

HIDDEN

Created by
by
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Episode One

Written by
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BLACK:

We hear the ring tone of a TELEPHONE.

MALE VOICE #1 (PHONE)
*Help desk. May I have your
customer I.D.?*

MALE VOICE #2 (O.C.)
WB-08-20-19-19.

MALE VOICE #1 (PHONE)
*And for verification may I have
characters one, four and eight
only of your password.*

MALE VOICE #2 (O.C.)
T-F-T.

The voices are calm and educated. Male Voice #2 belongs to JAMES MORPETH, whom we will meet later.

We hear a car, its wheels swishing through pools of water on a narrow English country road.

The telephone conversation continues over...

1 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING 1989 1

The car passes through a quiet village.

MALE VOICE #1 (O.C.)
*You're verified. Are you calling
from an open line?*

MALE VOICE #2 (O.C.)
Yes.

MALE VOICE #1 (O.C.)
One moment while I secure.

Ahead we see the lights of a large, isolated house on the edge of the village. The house belongs to a man named Braddick.

The car pulls to a stop. The lights remain on, the engine turns over.

2 EXT. CAR - EVENING 1989 2

Two men get out. The driver remains behind the wheel. The men are late 20s, early 30s. They're tense.

The man who got out of the passenger seat is handsome, with a ruthless smile. His name is MARK VENN.

The other man is PAUL HILLMAN.

Mark talks through the open window to the driver, Hillman lurking just behind them.

MARK

You're gonna be okay, no problem.

CUT TO:

3 INT. MORTUARY - DAY 1989 3

DETECTIVE SERGEANT FENTON RUSSELL snaps back a white sheet to reveal a man's face. We don't see who it is. We do see that there is a second BODY on an adjacent trolley.

Russell looks up at GEORGE, a big man, powerful and grizzled like an old lion. George can't help himself. He lets out a pitiful groan.

MALE VOICE #1 (O.C.)

You're secured. How may we help?

MALE VOICE #2 (O.C.)

It seems to be a virus.

4 EXT. CAR - EVENING 1989 4

Marks grins.

MARK

It's not complicated. Me and Hillman go in, you wait, we come out, we drive away.

CUT TO:

5 INT. CAR - MOVING - EVENING 1989 5

Sirens and flashing blue lights behind them. Mark, in the front seat, in obvious distress. Hillman in the back, getting panicky.

HILLMAN

Move! Come on, move!

The police car behind is gaining on them.

6 INT. TABAC - DAY - PARIS 1989 6

An attractive woman in her late thirties is buying cigarettes. She pays and leaves. Her name is JENNIFER MOSCATI. She has a baguette in her hand.

A CAPTION:

PARIS, 1989

- 7 EXT. TABAC - DAY 1989 7
- She walks down the street, tears off the tip of the bread and munches it as she walks.
- An Algerian man, MEZWAR TANZIR, steps out of a doorway and follows her.
- 8 INT. BRADDICK'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - EVENING 1989 8
- TWO MEN are about to sit down to a meal. GEOFFREY BRADDICK (54), who owns the house. Braddick is wealthy and successful, and everything he does is done on his terms.
- He directs BEN LANDER (32) impatiently and gruffly. Lander has the look of a soldier on leave - muscular, lean, cleancut.
- The door bell rings.
- Braddick freezes. He looks to Lander.
- 9 EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY 1989 9
- Jennifer turns to see Tanzir behind her. Tanzir pulls out a KNIFE.
- CUT TO:
- CLOSE ON - FRANCES
- a woman in her early to mid thirties, dark, beautiful, desperate and trouble.
- PULL BACK TO REVEAL:
- 10 INT. HARRY'S OFFICE, KENTISH TOWN - DAY 10
- She is sitting opposite
- HARRY
- Behind his desk. He's early 40s, handsome in a dangerous way. Good with people. But here he's on the back foot.
- FRANCES
- What are you doing? You're
throwing this away?
- HARRY
- I don't know what to say. I'm
sorry.

FRANCES
 Sorry? I don't believe this. I
 don't believe you. When did you
 decide this?

HARRY
 Frances--

FRANCES
 When?! When!

HARRY
 I don't know. It wasn't like an
 instant thing.

Fuel to the fire.

FRANCES
 So this has been going on in your
 head all this time? When we were
 out having dinner? When we were in
 bed?

HARRY
 I've got back to back appointments--

Frances is on her feet in a second.

FRANCES
 Appointments? You're talking about
 appointments?! This is my life,
 Harry!

Harry was really hoping it wouldn't come to this.

11 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

11

It's a down-at-heel north London solicitors' office. Cheap
 furniture, cheap reproductions on the walls.

Harry's PA is MATT (20s), North London lad, little formal
 education but sharp.

A young woman enters. She is GINA, self-possessed,
 attractive. She is expensively dressed, classic business
 suit, perfectly groomed.

GINA
 (slight accent)
 I'm Gina Hawkes. I have an
 eleven o'clock appointment with
 Mr Venn.

Matt checks Harry's diary. There's a scream from Harry's
 office.

FRANCES (O.C.)
 (not entirely audible)
 You can't do this to me!

MATT
 Mr Venn's 10.30 is running a
 little over.

Gina throws him a look.

FRANCES (O.C.)
 I'm not going to let you ruin my
 life!

MATT
 Why don't I see if I can find you
 another appointment?

GINA
 I'll wait.

She finds herself a seat and unfolds a newspaper. The front page story is headlined:

WORSLEY VOWS TO KEEP COALITION TALKS ALIVE

Accompanying the story is a photo of BRIAN WORSLEY, the prime minister (Harrow, Cambridge, married to a viscount's daughter). Worsley is blandly handsome, but he looks careworn and older than his 43 years.

We see in the report that it's DAY 11 of the crisis - eleven days since the coalition government collapsed, eleven days with a caretaker administration with Worsley at its head.

Matt picks up the phone and punches some buttons.

12 INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

12

The telephone rings in Harry's office. Harry makes to pick it up.

FRANCES
 Don't answer that!

Harry ignores her and is about to lift the receiver. Frances slams her hand down on top of Harry's.

HARRY
 (firm)
 Let go.

We see the steeliness in Harry. Frances sees it too. The phone stops ringing. She takes her hand away.

Beat...

She looks at him seductively.

FRANCES

Are you really going to give this
up?

She unbuttons the top button of her shirt. She's not wearing
a bra.

HARRY

Frances, you don't have to do that.

FRANCES

Are you?

She undoes the next button.

HARRY

You'll catch cold.

13

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

13

Matt replaces the phone.

MATT

Do you think he'll pull it off?
(indicating the paper)
Worsley? The coalition?

GINA

I really don't know.

MATT

Not that I vote. Whoever you
vote for, the government always
gets in. Except now you vote and
you don't even get a government.
So what's the point?

Gina smiles thinly and goes back to the newspaper.

MATT (CONT'D)

Are you sure you don't want to make
another appointment?

GINA

It's essential I see Mr Venn as
soon as possible.

HARRY (O.C.)

No!

FRANCES (O.C.)

You hate women. That's it, isn't
it? Why don't you just admit it!
You're a woman hater!

GINA
I don't suppose he'll be long
now.

14 OMITTED 14

15 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY 15

The connecting door bursts open and Frances storms in, melodramatic and tragic. She's in such a state that she's oblivious to the fact her breasts are visible.

She looks at Gina: not Harry's usual kind of client. Harry emerges behind her looking stressed and weary.

FRANCES
(to Gina)
I don't know what he's promised
you, but trust me - he won't
deliver.

She turns to Harry, throws him last contemptuous look and exits, pulling her clothes together.

MATT
This is Ms Hawkes, your 11
o'clock.

GINA
(dryly)
I won't offer to shake your hand.

HARRY
Would you like to come into my
office?

Gina regards the open door.

GINA
Why don't we go out?

16 EXT. KENTISH TOWN ROAD - DAY 16

Hustle and bustle on the street.

17 INT. CAFE ON KENTISH TOWN ROAD - DAY 17

Harry brings a coffee to the formica table. Cheap.

HARRY
I should warn you. The coffee's
terrible.

GINA
(takes a sip)
I've drunk worse.

HARRY
You're a brave woman. What can I
do for you?

GINA
I have a client. He's on a
murder charge.

HARRY
You're a lawyer?

She hands over a card.

ECU - GINA HAWKES'S CARD

Gina Hawkes
Hodgkins Truss Wilson
0858 777777
Email: Hawkesasst@HTW.com

HARRY (CONT'D)
Interesting case?

GINA
It has a couple of unusual
features, the first being that my
client appears to be innocent.

HARRY
You mean, really innocent?

GINA
As in he didn't do it.

HARRY
That is unusual.

GINA
As I said.

HARRY
(taps her card)
I've been in practice for fifteen
years, Gina ... do you mind if I
call you Gina?

GINA
You just did.

HARRY
And I know every solicitor in
London. So how come I've never
heard of Hodgkins Truss Wilson
and I've never heard of you?

GINA
We're a specialist firm.

HARRY
What do you specialize in,
exactly?

GINA
Right now in getting my client
off a murder he didn't commit.

HARRY
If he didn't do it and he's got
your expensive brain behind him
I'm sure in no time at all your
client will be basking on the
beach of whatever Caribbean
island he has his offshore
account with.

GINA
His name's Steven Quirke.

Beat ... Harry taking this in.

HARRY
Stevie Quirke? Little Stevie?
What's this all about?

GINA
I told you--

HARRY
I don't get it. An expensive
lawyer acting for an over-the-
hill career criminal like Stevie
Quirke? How did that happen?

GINA
In the usual way - Mr Quirke
called my office. He told me he
was innocent and I believe him.

HARRY
Well, it's true that Mr Quirke
has been acquitted a number of
times. But innocent? That would
be a first.

GINA
It's early days but I'm thinking of
sending the brief to Nigel
Fountain.

(off Harry's look)
You don't approve of my choice of
counsel?

HARRY

Shouldn't that be *Sir Nigel Fountain*? I approve very much. I'm just wondering where all the money's coming from. Nigel Fountain doesn't work for free and, no offence, but you don't strike me as the bleeding heart type either. My question stands: what's this all about?

GINA

Mr Quirke's innocence is not the only unusual feature. He also turned himself in.

HARRY

Stevie? A walk-in?

GINA

Three days ago.

HARRY

So Stevie turned himself in and confessed but... he's innocent?

GINA

I was getting to that.

HARRY

Could you get to it a little faster, Gina, because I'm getting confused.

GINA

My client did turn himself in and he did confess. But. When I went to take instructions, he insisted he'd made the whole thing up.

HARRY

(laughs)
I'm sure he did.

GINA

He confessed because he's terrified. So terrified, in fact, that he'd rather be in prison.

HARRY

What's he terrified of?

GINA

He won't tell me. He wants you to help him.

HARRY

How?

GINA

He wants you to find someone for him.

HARRY

Look. You're a smart woman. I know you're smart because you're not drinking the coffee. But I'm just a high street solicitor. Me, myself and I. What you need is an enquiry agent. I can recommend one.

GINA

The man Mr Quirke wants you to find is Joseph Francis Collins.
(off Harry's look)
You know him, I believe.

HARRY

Stevie Quirke *and* Joe Collins? You're building a case on *them*? You don't need an enquiry agent, Gina, you need a magician. I'm sorry to hear about Stevie. He's stupid but not all bad and I'd be sorry to see him sent down even for something he did do. But I'm not your man for this.

GINA

I disagree. You have the special kind of contacts my client needs.

She gives him a look, implying she knows something about him. Harry doesn't like the look.

HARRY

What are you after? What are you really after?

GINA

I am a lawyer doing my best to get justice for my client.

HARRY

You know what gives you away, Gina? No lawyer uses the word justice when they're talking about their client. Whatever game you've got going here, I'm not playing with you.

Harry makes to get up...

GINA

(cool)

Mr Quirke anticipated your reaction. Accordingly, he instructed me to tell you that he has information, which he is willing to pass on to you.

HARRY

Information about what?

GINA

Your brother Mark.

Harry stares at her.

HARRY

What did he tell you exactly? About Mark? His exact words.

GINA

Exactly what I've told you. I'm following my client's instructions. You have my card.
(politely)
Thank you for the coffee.

She leaves. Harry sits there. Thinking.

FLASHBACK:

18 E/I. BRADDICK'S HOUSE - EVENING 1989 18

Ben Lander opens the door. Mark smashes a fist into his face. Lander staggers back and falls.

19 INT. CAFE - DAY 19

Harry still sitting there. He picks up Gina's card and looks at it. He takes out his mobile.

20 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY 20

Matt picks up.

MATT

Venn and Co.

CROSSCUT:

HARRY

Matt, I want you to find out everything you can about a firm called Hodgkins Truss Wilson.

MATT
Where are they? London?

HARRY
No address on the card.

CLOSE ON - MATT'S COMPUTER

He navigates away from a page on prime minister Brian Worsley's coalition talks and Googles Hodgkins Truss Wilson.

MATT
They're not showing up on Google.

HARRY
What about Gina Hawkes?

MATT
Nothing.

HARRY
Nothing?

MATT
Uh-uh.

HARRY
There's a number 0858 777777.
Call it and find out.

MATT
Okay. By the way, Frank Hanna just called. He wants you there for when the jury comes back.

HARRY
How long have they been out?

MATT
An hour.

HARRY
We threw enough sand in their eyes, they'll be out all day.

We hear a GROAN O.C.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MORTUARY - CLOSE ON GEORGE - DAY 1989

21

Watched closely and unsympathetically by Russell, George looks down at the body, distraught. It's--

MARK, George's son.

Dead.

GEORGE

Mark.

George hangs his head, struggling not to let grief overwhelm him.

22 INT. CAFE - DAY 22

Harry drains the coffee and exits.

23 INT. BELMARSH PRISON - CORRIDOR - DAY 23

A PRISON OFFICER leads the way. Harry follows. The place is sterile and cold. Disembodied voices echo weirdly.

CCTV cameras turn to follow them.

24 INT. BELMARSH PRISON - VISITING ROOM - DAY 24

Harry comes in and looks around.

HIS POV - THE ROOM:

SEVERAL PRISONERS sit at tables with RELATIVES and FRIENDS, talking quietly.

Harry's gaze settles on a small man of about sixty sitting half-hidden in a corner. This is STEVE QUIRKE, shaky and desperate.

Quirke smiles ingratiatingly up at Harry.

HARRY

(without preamble)

What's this shit about my brother?

QUIRKE

(aggrieved)

Is that how you say hello, Harry?
After all these years?

HARRY

I want to know about this crap you've been handing out. What are you selling here, Stevie? Are you going to tell me who killed Mark? Is that it?

QUIRKE

You help me, I give you what you want.

Beat... Harry regards him carefully.

HARRY

You walk in. You confess. Because you're scared? Then... what? You decide you're not so scared after all? You want out? What?

QUIRKE

(with emotion)

I'm offering a deal here! Help me, you get what I know. That's all I got to deal with, Harry. You understand?

Harry looks at him for a moment.

HARRY

How did you find Gina Hawkes?

QUIRKE

What do you mean?

HARRY

Stevie, I couldn't find Gina Hawkes and people might say I'm somewhat better placed than you.

QUIRKE

Someone gave me her number.

HARRY

Who?

QUIRKE

I don't remember.

Harry's look says: I don't believe you.

HARRY

And she agrees to act for you why?

QUIRKE

(evasive)

You ain't got the hump, have you? That I didn't go to you? You're an old pal, Harry. Let me shake your hand, just for the warm feel of it.

He reaches over and takes Harry's hand, pulling him towards him.

QUIRKE (CONT'D)

I heard things wasn't going too good for you.

HARRY

They've been worse.

QUIRKE
Yeah, I know that's true.

Harry releases his hand. His voice is cold again.

HARRY
Mark. Tell me now or I'm out the door.

He stands and starts for the door.

QUIRKE
You're all I got left, Harry. You turn your back, I'm dead.

HARRY
If you know who killed Mark, tell me now.

Beat... Quirke leans forward.

QUIRKE
You'll never guess who I bumped into.
(off Harry's look)
Paul Hillman.

Harry staring hard at Quirke. Harry slowly returns to his seat.

QUIRKE (CONT'D)
Straight up.

FLASHBACK:

25 INT. CAR - MOVING - CLOSE ON HILLMAN - EVENING 1989 25

Staring back at the flashing blue lights behind them.

HILLMAN
Shit. There's two of them now.

MARK
Relax, Hillman, will you? We're going to be okay.

DRIVER
There's one in front.

Hillman swivels round to see a POLICE CAR coming right at them on the narrow road. He grips the back of the seat in front of him.

HILLMAN
We're going to hit them! Stop!

MARK
 (calmly to the driver)
 You can do it, kid. Focus.

The police car accelerates. They're going to collide.

BACK TO:

26 INT. BELMARSH PRISON - VISITING ROOM - PRESENT TIME 26

QUIRKE
 I saw him and I recognized him -
 Paul Hillman.
 (off Harry's look)
 I saw what I saw, Harry.

HARRY
 There's just one problem here.

FLASHBACK:

27 INT. MORTUARY - DAY 27

Russell snaps back the sheet to reveal the face of the
 SECOND BODY--

PAUL HILLMAN

Dead.

RUSSELL
 Do you recognize this man?

GEORGE
 Paul Hillman.

BACK TO:

28 INT. BELMARSH PRISON - VISITING ROOM - PRESENT TIME 28

HARRY
 Paul Hillman's dead. He's been
 dead for twenty years. My dad
 ID'd his body, same time he ID'd
 Mark's.

QUIRKE
 I saw him.

HARRY
 When?

QUIRKE

Few days ago, just before I come in here. Harry, if Hillman's alive, what does that say about Mark?

A red mist descends over Harry; this is as much as he can take. He grabs Quirke by the throat.

HARRY

What the hell are you playing at?

QUIRKE

Harry--

(as Harry squeezes)

Harry, please--

Harry releases him. Quirke fights to get his breath back.

QUIRKE (CONT'D)

I seen him, Harry, and he's breathing like you and me.

HARRY

The dead don't come back.

Harry struggles to keep himself under control.

QUIRKE

I saw him.

HARRY

Okay. Where?

Beat...

QUIRKE

I don't really remember.

HARRY

You saw a dead man and you don't remember where?

QUIRKE

The tube.

HARRY

Where on the tube? What station, what line?

QUIRKE

I saw him. I swear on my child's life.

Harry studies him.

HARRY

Why do you need me to find Joe Collins? How can Joe help you?

QUIRKE

He's got something that can get me out of this.

HARRY

What? Tell me, Stevie or I'm out of here. What?

QUIRKE

A laptop.

(cutting off Harry's next question)

I'm not saying anything more. That's it. I can't.

Beat...

HARRY

You wouldn't be setting me up, would you, Stevie?

QUIRKE

Set you up for what?

HARRY

Something that happened. Long time ago. Something where there's no statute of limitations.

QUIRKE

If you don't find Joe for me, I'm dead.

HARRY

Relax, Stevie. They abolished the death penalty years ago.

Harry looks at Quirke.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You've got my number. Call me when you decide you want to tell me what the fuck's going on.

Harry gets up and walks away.

QUIRKE

Harry! Harry!

Harry ignores him.

Matt is on the phone. TWO CLIENTS sit impatiently. They've been there for a while.

MATT

Frank Hanna called. Three times.
He wants to know why you're not
answering your mobile and why
you're not there.

He glances at the waiting clients.

MATT (CONT'D)

Mr Peters is here and Mrs Crawford.
What should I tell them?

CROSSCUT:

30

EXT. BELMARSH PRISON - DAY

30

Harry walks to his car.

HARRY

Clear the rest of the day. I'm not
coming back. Did you get anything
on Hodgkins Truss Wilson?

MATT

All I could find is their
registered ID, 309098, but
there's no other details, not
even a DX address.

HARRY

Nothing? How do they do
business?

MATT

Just the number you gave me.

HARRY

Did you try it?

MATT

It goes straight to robot.

HARRY

What about Gina Hawkes?

MATT

I've tried Google, Yahoo,
Facebook - nothing. Which is
only a little weird, because my
mum, she shows up on Google and
the only thing she's famous for
are school dinners.

HARRY

We represented a client called
Joe Collins, Joseph Francis
Collins, about five years ago--

MATT
 (promptly)
 Possession of Class A drugs.
 Snaresbrook Crown Court. He was
 the only defendant and he was
 acquitted. Thanks to you.

HARRY
 Dig out the file.

MATT
 Harry, I've got like a million
 things to do.

HARRY
 Call me when you've got it.

MATT
 (resigned)
 Anything else?

HARRY
 Don't expect overtime.

Matt laughs: As if.

MATT
 Don't forget Frank Hanna.
 (to Mr Peters)
 Mr Venn has a big trial on and
 unfortunately can't get away.
 (looking through the
 diary)
 Let's see. How is next Tuesday?

Harry ends the call. He takes out Gina Hawkes's card and
 hits the numbers.

AUTOMATED VOICE
 Thank you for calling Hodgkins
 Truss Wilson. Please state your
 name clearly and the reason for
 your call. Leave a contact
 number and/or email.

HARRY
 It's Harry Venn calling for Gina
 Hawkes. My number is 07779
 271299.

Harry ends the call. He's about to get into his car when
 he sees--

FENTON RUSSELL

silky and dangerous. Now an Inspector. Russell walks from
 his car with a COLLEAGUE.

Russell looks directly over at Harry - neutral and menacing at the same time.

Harry gets a jolt. He watches Russell proceed to the gate.

31 INT. HARRY'S CAR - STATIONARY - DAY 31

Harry tries to put the key in the ignition. He can't. His hand is trembling.

FLASHBACK:

32 INT. OLD FASHIONED POLICE CELL - NIGHT 1989 32

Brick walls, low lighting, high barred window.

THREE MEN in the cell. Two are cops - one of them Fenton Russell. The third man is the prisoner.

The prisoner, whose face we don't see, is thrown across the cell and slammed into the wall.

THE PRISONER'S POV--

RUSSELL

Braddick is dead. Two policemen are dead.

The other cop punches the prisoner in the kidney. The prisoner collapses and is pulled back up again.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Maybe you weren't driving. Maybe you had the gun. Maybe you were the shooter.

Another punch.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

You were driving or you had the gun? Your choice.

BACK TO:

33 INT. HARRY'S CAR - MOVING - PRESENT TIME 33

Harry hits some buttons on his mobile.

HARRY

It's me.

34 EXT. A SMALL GARDEN - DAY 34

LAUREN, attractive, late 30s, is watering plants in her garden.

CROSSCUT:

HARRY
I've just seen Fenton Russell.

Lauren stops what she is doing.

LAUREN
Where?

HARRY
I need to see you, Lauren.

35 INT. LAUREN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

35

HARRY and LAUREN lie in bed. Post coital. It was good.

LAUREN
Don't get ideas - this is not going
to happen again.

Lauren gets out of bed and starts to get dressed. Harry
stares out the window, pensive.

HARRY
What was Russell doing at Belmarsh?

LAUREN
He's a cop. Cops are like
solicitors - they go to prisons
from time to time.

HARRY
The same day, the same time I
happen to be there?

LAUREN
Harry, it's a coincidence.
Unpleasant, but just a coincidence.

HARRY
Lauren, the man I went to see told
me he saw Paul Hillman, alive.

Lauren turns to him.

LAUREN
What? Who? Who said that?

HARRY
An old face - Stevie Quirke. He
was insistent. He saw Paul
Hillman. A few days ago.

LAUREN
(concerned, sympathetic)
Harry. Hillman's dead and gone.
Someone's messing with your head.

HARRY
Why?

LAUREN
I don't know why. But leave it
alone. Harry, listen to me.
Listen. Hillman is dead. That
whole thing is gone. Over. The
time has long passed for you to
move on.

Harry takes this in.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Come on. Michael's going to be
home soon and I don't want him
finding you here.

HARRY
You always say I should see more of
Michael.

LAUREN
I don't want your son, who is
already dealing with a lot of
issues, to find you here like this.
We're divorced. It'll confuse him.

HARRY
Confuse him? What about me?

LAUREN
Come on.

He stays where he is. He watches her getting dressed.

HARRY
So are you seeing anyone?

LAUREN
Yes.

HARRY
Serious?

LAUREN
I don't know yet.

HARRY
Where did you meet him?

LAUREN
 Internet dating.
 (off his look)
 Don't look like that. That's the
 way it's done now.

HARRY
 I broke up with Frances today.

LAUREN
 Again?

HARRY
 For good this time.

LAUREN
 Too bad. She seemed like a nice
 girl. I don't know what she was
 doing with you.

HARRY
 What were you doing with me?

LAUREN
 I'm not as nice as her. Come on,
 Harry. Michael's going to be home
 soon. Up!

She exits. Harry's mobile rings.

HARRY
 Harry Venn--

CROSSCUT:

35A INT. STRAND HOTEL, GINA HAWKES'S ROOM - NIGHT

35A

GINA
 It's Gina Hawkes, Mr Venn.

HARRY
 Harry.

GINA
 You called.

HARRY
 I got in to see your client. I'd
 like to talk to you more about his
 case.

GINA
 I could see you for twenty minutes
 at 10 o'clock.

HARRY
Twenty minutes?

GINA
I have a meeting at ten thirty.

HARRY
You do meetings at night?

GINA
When they're important.

HARRY
I'll be there at ten. Where are you?

He reaches over for a pen and slip of paper.

36 INT. LAUREN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

36

Lauren is opening a glass of wine and getting supper ready for herself and Michael. A small kitchen television set plays in the corner.

ITN NEWSREADER
...The protestors were not one homogenous body. Different groups with different agendas surged off in all directions, some clearly intent on violence. Shops in Pall Mall and Picadilly were attacked and set alight. In Whitehall, police vans were smashed up and overturned by a mob of students and anarchists said to number up to 5,000.

TELEVISION FOOTAGE - CROWDS, FLAMES, POLICE SWINGING BATONS, CHAOS IN THE STREETS...

ITN NEWSREADER (CONT'D)
At the same time, the main body of protestors coming along the Embankment were driven back by police using water cannons and CS gas. There were further violent clashes between police and protestors in the City of London, with at least eighty arrests. There have been allegations from the march organizers that police over-reacted and claims that as many as 180 people needed hospital treatment as a result of the clashes.

(MORE)

ITN NEWSREADER (CONT'D)

There is an as yet unconfirmed report that one of those admitted to hospital has since died. We'll bring you more on this as news comes in. The Metropolitan Commissioner has strongly defended his officers and condemned what he called "the unprecedented levels of rioting".

FOOTAGE OF BRIAN WORSLEY, THE PRIME MINISTER...

ITN NEWSREADER (CONT'D)

Prime Minister Brian Worsley also praised the police and condemned the violence. And in what many political commentators are interpreting as a thinly veiled reference to his chief critic, former cabinet minister Alexander Wentworth, the prime minister went on to say that "those who have been trying to whip up an atmosphere of hysteria and panic must bear responsibility for the chaos and disorder on our streets." However, Mr Wentworth tonight dismissed the prime minister's statement with a stinging rebuke of his own.

FOOTAGE OF ALEXANDER WENTWORTH comes on the screen: impressive, authoritative, handsome in a well-groomed, rich-man way.

CLIP OF WENTWORTH

Let's not kid ourselves. The reason the police are out there having to deal with this level of disorder is because Brian Worsley is bankrupt. With the recent revelations about his financial affairs, we now know he is morally bankrupt. He is now also politically bankrupt. His coalition has fallen apart. He simply has no idea what to do. This is not a man to lead us out of the gravest crisis we have faced since the Battle of Britain.

Lauren hears Harry on the stairs.

LAUREN

Have you seen this?

She indicates the television pictures.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
This feels different, doesn't it?

HARRY
What's different about it?

LAUREN
We don't have a government for
one thing.

HARRY
Have you noticed? I haven't
noticed.

He goes to her.

HARRY (CONT'D)
It was good to see you.

He goes to kiss her. Lauren is very clear that's it no more
than a peck on the cheek.

LAUREN
See you.

Harry turns to go.

He's at the front door when MICHAEL comes in. Harry looks
him up and down.

HARRY
Hello, son.

MICHAEL
What are you doing here?

HARRY
Nice way to say hello to your old
man.

Michael goes to the kitchen.

Harry has to decide: Leave or follow this up. He goes into
the kitchen where Michael is at the fridge.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Listen, whatever else has happened
between your mother and me, I am
still your father.

Lauren shoots him a look: This is not the best approach.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Michael?

Michael drinks from a carton of orange juice, screws the top
back on and replaces it in the fridge.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Michael? Did you hear me?

Michael ignores him and goes upstairs.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Did you see that?

LAUREN
I see it every day.

HARRY
Lauren, he needs to show some respect.

LAUREN
You need to spend time with him.

Harry turns to go.

HARRY
Internet dating?
(serious?)

LAUREN
Goodbye, Harry.

He exits.

37 INT. STRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

37

Modern furnishing, low lights. Harry sits at a table nursing a drink and looking through the evening paper.

The headline reads:

WENTWORTH CALLS ON PM TO GO AS UNREST GROWS

Harry checks his watch: 10:40. He's on the point of leaving.

Gina Hawkes materializes and glides into the seat opposite. She looks gorgeous, made up and dressed for a classy night out.

HARRY
You always dress like that for work meetings?

GINA
I didn't say it was a work meeting.

HARRY
Do you want a drink?

GINA
An old fashioned.

Harry is impressed.

HARRY
(to the waiter)
An old fashioned and another
vodka.

GINA
You went to see Mr Quirke?

HARRY
Do you do a lot of crime, Gina?

GINA
Not as much as you, I believe.

Harry doesn't know how to take this: Is she hinting at something more?

HARRY
What I mean is: your client, Mr Quirke, hasn't got a hope in hell. I thought you'd like to know that. That's my advice - you can have it for free.

GINA
(smiles)
I deal in lost hopes, Mr. Venn.

HARRY
Harry.

She smiles politely.

HARRY (CONT'D)
What kind of a criminal lawyer are you, Gina. In fact, are you any kind of criminal lawyer at all? Where did you do your articles? When did you qualify?

GINA
(calmly)
You came here to talk about the case.

HARRY
You're more interesting.

GINA
I can assure you I am not.

HARRY
What is that accent?

GINA

Possibly a bit of Dutch, possibly a bit of French. I had a peripatetic childhood.

The waiter comes up, smiles professionally and sets out the drinks. He leaves the bill and departs.

HARRY

Who are you, Gina Hawkes?

She looks at him coldly.

GINA

My client asked me to contact you in order to locate a witness he believes is crucial to his case. I carried out his instructions, as I was obliged to. This does not give you the right to be insulting.

HARRY

Name me one lawyer anywhere in London, anywhere in the country, you've had dealings with.

GINA

Isn't Sir Nigel Fountain good enough for you?

HARRY

Apart from this case. Just one.

GINA

If you'll excuse me.

She swallows her drink and gathers her things.

GINA (CONT'D)

One thing I should have mentioned. If you find Joe Collins, there will be a fee, naturally.

HARRY

Naturally. What if I don't find him?

GINA

Oh, I think you're the kind of man who finds what he looks for.

HARRY

Flattery is wasted on me, Gina. What kind of fee?

GINA

Shall we say... twenty thousand.

HARRY

(nods)

That's worth finding him. But why is it worth twenty thousand to you?

GINA

(starts to stand)

Thank you for the drink, Mr Venn.

HARRY

Harry.

He reaches out and takes her wrist, stopping her. He looks down at her hand. The sexual tension is palpable.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(softly)

You're wearing the wrong nail polish.

GINA

I like it.

HARRY

It doesn't suit you.

GINA

What would you suggest?

HARRY

Forget about this meeting you say you're going to. Have another drink.

GINA

You're smart. Don't be too smart. Harry.

She smiles at him and slips her hand from his grip.

He watches her go, admiring the view, then tosses his credit card on the platter. The waiter comes over with the machine.

HARRY

(to the waiter)

The woman I was with?

WAITER

Yes, sir.

HARRY

You haven't by any chance seen her before?

WAITER

She's a guest.

HARRY
She's staying here?

WAITER
Yes, sir.

38 SCENE IS CONTINUOUS

38

HARRY
I'd like to leave a message for her.

WAITER
Certainly, sir.

He hands Harry a pad and pen. Harry scribbles a note, puts it in a hotel envelope and hands it over.

HARRY
It's urgent.

WAITER
I'll make sure Ms Hawkes gets it right away.

The waiter beckons over a BELLBOY.

39 INT. LIFT - NIGHT

39

Harry and the bellboy are alone in the lift. Harry smiles at him. The man stifles a yawn before smiling politely back.

HARRY
You need to get to bed.

BELLBOY
(Eastern European)
No chance.

HARRY
Long hours?

BELLBOY
Very long.

HARRY
Yeah, but I bet they pay you a fortune.

He smiles. The bellboy laughs bitterly.

BELLBOY
Ha! You English. Make funny jokes that are not funny.

The door opens onto the 3rd floor landing.

40 INT. THIRD FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

40

Harry follows the bellboy to 327. The bellboy slips the letter under the door.

HARRY

You know what? This is not a joke. I'd like to boost your pay.

The bellboy looks around.

BELLBOY

I would like you to do it too.

HARRY

What would it cost me to get five minutes in that room?

The bellboy looks like he might be interested.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to take anything.
I'm not going to do anything.
Just a quick look. No one will know. Five minutes.

BELLBOY

Five hundred.

HARRY

Why don't we split the difference and say thirty quid?

41 INT. GINA HAWKES'S ROOM - NIGHT

41

Harry picks up the letter and pockets it. He goes to a laptop. It asks for a password. He types Gina, then gina, then ginahawkes. No go, as he expected.

There's some paperwork on the desk: Depositions from R v. Quirke. Copies of statements of police witnesses, forensics reports, phone records, etc. All in order. Harry scribbles down some details.

Then he finds TWO FOLDERS...

FOLDER 1 IS MARKED "MOSCATI"

It contains a photograph of Jennifer Moscati with a man. They look like lovers.

There are documents, some of them legal, others downloaded newspaper reports. They're in French. It's a long time since Harry read anything in French. He concentrates...

FLASHBACK:

- 42 EXT. TABAC - DAY 1989 42
Jennifer Moscatti walks down the street. She tears off the tip of the bread and munches it as she walks.
BACK TO:
- 43 INT. GINA HAWKES'S ROOM - PRESENT TIME 43
Harry turns over a page.
FLASHBACK:
- 44 EXT. PARIS SIDE STREET - DAY 1989 44
Jennifer continues down the quiet street. She becomes aware of someone following her.
She turns to see--
MEZWAR TANZIR
BACK TO:
- 45 INT. GINA HAWKES'S ROOM - PRESENT TIME 45
Harry stares at Mezwar Tanzir's photograph
FLASHBACK:
- 46 EXT. PARIS SIDE STREET - CLOSE ON TANZIR - DAY 1989 46
Coming up behind Jennifer. She turns. He pulls out a knife. He indicates her purse.
JENNIFER MOSCATI
(in French)
Take it. Take it, don't hurt me.
Tanzir takes the purse. A motorbike approaches. Tanzir turns to go to the bike.
Inwardly, Jennifer heaves a sigh of relief. Then Tanzir turns back to Jennifer...
Tanzir knifes Jennifer. He grabs the baguette, jumps on the bike and they take off. He tears off a piece of the baguette and starts eating.
BACK TO:
- 47 INT. GINA HAWKES'S ROOM - PRESENT TIME 47
FOLDER 2 IS MARKED "BRADDICK"

Harry's heart thumps in his chest. His hands tremble as he opens the file. He sees a photograph of--

POLICE MUGSHOT OF THE YOUNG HARRY

PHOTO OF HARRY TAKEN WITH A LONG LENS OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE,
PRESENT DAY

PHOTOCOPY OF ORIGINAL ARTICLE FROM LOCAL NEWSPAPER WITH PHOTO
OF YOUNG HARRY AND HEADLINE: "BRADDICK MURDERS: POLICE
QUESTION LOCAL YOUTH"

FLASHBACK:

48 INT. CAR - MOVING - EVENING 1989 48

Mark turns to the driver. We see the young Harry for the first time.

MARK

You okay?

HARRY

What happened back there? You said
no one was going to get hurt.

Hillman and Mark exchange a look: Obviously this was the line they gave to Harry.

MARK

It's what Styles wanted.

HARRY

Who?

Hillman is unhappy the name has been mentioned.

HILLMAN

Never mind. Just do your job.

BACK TO:

49 INT. GINA HAWKES'S ROOM - PRESENT TIME 49

Harry goes through the file. He finds a photo of--

MARK

Smiling. Not a care in the world. Taken shortly before his death. Harry can't stop looking at it. Moved.

HARRY

Mark.

There are also photographs of Braddick, Lander and Hillman, with names and brief biographical details.

There is also a photograph of a special forces type with the name underneath - JASON STYLES.

[NOTE: The photos are all from the period around 1989, including that of Styles]

HARRY (CONT'D)

Styles?

Harry stares at the photo for a long time. Mesmerized. Transfixed.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Jason Styles.

(beat...)

Who are you, Gina Hawkes?

There's a soft knock at the door. Harry freezes. Someone comes in.

BELLBOY

You have more than five minutes.

HARRY

One more minute.

BELLBOY

I cannot take the chance.

HARRY

(offering him a bill)

Here's twenty more.

BELLBOY

Make fast.

Harry goes to the wardrobe. He goes through the pockets of her coats and jackets. Nothing of interest.

50

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

50

Face creams, moisturizers, toothpaste... and a packet of pills. Harry picks it up and scrutinizes it.

HARRY

Zopiclone. So you don't sleep too well, Gina?

Harry turns the packet round to read the back.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Harley Street. Naturally.

The dispensing doctor's name. Harry makes a note of it and replaces the packet.

BELLBOY
(coming in)
You have to go. Now!

51 INT. MATT'S GROUND FLOOR FLAT, DALSTON - NIGHT 51

Harry is unpacking the R v. Collins box in Matt's cramped livingroom. Matt returns with two cans of Red Stripe.

MATT
I've got some blow, if you want it.

HARRY
Later. Maybe.

Harry divides the papers. Matt turns on the iPod dock. Some awful sound comes out, which Matt dances to.

MATT
(dancing)
Harry... ?

HARRY
Yeah?

MATT
What are we looking for?

HARRY
Anything that can help us find Mr Joseph Francis Collins.

Harry starts leafing through the file...

MONTAGE:

PAGES OF DEPOSITIONS AND WITNESS STATEMENTS...

MUGSHOTS...

PHOTOGRAPHS OF EXHIBITS...

CUSTODY LOGS...

MATT CHOPPING SOME COKE...

HARRY LOOKING OVER, TRYING TO IGNORE THE COKE...

HARRY POPPING A CAN OF BEER...

READING A DEPOSITION...

HARRY FINDING A NAME...

DEAN STUBBS... HARRY RINGS IT...

HE LOOKS OVER AT THE COKE...

CAN'T RESIST.

52 INT. MATT'S FLAT - MORNING

52

Harry opens his eyes. He's sitting on the floor, back against a chair. He looks around at the detritus.

He gets wearily to his feet, passes Matt and MATT'S GIRLFRIEND sprawled out in bed and goes into the kitchen.

Harry stretches and yawns and gets a glass of water. He feels bad - beer and coke.

He turns on the radio...

RADIO NEWSREADER
 News outlets of the RDD Media
 Group have today published claims
 that the prime minister Brian
 Worsley set up two secret
 offshore bank accounts with
 assets totalling nine million
 pounds...

Harry looks at his phone: Three missed calls from Lauren.
 Harry hits some numbers on his mobile.

HARRY
 (into the phone)
 I thought you said it wasn't going
 to happen again.

LAUREN (PHONE)
 Michael's been arrested.

53 INT. RECEPTION AREA, POLICE STATION - DAY

53

Lauren looks drawn and tense. She looks Harry over, registering his condition.

LAUREN

Oh Harry... Look at you.

HARRY

Michael's the one who's been arrested.

LAUREN

The police are going to think the apple doesn't fall too far from the tree.

HARRY

What happened?

LAUREN

After you left Michael went out for a drive. Unfortunately, the car didn't belong to him.

HARRY

Could be worse.

LAUREN

Joyriding? It's not great.

HARRY

Has he been charged?

LAUREN

Yes. They've given him bail. He should be out soon.

They sit.

CUT TO:

LATER

A door opens and Michael is shown through by a POLICE SERGEANT who has a sheaf of forms. Harry and Lauren get to their feet. Michael looks shaken. Lauren puts a hand to his face - a mixture of relief, disappointment and anger in her face.

LAUREN

How are you?

Michael shrugs. The police sergeant looks over to Lauren and indicates the paperwork.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a minute.

She follows the police sergeant into an anteroom, leaving Harry alone with Michael.

HARRY

Don't worry - worse case you'll get five years.

(off Michael's look)

Kidding. You'll get a rap over the knuckles.

Michael looks glum.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Why did you do it?

Beat... Michael looks at him.

MICHAEL

Who are you?

HARRY

Your father.

MICHAEL

No. No, my father left.

Lauren comes up.

LAUREN

What were you thinking?

MICHAEL

Sorry.

LAUREN

Go get in the car.

He goes.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming. You should go home and shower. And change your clothes.

Lauren turns to go.

HARRY

Lauren.

She stops.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Thanks for telling me. About Michael.

She smiles and goes.

55 EXT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

55

Harry pushes at the door to the building. To his surprise it doesn't open.

He checks the time. It's almost 11. He gets out his keys and enters, turning off the alarm before climbing the stairs to the first floor suite.

56 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

56

Harry enters. The phones are ringing.

HARRY
Matt? Matt?

No one in. Harry is not pleased. Harry ignores the ringing phones and goes to the safe. He spins the dial, opens it and removes an envelope. Matt walks in. In better shape than Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You're late.

MATT
Yeah, I had a heavy night.

Matt hits the phone messages and goes to put on the kettle.

FRANCES (MESSAGE)
Harry, it's Frances, I hope you listen to this because I'm genuinely trying to help you. I'm trying to help you become a better person.

MATT
This should be interesting.

HARRY
Turn it off.

FRANCES
You need to take a long hard look at yourself, Harry, and you need to apologize to me for the way you've treated me...

HARRY
Turn it off!

FRANCES
...because until you apologize, you won't be able to grow as a human being.

HARRY
 (warningly)
 Matt--

Harry leans over and presses a button to stop the message.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Call the clerk at Barter Court
 Chambers. See if you can get me
 ten minutes with the head of
 chambers, Nigel Fountain.

MATT
 What do I tell him?

HARRY
 Say it's to do with the Quirke
 case.

MATT
 You know you've got that hearing
 at Highbury?

HARRY
 Remind me?

MATT
 That woman they arrested for
 taking the photograph of the bus?

On the way to the door...

HARRY
 Call Lisa Merrick, see if she can
 get down to cover for me.

MATT
 You're gonna get struck off,
 Harry, you're not careful.

HARRY
 Thank you for your concern.

MATT
 The concern is about me and my
 job.

As Harry exits...

MATT (CONT'D)
 And don't forget Frank Hanna.

57 INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

57

A real old sweaty boxing gym. Not a friendly place to those who don't belong here. HEAVY GUYS stare at Harry. He smiles as he approaches a boxer - GERRY.

HARRY
Is Dean in?

GERRY
Dean who?

HARRY
Dean Stubbs.

GERRY
Never heard of no Dean Stubbs.

HARRY
Mind if I look around? I've been
thinking of joining a gym.

Gerry checks Harry out.

GERRY
You should.

Harry pokes around. One guy is doing chin-ups, another is spotting his friend on the bench.

DEAN STUBBS is using a punch bag. He is dark-haired, lean and dangerous looking, and he's giving the bag a real hammering.

HARRY
I'm looking for a friend of a
friend of mine.

Dean keeps punching.

HARRY (CONT'D)
My friend's called Joe Collins.

Dean keeps punching.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Joe has a friend who comes in
here.

DEAN
What's his name?

HARRY
He's a boxer - Dean. Dean
Stubbs. You're Dean, aren't you?

Dean looks at Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)
We met before. When Joe was on
trial. Snaresbrook?

Dean swings a vicious left. Harry turns away, which is why Dean's fist connects only to the back of Harry's head. All the same Harry goes down and out.

FLASHBACK:

58 EXT. BRADDICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1989 58

Watched by the driver in the waiting car, a PASSING POLICE PATROL CAR pulls up.

HARRY'S POV:

TWO COPS get out...

They look around, taking things in, just checking...

One cop goes to the front door...

The other appears at the car window and taps for the driver to lower it...

Mark hesitates...

The cop taps impatiently and starts to speak into his radio...

Mark is about to comply when...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The cop at the house is thrown backwards by the force of the blast...

MARK AND HILLMAN run from the house towards the car...

The cop at the car blanches. He turns and puts his hands up...

Hillman walks up to him, takes aim and shoots him in the head...

Mark jumps in the car. Hillman jumps in the back.

HILLMAN

What are you waiting for! Go!

Harry throws the car in gear and screeches away.

BACK TO:

59 INT. CHANGING ROOM - ON HARRY - PRESENT TIME 59

Harry comes to, like out of a nightmare. His head hurts. He is lying on slatted wooden benches. A NAKED MAN walks past with a towel.

Harry sits up and has to lie down again. His head is swimming.

He looks around. It's a changing room. A couple of men are drying themselves off, getting dressed. The naked man gets into one of the three shower cubicles.

Harry's mouth fills with vomit. He just about makes it to a bin.

60 INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

60

Harry lurches up to Gerry and hands over his card.

HARRY

Give this to Dean next time he comes in. Tell him to call me, day or night.

GERRY

You want some water?

He hands over a bottle.

HARRY

He sucker punched me.

GERRY

Don't come back.

HARRY

Tell him no hard feelings.

61 INT. HARRY'S CAR - STATIONARY - ON HARRY - DAY

61

Head back, eyes closed, suffering. His mobile rings.

HARRY

(into the mobile)
Yeah?

FRANK HANNA

Know how many times I've called you?

HARRY

Frank, how's it going?

FRANK HANNA

You're the lawyer, you tell me.

HARRY

I'm on my way.

FRANK HANNA
 Get here lively, H. The judge
 has already told the jury he'll
 accept a majority.

Harry ends the call, puts the car in gear and pulls away.

62 INT. SNARESBROOK CROWN COURT COMPLEX - DAY 62

Harry hurries through the corridors. The USHERS and
 FLUNKIES know him. He hurries into...

63 INT. COURT NUMBER 3, SNARESBROOK - DAY 63

...just in time to see...

FRANK HANNA

(40s), slow-moving, fast-thinking with a long history of
 criminal violence, shaking hands with his QC and JUNIOR
 COUNSEL.

FRANK HANNA
 Thought for a bit there you
 weren't gonna show, H.

HARRY
 I got you a result, didn't I?

FRANK HANNA
 I'm an innocent man. If you
 can't get an innocent man off,
 what are you good for?

HARRY
 The innocent ones are the
 hardest, believe me.

FRANK HANNA
 You don't look too good, H.

64 INT. CORRIDOR IN THE COURT COMPLEX - DAY 64

Harry and Hanna are alone together.

HARRY
 I met a woman yesterday.

FRANK HANNA
 Nice?

HARRY
 Beautiful. Intelligent. Looks
 like she has money.

FRANK HANNA

You should be a very happy man.

HARRY

On paper. Trouble is I think she's trying to set me up.

FRANK HANNA

For what?

HARRY

(low)

The thing that happened that night with Mark and Hillman.

FRANK HANNA

The Braddick thing?

(off Harry's look)

Holy shit.

Hanna looks round to make sure they're not being overheard. This is very serious.

FRANK HANNA (CONT'D)

What do you mean set you up? How? What are you talking about?

HARRY

This woman got me to go see Stevie Quirke.

FRANK HANNA

Stevie? What's he got to do with Braddick?

HARRY

He said he saw Paul Hillman.

FRANK HANNA

Stevie saw Paul Hillman? What the fuck is this?

HARRY

Yeah. Exactly.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I want to ask you a favour. It might not be completely legal. In fact, it's totally illegal.

FRANK HANNA

Harry.

HARRY

Yeah?

FRANK HANNA

Hillman's dead.

HARRY

I know.

FRANK HANNA

Mark's dead.

HARRY

I know.

FRANK HANNA

You want my advice?

HARRY

No.

65 INT. HARLEY STREET DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

65

Harry sits on an operating table, legs over the side. DR STURGESS, 60s, Scottish, is examining his head where he was punched.

DR STURGESS

Is your vision at all affected?

HARRY

No, it's fine.

DR STURGESS

Headache?

HARRY

Yes.

DR STURGESS

How often do you take cocaine?

HARRY

Excuse me?

(off Sturgess's look)

I had a little last night.

DR STURGESS

Is it a regular thing?

HARRY

No.

65A INT. HALLWAY, STURGESS'S OFFICE - DAY

65A

Hanna makes his way up the stairs into the corridor and checks a couple of doors. Behind one door, he finds another set of stairs going down.

65B INT. HARLEY STREET DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

65B

DR STURGESS

We've taken an X-ray but I'm going to recommend you have an MRI.

HARRY

I don't think it's that bad.

DR STURGESS

Just to be on the safe side.

Dr Sturgess goes to his desk and taps at his computer.

HARRY

You were recommended by a friend of mine. Gina Hawkes?

DR STURGESS

I'm making an appointment for you.

HARRY

She says the Zopiclone is really helping her with the insomnia.

DR STURGESS

But there'll probably be a bit of a wait. Let me find out.

HARRY

Beautiful woman, isn't she?

Sturgess stops what he's doing. Stands and goes to a tray on which are instruments. He begins filling a hypodermic needle.

STURGESS

You'll need a tetanus shot.

HARRY

It wasn't that bad, Doc. No blood--

STURGESS

Roll up your sleeve, please.

He comes towards Harry, needle poised. Harry hesitates. There is something about the doctor now that has become menacing.

STURGESS (CONT'D)

(a command)

Roll up your sleeve.

The doctor comes closer, ready to give Harry the injection.

Harry slips off the table.

HARRY
 (chattering)
 Some other time. Thanks, anyway.
 Not enough doctors on the ball
 these days. I'll come back.

He goes out.

66 INT. RECEPTION AREA OF SURGERY - DAY 66

Harry quickly pays the RECEPTIONIST and rejoins Frank Hanna, who has been waiting.

HARRY
 What do you think?

FRANK HANNA
 Doable.

67 INT. STREET - DAY 67

They walk to Harry's car, past a CCTV camera.

FRANK HANNA
 But doable for what? What do you want?

HARRY
 I don't know who Gina Hawkes is.
 And I can't find out - she doesn't
 show up anywhere. But if she's on
 the doctor's books, there'll be
 medical records. There'll be an
 address, there'll be something.
 That's what I want.

FRANK HANNA
 Okay.

HARRY
 They'll be computerized.

FRANK HANNA
 I got a guy.

HARRY
 Call me when it's done.

FRANK HANNA
 You'll answer this time?

HARRY
 Here.

He hands over some money.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Expenses.

As he gets into the car...

FRANK HANNA

H. Back when I was working, some mornings I'd be driving to the job and I'd look out and see all these people doing ordinary things. Waiting at a bus-stop, buying a newspaper, buying a sandwich, and I'd look at them and think why am I putting myself through this? They're all relaxed, happy, probably. Me? I'm on my way to pull a robbery and the blood is beating in my veins, my head feels light, I'm feeling sick... One time I turned to Wendell, remember Wendell? I turned to Wendell and I said, You know we could stop. We could go to a caff, have a coffee, read the paper, go home. We don't have to do this. You understand what I'm telling you?

HARRY

What did Wendell say?

FRANK HANNA

Long as you understand, because actions have consequences - that's just the law of nature.

HARRY

I need to know who killed Mark. And why.

FRANK HANNA

Even if it puts you in jail for twenty years?

Nothing from Harry.

68

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS DINING ROOM - DAY

68

ELSPETH VERNEY, late 30s, slim, glamorous, confident, blonde and beautiful, sits at a table with JAMES MORPETH, an aspiring Cassius, small, compact and acute.

A WAITER appears with a bottle of wine which he shows to Morpeth.

WAITER

Sir. The Valpolicella, 05.

Morpeth nods and the waiter pours a bit in his glass. He takes a sip, rolls it around in his mouth, then nods. The waiter starts filling their glasses.

VERNEY

I didn't know anyone still drank Valpolicella. It's always been more or less plonk.

MORPETH

They've improved it. Very drinkable now.

(raises his glass)

Cheers.

VERNEY

Cheers.

They drink.

VERNEY (CONT'D)

You're right. Very tasty.

MORPETH

Here he is. Alex! The man of the hour.

ALEXANDER WENTWORTH approaches. Young, polished, absurdly confident, takes himself and his destiny very seriously.

WENTWORTH

Sorry I'm late. The protestors again. It's impossible to get through central London.

He kisses Elspeth on both cheeks and sits.

MORPETH

Who'd have thought that rioting in London would get to become practically a daily occurrence.

Wentworth sits. Morpeth offers wine, which Wentworth refuses with a motion of his hand.

VERNEY

You were magnificent on the Today Programme, Alex.

MORPETH

Yes, congratulations. I thought you were terrific. They're always horribly snide but I thought by the end you'd won them over.

WENTWORTH

Thank you, James.

VERNEY

It's because you're principled.
You have integrity.

MORPETH

Something Worsley could do with.

VERNEY

I think it's too late for that,
don't you.

(she sees something)

Speak of the devil.

They turn to see--

BRIAN WORSLEY

The prime minister. He look exhausted, stressed and
defensive. He is accompanied by AIDES and MINDERS.

VERNEY (CONT'D)

You'd think forming a government
would be more important than
having lunch.

Worsley stops by their table. Beat... Frosty.

WORSLEY

Alexander.

WENTWORTH

Brian.

WORSLEY

Hello, Elspeth.

VERNEY

Hello, Brian. You know James
Morpeth?

Worsley nods neutrally: Morpeth is not his favourite person.

WORSLEY

You've known me since Cambridge,
Elspeth - do you honestly think I
would take bribes?

VERNEY

If you'd like to give us your side
of the story, I'd be more than
happy to arrange an interview.

WORSLEY

I've already said I know nothing
about these so-called offshore
accounts. Enjoy your lunch.

Worsley exits. Back to business... Verney fishes out a file and passes it across to Wentworth, who opens and scans it.

WENTWORTH

What's this?

VERNEY

The dirt to put Worsley in his political grave.

They glance over to see Worsley exit.

MORPETH

Brain Worsley is a dead man walking.

69 INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY 69

Matt is reading the sports pages when HARRY enters. Harry's mobile goes.

HARRY

(into the mobile)

Yeah?

CROSSCUT:

70 EXT. ST PANCRAS STATION - DAY 70

Gina is heading for the Eurostar check-in.

GINA

(into the mobile)

This is Gina Hawkes.

HARRY

Where are you? I'll be there in twenty minutes. Okay, half an hour. We'll have lunch.

GINA

I'm on my way to Paris.

HARRY

I'll take the next train. We'll have dinner.

GINA

Have you thought about what we discussed?

HARRY

I've thought about you, Gina. Constantly. Day and night, you really want to know.

GINA

Will you take the job?

HARRY

If I can have a down payment of ten thousand pounds.

GINA

Call the Hodgkins Truss Willson number and leave your bank details. The money will be in your account by the end of the day.

HARRY

You work fast, Gina. I like that. Where should we have dinner? I know a place on the Rue du Bac--

GINA

I expect two updates a day, at midnight and 7am. If at any time you find anything significant you are to call me at once.

HARRY

Do you want to define significant? For instance, you've become a significant part of my life and--

GINA

You will receive the balance of your fee when you locate Collins. Once you find him you are not to let him out of your sight until I get there.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You know, if I ever get in trouble I want you to be my lawyer. In fact, I would get in trouble just to have you as my lawyer.

GINA

Call me if there's anything else you need.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sure there will be.

GINA HAWKES

Goodbye.

HARRY

Wait. Hold up. One more thing.

He takes out the PHOTOGRAPH OF STYLES that he took from Gina's room.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Have you ever heard of a man
named Jason Styles?

GINA
No. Why?

HARRY
Oh, Gina, lovely Gina. You'd be
smashing in the box, you know
that? If I didn't know better
I'd believe you were telling the
truth, and I never believe
anyone.

GINA
Just find Joe Collins, Mr Venn.

HARRY
Harry.

She hangs up. Harry stands holding the phone, smiling.
The phone rings and without thinking...

HARRY (CONT'D)
Gina?

MALE PHONE VOICE
Get out of there!

HARRY
Wha--?

VOICE
Get out of your office. Now!

HARRY
Who is this?

The line goes dead. Harry gets up. He motions to Matt.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Come on!

MATT
Where are we going?

HARRY
Just come!

He hurries out. Matt follows curiously.

MATT
What's going on?

71 EXT. HARRY'S BUILDING - DAY

71

Harry and Matt stare at the building.

HARRY
Somebody called and warned me to
get out of the office.

MATT
Frances coming with a gun?

Harry doesn't answer. They are both quiet. Nothing happens.

MATT (CONT'D)
Some people have a strange sense
of humour, Harry.
(shrugs)
You can stay out here. I've got
work to do.

He starts back into the office.

Explosion!

They are both thrown back. They stagger to their feet and look at the mayhem in the office where they both could have been killed.

- END OF EPISODE ONE -