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Demetria! Theo!

He stops. Listens. Nothing.

BUZZ. Low battery. Fuck. He moves faster. Tests the stairs with his foot. Then steps up. **Something catches the light:** a polished leather shoe beyond a crack in a door.

24

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT - 2:14 AM

24

Raul forces the stiff door open. Torch light reveals a function room. Deflated balloons on a swirly carpet, roiling with maggots.

In the middle, a bloated male corpse in a 3-piece tweed suit. Half decomposed face. White rib bones catch the torch light. His hollow chest, filled with a thousand flies.

Raul crouches next to the body. Heaves. Switches his phone to camera. Photographs the body. Then photographs the room around it. Checks his watch. Logs the time.

Next, he covers his mouth as he searches the corpse's body. Rough. Fast.

A three bar crucifix on a gold chain round his neck. Raul looks closely at it.

He unfastens it, photographs it and pockets it.

Next, using his foot, he flips open the tweed coat. In the top pocket of the corpse's waistcoat is a key.

He examines it. It's attached to a cork-float keyring, the kind you get from a boat.

He checks around him. Out the windows. The doorway.

BANG - a metallic sound outside pulls him out of it. He runs to the window, searching the dock for the noise.

RAUL
Demetria! Theo!

He pockets the key and runs for the door.

25

EXT. ROYAL VICTORIA DOCK - NIGHT - 2:23 AM

25

Raul steps outside. Scans the water. A scatter of boats moored out in the dark, hulls nodding on their lines.

He takes the key from his pocket. The cork float in his palm.

Looks between the boats and the key. Steps to the edge of the dock.

He looks down at the deep black water rushing past the toes of his trainers. Glances back at the CCTV camera. And DIVES.

26

INT. RAUL'S FLAT - NIGHT

26

View through the now open curtains: DETECTIVE DEBORAH FAULKNER(55), small, smart, direct. Her face is streaked with camo paint half-wiped off.

She is standing in the middle of Raul's flat, that instead of being ransacked, has been immaculately tidied.

She moves to the fridge. On the front:

- A magnet from Caldas Novas Waterpark holds a torn recipe.
- Kid drawings.
- A Photo Booth photo of Raul & Demetria with a wedding bouquet.

Low-rank Police Officer, Oleg (23), enters.

OLEG

Hey, so you don't need to stick
around, ma'am.

Faulkner ignores him, opens the fridge.

Inside: baked beans in a glass balance on cling film covering leftover Strapatsada.

She takes out her phone. Photographs the Strapatsada.

She closes the fridge. Turns towards the front door, then is distracted by the kitchen table.

Picks up Theo's drawing of a boy holding hands with his mum with the man rubbed out. She studies it.

Oleg hovers by the front door. Watching as Faulkner now flicks through the stack of overdue bills.

OLEG (CONT'D)

I can pass on anything that comes
up.

Oleg opens the front door.

She turns towards him. Relief in Oleg's eyes. But instead of heading for the door, she heads for Raul's bedroom.

On Oleg. The door still open in his hand.

27

INT. RAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

Faulkner checks bedside drawers. Under the bed. Wardrobe.
Grabs a chair. Looks up top:

Something hidden between some files. Her face stills.

Slowly she reaches.

We can't see what it is. She inspects it.

FAULKNER
(to herself)
Hey, buddy.

Then checks over her shoulder and hides it inside her jacket.

PRELAP

OLEG
Find anything?

28 INT. RAUL'S FLAT - NIGHT

28

Faulkner is pulling on her coat, about to leave.

FAULKNER
Nada.

OLEG
I think that neighbour who reported
it is just lonely.

FAULKNER
Mmm.

She turns to leave. Stops.

FAULKNER (CONT'D)
Bit too tidy for a flat with a
young kid don't you think?

Oleg shrugs. Carries on opening the front door.

OLEG
I don't have kids, ma'am.

FAULKNER
Nor do I.

Faulkner takes a deeper breath through her nose.

FAULKNER (CONT'D)
Do you smell that?

Oleg sniffs, awkward.

OLEG
Smells fine?

FAULKNER
Lemon.

She scans the surfaces. Pristine. And in a corner of one of the windows. A gloopy drop of thick bleach.

FAULKNER (CONT'D)
This place has been bleached.

Oleg looks around.

Faulkner steps up on to a chair. Scans the room.

Next, she lies on the floor. Scans again.

Then Faulkner pauses. Stands up and points.

Close on: the ceiling tile Raul moved.

Faulkner smiles, she's on to something.

29 EXT. ROYAL VICTORIA DOCK - IN THE WATER - CONTINUOUS 29

Raul bursts through the surface of the freezing water. GASPS. Breath knocked from his lungs.

He fights the current to reach the closest boat. Hauls half out of the water, hand on the gunwale. Peers over. Bare deck. Nothing.

Pushes off. Swims for the next boat. A tarp stretched over the cockpit, he tears it back. Coiled rope. Fenders. Empty.

Third boat. A small cabin cruiser, further out. In the cabin window: a silhouette. Small. Still. Head and shoulders.

Child-sized.

Raul tries to steady his breathing. Fighting the thought.

RAUL
Theo!

He doesn't call again. Can't. Just swims as hard as he can.

A hand on the barnacled hull. Hauls himself up onto the stern, ice cold water dripping off him. The cabin hatch, padlocked.

The key. His frozen fingers won't work. He drops it, catches it against the deck, forces it into the lock.

It turns. Relief colours his face.

He wrenches the hatch open, reaches into the dark, pulls the shape to his chest before he can look.

But it's too lightweight.

He looks down. A GREEN CARE BEAR.

He looks closer in the darkness. '**THEO**' is stitched across the Care Bear's t-shirt.

Shivering he presses it to his face. Breathing it in. His son.

He turns the toy over. Searching. Everywhere. No note. Nothing. Just his son's name.

Then:

A SOUND. An engine turning over.

Raul looks up. Headlights blaze across the dock.

On Raul. Furious.

Reveal: Raul's car. Pulling away. A hooded figure, fluorescent jacket, earphones in, speeds off.

Raul throws himself back into the water. Swimming desperately toward shore, clutching the bear. But the car is already disappearing.

30 EXT. DOCK - MOMENTS LATER - 2:36AM

30

Raul pulls himself onto the concrete. Shivering violently. Clutching the bear. He runs to where the car drove away, pulling out his phone to film. But it's gone.

Raul turns to the CCTV camera. It's facing away from him.

RAUL

Tell me where they are.

Silence. The CCTV camera stays still.

Raul walks round to be in the CCTV's line of sight.

Still nothing.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Tell me where they are, or I walk.

Silence.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Then fuck your game.

Raul turns and walks away from the cctv, towards the main road.

BUZZ.

A video. Not CCTV this time. A night-vision camera mounted inside the van where Theo and Demetria are being held. A timecode runs in the corner.

Demetria and Theo below it. Small. Ghost-eyed in the dark.

Raul stops dead in his tracks. He doesn't blink as he watches.

Then he winces. He can hear Theo's breathing. The catch. The wheeze.

The video stops dead mid-breath.

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE
Back to work.

Raul breathes as slowly as he can, something in him about to boil over. Looks at the road ahead. Then back to the CCTV.

Turns back to the dock when-

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, give us a hand.

Raul whips towards the voice. Fists clenched.

A man, TERRY (50's) is approaching on a battered flat-bottom boat loaded with scrap metal. It nudges against the dock.

Raul rubs his tired eyes. Scans the boat. Takes in Terry. Looks back to the CCTV camera with suspicion.

TERRY
Just on that cleat.

He slings a rope. Raul catches it without thinking.

Terry's dog, PIRATE, white curly haired, jumps out and sniffs Raul's hand.

Terry starts unloading scrap, stacking it on the concrete.

He looks at Raul properly: A man, soaking wet. Shaking. Holding a Care Bear. He doesn't ask.

He reaches slowly into a duffel bag. Pulls out a Thermos. Pours one for himself. Pours a second. Leaves it on the dock near Raul.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Fuck all out there tonight.

Raul takes it. Drinks. The warmth hits his chest.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Could have sworn I saw one of them
blow-up boats though. Can't be.

Raul pulls out his phone. Shows a photo of Demetria and Theo.

RAUL
Have you seen these two?

Terry squints. Shakes his head.

TERRY
Today?

RAUL
Yes. Here. I'm trying to find them
and I was told... they'd be here.

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE
TIME OFF TASK. COUNTDOWN:
01:59:47...46...45

Raul stares at the message. Then he snaps. Runs over to the metal pole holding the CCTV. Starts kicking it as hard as he can. The whole rig shudders. Punching now. Knuckles bleeding.

The dog flinches. Terry watches. Takes a sip of tea.

Raul exhausts himself. Kneels down on the dock, catching his breath.

He looks at the bear. THEO across the chest. His fingers find the seam of the bear. Tears it open. Foam spills.

Terry now climbs aboard his boat, starts to quietly untie from his cleat. The dog stays by Raul one beat too long before jumping aboard.

Raul searches inside the bear. Stuffing flying out. Then he stops. Inside, he finds a small stitched label.

CLOSE ON: the label. LUCKY STAR.

Then, he notices Terry leaving.

RAUL
Hey! No! Please. Can I give you something? You got a pen?

Terry digs out a pen and paper. Raul scribbles. Presses it into Terry's hand.

RAUL (CONT'D)
If you see them. Call me. Please.

Terry looks at the number. At Raul. Nods.

RAUL (CONT'D)
And hey, do you know what Lucky Star is?

TERRY
Up by the Bow flyover?

RAUL
(no idea)
Yes. What is it?

TERRY
Arcade type thing?

Raul nods. Taking this in.

Checks his watch. His phone, no new messages. He looks at the CCTV, and makes a decision. He runs.

31 INT. EVRI WAREHOUSE BREAK ROOM - NIGHT - 2:41 AM

31

Bright lighting. Empty. Imran enters. Sweating. Pale.

He darts towards Raul's locker. Forces it open roughly with a penknife. Grabs the protein powder. Starts frantically sifting through the powder. Spilling it everywhere. Next, he checks the door and starts pulling all the contents of the locker out. Searching every item.

A flash of anger. He slams the locker shut. Picks up his phone and dials. They pick up, we don't hear their side of the conversation.

IMRAN

Are you wasting my time?

Imran's hands are shaking.

IMRAN (CONT'D)

Well it's not there.

He listens. It tightens him.

IMRAN (CONT'D)

Don't- (composing himself)
It's definitely him.
You've got til the
morning to work this the
fuck out.

He hangs up. Real terror now landing in his eyes.

32 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT - 2:45 AM

32

Raul sprints straight into fast moving traffic. Up ahead, a BLACK CAB. Raul bangs on the window.

RAUL

Lucky Star?

The DRIVER squints.

CAB DRIVER

Bow Flyover?

RAUL

Yep.

Raul yanks the door open and dives inside. The driver clocks Raul's bedraggled appearance.

CAB DRIVER

You better not mess up my seats.

But Raul's not listening.

33 INT. CAB - NIGHT 2.47AM

33

The cab pulls away. Raul checks out the back window. Slides down in the back seat. Checks his phone. No new messages.

Notification: Low Battery.

The torn Care Bear clutched against his chest. His knee bounces nervously.

RAUL
Think you can do it in five?

CAB DRIVER
I can try.

Raul looks at the cab's dashboard clock: 2:49. The numbers blur. He blinks hard.

TEXT MESSAGE
COUNTDOWN: 01:49:22...21...

He opens the window. Lets cold night air flow in. Then opens his phone. *Google search*: How to stay awake.

CAB DRIVER
(nodding at the bear)
That's seen better days.

RAUL
Yeah...

CAB DRIVER
My youngest had one just like that.
Wouldn't sleep without it.

Raul looks down.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
That's when he did sleep.

RAUL
Takes a while right.

CAB DRIVER
What you got then?

RAUL
A boy. He's 5.

CAB DRIVER
You're in the thick of it. Took me
three kids to learn to sleep
standing up. But those early years.
I'd go back tomorrow. They think
you hung the moon.

Raul looks down at the bear. Absent-mindedly he wipes the water away from its face.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
 I've got two in Thailand right now
 and haven't heard from them in
 weeks.

Raul cracks a polite smile then looks away out the window.
 Somewhere else for a moment.

34 INT. VAN - NIGHT - 2:50 AM

34

Dark. Theo asleep against Demetria. His breath catches on the
 inhale - a small dry click, every few breaths now.

Demetria listens. Counts them.

Her free hand works the marine rope. Slow. Millimeters. Her
 wrist is raw.

Theo shifts. She stops. Strokes his hair.

DEMETRIA
 (whisper)
 Shh.

He settles.

She looks at the ceiling of the van. Just for a moment, her
 expression changes, letting out the fear in her very core.

Theo stirs. And it's gone. Mask back on.

She goes back to the rope.

35 EXT. LUCKY STAR AMUSEMENTS ARCADE - 2:52 AM

35

The cab pulls up. Raul jumps out. Reaches for his wallet -
 hands trembling. A photo of Theo falls out. He picks it up.
 The cab driver clocks it. Waves Raul's wallet away.

CAB DRIVER
 On you go.

RAUL
 I owe you a ride.

The Cab Driver smiles. Raul turns and sizes up the place.
 Then runs for the entrance.

36 INT. LUCKY STAR AMUSEMENTS - NIGHT - 2:58 AM

36

A barrage of noise. ZINGS. LASERS. But deserted.

A sad, out-of-date Christmas tree stands in the middle of the lobby. Mechanical elves with missing eyes work in unison around a manger.

Raul flies in. Squints through flashing lights that smear into each other.

He rounds a corner to a small FOOD KIOSK. A sign reads CLOSED, but behind the counter, backlit against a neon sign, a stick-thin young woman flips burgers on a hot plate. Tattoos, piercings, graceful, but she crackles. This is CASEY (28).

Raul barrels toward her, pulling out his phone, scanning the arcade as he goes.

RAUL
Have you seen this boy or this
woman. I need to find them
urgently.

Casey looks at Raul. Wet. Shaking. Bear still in his hand.

She takes the phone. Slowly looks at the photos.

She hands back the phone.

CASEY
No.

Raul holds up the Care Bear.

RAUL
Is this from here.

Casey squints at the bear.

CASEY
Maybe.

RAUL
Where will I find it?

Casey shrugs. Points inside towards the games.

Raul races past the kiosk.

Raul runs in.

A backlit unit glows: PRIZES. Banks of teddy bears, toys.

And there, alone at the end of the third row: one green Care Bear. Identical to the one in his hand.

Raul looks from the bear in his hand to the shelf.

He spots a KID (16), mostly fringe, behind the prize-counter. Holds out the photo.

RAUL
Have you seen this boy. Theo. 5
years old. Or his mother. Demetria.

The kid barely looks up.

RAUL (CONT'D)
He's my son.

KID
(glancing at the photo)
Yeah I seen them two.

RAUL
Today?

KID
No but they been here on weekends.

RAUL
What do they play?

KID
Mate, I just hand out the prizes.

Raul holds up the torn bear.

RAUL
Ok then how do you get one of
these.

KID
Them bears are a leaderboard prize.

RAUL
Can you win them on police car
games - he likes police cars-

KID
I have no idea. Everything is that
way.

Raul tears off down the aisles, finds police-car games, one after another - scanning leaderboards. Drowsiness dragging everything out of focus.

He stops. Nowhere left. Then-

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE
TIME OFF TASK.

He flicks away the notification.

Thinks. Then. An idea.

Pulls up his call list. Scrolls to Mãe. It connects. Someone fumbles the phone. Raul tenses.

MUM
Alô?

RAUL
Ma. It's me. The video game - that Demetria plays with Theo. What's it called?

MUM
(A beat too long)
...Sweetie. Hi. A game. Oh, I don't know.

RAUL
(gentle now)
The one he's good at. I heard him talk to you about it once. The one with the Police cars.

MUM
He doesn't like Police cars does he?

RAUL
He doesn't?

Raul remembers the Police car he tried to give Theo earlier.

MUM
Why don't you ask him?

He shakes his head.

RAUL
He's asleep. Mum, look I really need the name-

MUM
I thought it was one with the soldiers that he likes.

RAUL
He likes soldiers now?

MUM
That's what I sent for Christmas.
But you'd know far better than me
sweetheart.

Raul crumbles with guilt.

RAUL
I know. I wish I did.

MUM
Listen, your father never played
with you either. You turned out
alright.

Raul's face drops.

A sound cuts through the cacophony - a digitised voice.

GAME VOICE (O.S.)
*Enemy in the wire. Weapons free.
Move, move, move...*

Raul turns.

Glowing across the room, a soldier game: **Dead Man's Switch**.

Raul sprints towards it.

Raul arrives at the game: The leaderboard screen glows. In first place **THEO TAVARES - 48,900. Last play: 01:47AM.**

Raul hangs up. Mum, oblivious, still talking. His hand goes to the screen. Touches the letters. Theo's name. Here in this arcade.

Then he spots a CCTV camera pointed right at the game.

38

INT. ARCADE FOOD KIOSK - NIGHT - 3:28AM

38

Casey scrapes a smoking hotplate.

RAUL (O.S.)
Hey. I need to see the CCTV.
There's a game over there. And I
know my son played on it within the
last couple of hours.

CASEY
(pissed off)
Mate. I'm at work.

RAUL
This boy here. He's my son, him and
his mum, they're in serious danger
and I need you to help me right
now.

Casey looks taken aback, then composes herself.

CASEY
Then, you need to call the police.

RAUL
I don't have time.

CASEY
Even if I was able to help, they
don't give people like me security
access.

RAUL
Then ask security.

Casey laughs.

CASEY
Mahendra! This random guy needs you
to just open up the CCTV for him.

Reveal: Mahendra, a small mouse of a man in a blue security
outfit with epaulettes, wonky hat, one shoe missing. He's
fast asleep against a faded Dr Pepper vending machine.

He stirs. Thumbs up. Goes back to sleep.

RAUL
(desperate)
Yes. He needs to take me back there
to look at it.

Casey is about to speak when she looks at the photo of Theo.
And back to Raul. He's on the verge of crumbling. She thinks.
Drumming her hands on the counter.

CASEY
(quietly)
If I tell you a secret will you
fuck off?

39

INT. ADANA OCAKBAŞI- NIGHT - 3:46 AM

39

Faulkner, deep in thought, steps in from the cool night air to a totally empty Turkish Ocakbaşı. Strip lights. Photos of the food. No sooner has she opened the metal and glass door...

HASAN (O.S.)

Stranger!

Hasan, 50's, goatee, bubbly.

FAULKNER

Hello, my friend.

HASAN

I was worried you ditched us for down the road!

FAULKNER

Hasan, do I look like a traitor?

HASAN smiles.

HASAN

Usual for both of you?

FAULKNER

Please.

HASAN

I don't forget. My wife says I'm an elephant.

Faulkner smiles. Hasan turns to put the food together.

HASAN (CONT'D)

Ok here you go. For you, Chicken shish, no onions don't worry...

HASAN (CONT'D)

And for him, lamb shish extra chilli sauce. Just how he likes it.

FAULKNER

Your wife wasn't wrong about the elephant thing.

Hasan wraps up the final bits. **He hands her two separate food packets.**

40 EXT. ADANA OCAKBAŞI- NIGHT

40

Faulkner steps outside. Drunk teenagers stream past. She doesn't notice them. She walks.

Stops at a bin. **Holds the second food parcel over it a moment. Then drops it in.** Keeps walking.

41 INT. ARCADE - NIGHT - 3:49 AM

41

Casey and Raul are standing next to the Dead Man's Switch machine. She points at the CCTV camera.

CASEY

This one?

Raul nods.

She steps up on the pleather of a RECARO RALEIGH game seat, leans over to the CCTV camera and yanks off the front:

It's empty inside.

CASEY (CONT'D)

We stopped putting real ones in years ago, people just nicked them.

RAUL

No CCTV anywhere in here?

Casey nods. Raul sits down. Thinking.

Under his breath, in Portuguese:

RAUL (CONT'D)

Dez. Nove. Oito...

Then, a thought.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Do you have social media?

Casey squirms.

CASEY

Look this is all getting a bit strange-

Raul buries his head in his hands.

RAUL

Nossa Senhora. Please. I don't have social media.

(MORE)

RAUL (CONT'D)
I just want to look at Instagram.
See who's posted from here.

Casey considers.

CASEY
Do you know how long this will
take? I'm not supposed to leave my
station.

RAUL
No.

He holds out his hand for her phone. Reluctantly she hands him it, complete with glitter encrusted case.

RAUL (CONT'D)
Code.

He turns his head away. As Casey enters it we see something Raul doesn't. **A tattoo covers her palm**, glimpsed so fast we can't quite make it out.

Raul takes it back. Opens Instagram. Types Location: Lucky Star Amusements.

Clicks it. **Clicks Geo-tagged photos.**

Casey watches him.

Various people posting from within the arcade. Scrolls... 12 weeks ago... 4 weeks ago... People celebrating birthdays. A dad with his son at the prize counter.

He pauses a moment too long on one photo: a father teaching a boy to hold a light gun.

3 hours ago... Stops. His eyes flicker.

Casey peers over his shoulder. Anxiously tracking what he's looking at. Close on: **A series of photos of a tall, bearded MAN IN A HAWAIIAN SHIRT standing in front of the Dead Man's Switch game.**

One later photo of the man was posted less than two hours ago.

Raul zooms in. The man is holding the Care Bear with THEO stitched across its chest.

Raul looks at the Care Bear in his hand. Identical.

He thrusts the photo towards Casey.

RAUL (CONT'D)
This guy. Have you seen him.

Casey squints. Shakes her head.

CASEY
No.

Raul is distracted by something else in the photo. Zooms in further, to see the man's shirt pocket.

There is a logo visible: VESPERS.

RAUL
Vespers?

CASEY
Don't go to Vespers.

Raul examines her.

RAUL
What are you hiding?

CASEY
Nothing.

Raul takes a photo of Casey's screen.

RAUL
I need to find this man. Where is this Vespers place.

CASEY
It's a club. That's all I know.

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE
COUNTDOWN: 01:35:59...58

Raul looks between the phone message and the photo of the man holding the Care Bear. His mind made up.

RAUL
Where?

42 EXT. LUCKY STAR AMUSEMENTS - NIGHT 3:53AM

42

Raul bursts out of the arcade.

In Raul's POV: Neon smears across his vision. Across the street he spots a battered COURIER MOPED.

He crosses. Crouches. His hands hesitate - then, muscle memory, from somewhere deep within him, takes over. Cover off, wire stripped, SPARK. The engine catches.

He shoves the bear into his waistband and speeds off.

43 EXT. EAST LONDON STREETS - NIGHT - 3.56AM 43

Raul roars through the empty city. Sleep dragging at his eyelids.

He lets his eyes close. Just for a moment: Theo, asleep. Small. Safe. Raul's hand on his back, rising and falling with the breath.

Peace.

SMASH, clips a wing mirror. Raul's eyes snap open. The cold night air blasting in his face.

He cuts into a side street, over a small bridge - and there, with dawn creeping up behind it: VESPERS.

Raul digs deep and twists the accelerator.

44 EXT. VESPERS NIGHTCLUB - 3:58 AM 44

Raul jumps off the moped. Angles the wing mirror, spits on his hand, wipes the blood from his face. Smooths his hair.

He scans the queue. Muscle Marys. A man in chain mail beside a man in a puppy mask. Young lads in Stone Island. Barely a woman in sight - except one, in a cocktail dress, oblivious to her own streaked makeup. He sets his sights on the door.

45 INT. VESPERS - ENTRANCE - NIGHT 4:02 AM 45

Raul walks in, some people clocking his appearance. Steps through a metal detector. BEEP.

On Raul: Damn. An outstretched hand stops him. A security guard waves a wand over Raul's body. A high whine intensifies around Raul's pocket.

SECURITY GUARD
Everything out.

The guard gestures to a grey plastic tray. Raul throws in some gum, his keys, the three bar crucifix on a gold chain. The Security Guard picks up the crucifix. Studies it.

A flash recognition. He looks at Raul. His bashed face. The wet clothes. Then back to the crucifix.

He sets the crucifix back in Raul's palm. Careful.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Sorry to keep you.

On Raul, now looks at the crucifix with dread, almost pockets it, but then puts it on, round his neck.

46 INT. VESPERS NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - 4:04 AM

46

A wall of heat. Bass. Smoke. Raul shuts his eyes against the drowsiness trickling up his chest, breathes the thick air.

Strobe reveals the dark in flashes. Jaws grinding. Glistening chests. Blown pupils. Sweat running down faded frescoes of saints.

Raul pushes through. Hunting.

A glowing bar, built into a fresco of Saint Anthony. Behind it a clean shaven barman in the same Hawaiian shirt as the man in the photo.

Not a shirt. A uniform.

Raul waves him over, holds up the photo. The barman cups a hand to his ear.

RAUL
I'm looking for my friend.

He shows the photo of HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN.

BARMAN
He's about, yeah.

RAUL
Where?

The barman points towards a roped-off arch with a DOORWOMAN standing guard. Raul's immediately pushing into the crowd as fast as he can, toward the arch. Fighting the heat, the pull of sleep.

47 INT. VESPERS NIGHTCLUB DANCEFLOOR - NIGHT - 4:08 AM

47

Strobe. Smoke. Raul searches the crowd. **Then, he sees:
HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN from the arcade.**

Raul locks on. Pushes toward him. HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN climbs a few steps towards the roped-off arch, reaches the DOORWOMAN. Chats to her for a moment. Then she holds out a **pipette full of black liquid**.

HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN tips his head back. She touches the pipette to his tongue. **Three drops**. He swallows. Kisses her. Goes through.

Next, Raul reaches the rope. Tries to duck past, but the DOORWOMAN steps in front of him.

RAUL
(pointing towards HAWAIIAN
SHIRT MAN)
I'm with him.

But she shrugs. **Raises the pipette**. A bead of black liquid trembles at the tip.

Raul looks at it. Then to HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN, disappearing into the dark beyond the arch.

But he can't.

He shakes his head. No.

The DOORWOMAN, unbothered, waves the people behind Raul forward, offering them the same pipette.

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE
COUNTDOWN: 00:29:08...07...

One by one, they tip their heads back, take three drops, then pass through.

HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN is almost gone. **Raul steels himself and steps up. Opens his mouth. One drop. Two. Three. He** swallows. Wipes his mouth. Shakes it off. Drives towards HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN.

The music shifts. Techno. Red light. Glistening bodies tangling everywhere.

HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN shoulders through double doors.

Raul runs after him. He spits, trying to clear the taste. His heartbeat loud in his ears now. The strobes too bright now. He catches the doors, ducks through.

49

INT. VESPERS SERVICE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

49

Bright light. Cold air. Concrete. A stairwell dropping away below him.

Raul looks around. No sign of HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN.

Then a door slams, a floor down. Raul follows the sound.

His eyes are closing on their own now. He forces them open.

BUZZ. He looks at the phone. The letters crawl, rearranging as he reads:

TEXT MESSAGE

Tlme O\$FF TA\$K. C@uNtD0wN:
00:&&:5@...5G...5S

The stairs double. Split in two. He reaches for a rail that isn't where it should be- His legs go.

SMASH. He tumbles down the whole flight. Face to concrete.

He sits up. Blood sheeting from his hairline. **Below him - HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN.**

RAUL

(slurred now)

Hey....

The audio goes muffled. Raul's pupils are blown. Wide. Black.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Wait!

HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN slips through a heavy metal door.

Raul hauls himself up. Blood smearing the white wall. Pushes through after him - into a long dilapidated corridor, doors off it.

He picks one. Shoves it open-

50

INT. VESPERS NIGHTCLUB STAFF ROOM - NIGHT - 4:12 AM

50

An airless staff room.

Raul scans it. Sweat now dripping off him, jaw grinding. He spots a sink - lunges for it, shoves his fingers, then his whole hand, to the back of his throat.

He **vomits**. Hard. Again. Eyes bloodshot, streaming.

He gulps from the tap. Splashes his face with cold.

Grips the edge of the sink until his hands steady.

Across the room he sees: **coats on hooks.**

He rifles through them. Fast. Methodical. A leather wallet.
Inside, **a driver's license: HAWAIIAN SHIRT MAN's face.**

Then - a jangle. Keys. Raul pulls them out. On the keyring: a photo of Demetria and Theo.

Raul's own car keys.

51 INT. FAULKNER'S CAR - NIGHT - 4:15 AM

51

Faulkner in the rear view mirror. Yanking grey hairs from her temple. Half eaten dinner on the seat.

Her phone rings.

FAULKNER

Hey.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Yeah so he's sealed the flat off.
Lucky you were there.

FAULKNER

Good. What about the other thing.

POLICE OFFICER

Yeah got something back. But not on
a Raul Tavares.

She stops plucking. Takes out the item she hid inside her jacket-

CLOSE ON: a framed group photo of Raul, younger, proud, in a Brazilian junior police uniform. Police dog at his side.
2015.

The Officer whistles down the phone as he looks for more details.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Pedro Silva Costa. DENARC. DP de
Sapopemba, São Paulo.

She studies the photo carefully.

FAULKNER
But you're working off the photo
I've got here?

POLICE OFFICER
Yep. Same date. It's definitely
him.

FAULKNER
So just a different name. When did
he come to London.

The Officer resumes whistling.

POLICE OFFICER
Doesn't say.

FAULKNER
Course it says. Keep going.

POLICE OFFICER
2021 he's DENARC. After that
there's nothing. No exit, no
discharge. It just ends.

She doesn't like the sound of that. Thinks for a moment.

FAULKNER
And this photo. You say you have a
copy your end?

POLICE OFFICER
Yeah that's all here.

Hearing this, she starts to score the frame with the
tweezers.

FAULKNER
Ok. Let's pick it up in the
morning. (a beat)
Oh and Eddie, don't log any of this
yet.

She hangs up. Pulls the photo out the frame. Looks at Raul.
The dog. Too long. Her thumb moves over Raul's face. And then
to another man beside Raul. **A tall, dark police chief.** His
hand on Raul's shoulder.

Her thumb stops dead.

Something changes in her demeanour.

She crosses herself and rips the photo into pieces. Shoves it
into a takeaway cup.

Sits still. Eyes closed. When she opens them she looks older.

She reaches in to the glove box. Rifles behind some items to find: a cling-film package. One cigarette. One match. She strikes it on her jacket zip. Inhales. Bliss.

Presses play. 'Some Old Salty', Lal Waterson. The ember from the cigarette illuminating her haunted face.

52

INT. VESPERS STAFF ROOM - NIGHT -4:20 AM

52

Raul stares at the keys. His wife. His child. Smiling up at him from the key ring.

Something sharpens in him through the fog.

They're here. Somewhere.

RAUL
Demetria! Theo!

He darts for the door. The handle. Locked.

He hurls himself at the windows. Locked. Pounds them bloody. They hold.

RAUL (CONT'D)
LET ME OUT.

Next, he jumps up on a chair, tearing at ceiling tiles like a caged animal. Dust raining down. Nothing gives.

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE
My son was five too.

Raul stops dead. Dust settles around him.

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE (CONT'D)
Lorenzo. 11th March. 2021.

Close on Raul. He knows that name. He knows the date.

But it isn't guilt that rises...

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE (CONT'D)
5 years to the day. Why did you do it?

... it's fury.

RAUL
(firm)
No.

Raul stares at the words. Picks up a chair. Reads the door lock. Finds the weak point. **SMASH. SMASH.** The lock splinters.

In his pocket, the phone goes off - once, twice - unread.

He opens the door. Runs out.

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE
You're running out of time.
COUNTDOWN: 00:13:51...50...

53 INT. VESPERS NIGHTCLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT - 4:30 AM 53

Raul tears through the crowd. Each moment a chain of dissolving images and neon disorientation.

He's grabbing people now, showing them photos, shouting over the music.

Blood in one eye. Faces smearing, warping into each other.

Ahead he spots the woman in the cocktail dress from the queue, a bump of coke on a key at her nose.

Raul locks on. Grabs her wrist and plunges his own car key into the bag of coke. One bump. Sharp inhale.

He blinks. **The audio snaps back. Bass finds the beat. The strobe re-syncs.**

For a second - clarity. Not calm. Wired. The warping holds still long enough for him to move through it. His body, which was folding, snaps upright - borrowed, not fixed.

He knows what he's just done. A flicker of it crosses his face. Then he does it again anyway. And again. Pockets the key.

He drives forward through the crowd, too fast, too sharp, running on something that isn't his.

Then - through the bodies, someone watching him: **Casey. From the arcade.**

He locks on her. She ducks behind a pillar.

He goes after her. The STROBE hammers, bodies freezing and jumping in jagged frames.

FLASH - he's gaining on her.

FLASH - COUNTDOWN: 00:03:10...9...

FLASH - he grabs her hand. Looks down. It's Theo's hand.

FLASH - the tattooed hand of the moped driver.

FLASH - he grabs her shoulder. She turns. Her hair moves and she's Demetria, looking back at him with love.

FLASH - Casey. Furious. He has her arm. Tight.

CASEY

Get off me.

RAUL

What do you know?

He pulls out the car keys. Holds them up. Casey shrugs, so what?

RAUL (CONT'D)

The man from the photo. Where has he taken them.

Raul's towering over her now. Hands shaking. She sees it, how far gone he is. Something in her gives.

CASEY

I don't know. He's gone.

RAUL

With them?

CASEY

I don't know.

RAUL

Liar.

CASEY

Go home.

RAUL

Where's my car.

BUZZ. He doesn't look.

On his phone: COUNTDOWN: 00:01:14...13...

CASEY
Don't go to your car.

RAUL
TELL ME. NOW.

Raul lets go of her arm. He's already moving. Scanning the room, and there, past the crowd: **a FIRE EXIT sign glowing green.**

54 EXT. RAILWAY ARCHES BEHIND VESPER - NIGHT 4:37 AM 54

Raul pushes open the fire doors. Strobe and smoke behind him. He stumbles out, scanning.

COUNTDOWN: 00:00:59...58...

Walkways drop away toward a flat stretch of tarmac by a canal. In his POV they warp, stretching too long, lights haloing, sound smearing. He stumbles down.

COUNTDOWN: 00:00:38...37...

Then, he sees it.

His CAR.

COUNTDOWN: 00:00:17...16...

He runs. BANG. From inside the boot.

He stops. Listens.

THEO (O.S.)
Daddy!

COUNTDOWN: 00:00:09...08...

Raul breaks into a run.

Pulls out his keys, presses the button to unlock.

COUNTDOWN: 00:00:05...04...

The car won't unlock.

At the rear of the car, a strip of DEMETRIA'S SHIRT caught in the boot seal, fluttering.

COUNTDOWN: 00:00:03...02...

He grabs the boot handle. Pulls. Locked.

RAUL

I'm here!

Theo screaming now.

COUNTDOWN: 00:00:01...00...

Raul snatches a loose brick from the canal bank. SMASHES the driver's window. Glass goes everywhere. He reaches through, unlocks the door.

55 INT. RAUL'S CAR - NIGHT

55

Raul dives into the driver's seat.

DEMETRIA (O.S.)

Raul! Help!

RAUL

I've got you. Hold on-

He grabs for the boot release lever. His hands slick with blood, slipping off the lever. He finds it. Pulls.

The engine ROARS to life on its own.

The car JERKS backwards. Reversing. Fast.

Raul lunges for the gearstick. It's jammed. Locked in reverse. He slams his foot on the brake. But it does nothing.

BANG. BANG. BANG. From the boot.

RAUL (CONT'D)

I'm coming!

He scrambles over the seats into the back. Claws at the rear seat latch. Stuck. Won't give.

THEO (O.S.)

DADDY!!

Raul roars, tearing at it.

56 EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON - NIGHT

56

The same moment as the beginning of the episode. **But now threaded with Raul's POV.**

The black TOYOTA CAMRY rockets through Piccadilly Circus.

SMASH!

The car smashes into a central reservation. A shower of white-hot sparks erupts beneath the car as steel screams against the tarmac.

57 INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - NIGHT 57

A three bar orthodox crucifix, **identical to the dead man's**, swings on the rear view mirror.

Raul's tearing at the rear seats.

RIPS the fabric open.

Foam spills out.

The car gains speed.

He tears deeper into the seat.

Theo, screaming.

The shoe rolling as the car bucks.

Raul, punching through the seats.

His fingers bleeding. Breath ragged, refusing panic.

Under his breath, in Portuguese:

RAUL
Dez. Nove. Oito...

Counting backwards.

58 EXT. HAYMARKET - NIGHT 58

The Camry ploughs through a line of roadworks barriers. Cones buckle, warning lights scatter across the tarmac.

59 INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - NIGHT 59

CLOSE ON RAUL, sweat, terror, concentration.

MUFFLED FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
RAUL!

60 EXT. WHITEHALL - NIGHT 60

The smashed up car flies backwards down Whitehall.

61 EXT. VICTORIA EMBANKMENT 61

The car mounts the kerb and crashes its way down Victoria Embankment towards the Thames.

62 INT. CAR - NIGHT 62

The impact throws Raul against the window, smearing blood up the glass.

He turns. Looks out the back window. Black water. Getting closer.

Raul digs his bleeding hands under the seat hinge.

Pulls with everything he has.

RAUL
ARRRRGGGHHHHH!!!

The seat RIPS loose.

Raul lunges forward- **Into the boot space towards Theo and Demetria.** Reaching deep into the darkness.

But -

His hands hit: PLASTIC.

He looks down. **Two small speakers, taped inside the boot.**

Raul's bloody fingers smear across the plastic.

The speaker light blinks.

BLUETOOTH SPEAKER 1
Daddy!!

BLUETOOTH SPEAKER 2
Raul please!

The same looped audio. Raul stops. Clutches the bloody speakers to his face. Listens.

The car jolts over something. But Raul doesn't even react. His breathing slows. Not calm. Empty.

Eyes shut. Like if they stay closed long enough the voices might be real.

63 EXT. VICTORIA EMBANKMENT - CONTINUOUS 63

The car hurtles straight towards the water.

64 INT. CAMRY - CONTINUOUS 64

The audio skips. Distorts. Theo and Demetria's voices distort into something digital and wrong. Raul opens his eyes. Examines the speakers. The wiring. The tape. Homemade.

BUZZ.

TEXT MESSAGE

**Once a detective, always a
detective.**

He reads. His jaw sets.

65 EXT. VICTORIA EMBANKMENT - CONTINUOUS 65

CRASH. The car smashes through the embankment barrier, flying through the air towards the water.

66 INT. CAMRY - CONTINUOUS 66

Raul reaches into his pocket, takes out the key he took from home. Calmly he takes it to his lips. Like Communion. **And swallows it.**

Close on his hands. **They have stopped shaking.**

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT.