

# THE DIFF

PILOT EPISODE  
'Life Changing Injuries'

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EXT. CARDIFF SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY

A dingy 1960s tower block -- camouflaged against a concrete grey sky. On one side, the railway speeds commuters at a hundred miles an hour between the nation's capitals, on the other, the sludge-filled River Usk flows.

PRELAP:

VICKY (V.O.)  
Sorry it's like the flipping arctic in  
here...

INT. CARDIFF SOCIAL SERVICES - VICKY'S OFFICE - DAY

VICKY (43) wrapped in a scarf and gloves over her ten quid Primark suit, sits behind her desk.

It's a small, cramped office, a couple of mismatched chairs. The space is made even smaller by the boxes of case files that line the walls like a fortress -- Vicky has surrounded herself with the lives of the people she's trying to help. A cluster of Thank You cards pinned to a corkboard show she's made a difference.

Vicky makes notes as TERRY (32), a recovering heroin addict, wearing a t-shirt with Fireman Sam on, sits in the chair opposite --

VICKY  
The heating's packed in.

Terry nods, nostalgically --

TERRY  
Reminds me of camping down the Gower.

Vicky plugs in a space heater --

VICKY  
You were saying...

Terry's words run together in a broad Welsh accent, slipping between languages so that to the untrained ear, he's barely intelligible. To Vicky, this is nothing new --

TERRY  
(barely intelligible)  
I's-been-off-the-smack-for-three-  
months-see. And-I'm-feeling-bloody-  
bendigedig. Boys-are-like-comes-down-  
the-yard-for-a-quick-one... I'm-like-  
na-brers-safe-like.  
(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

It's-not-me-anymore. Dda-iawn-diolch.  
Knows what I mean?

VICKY

Amazingly Ter, yeah I do know what you mean. But, no offense, this isn't exactly the first time we've been here, is it? There's still a long way to go.

TERRY

I knows, I knows. But-I-feels-like a-new-man-see. Honest-to-God. Getting-bloody-hard-as-shit-again-and-everything.

VICKY

(*sarcastic*)

Thanks for sharing.

TERRY

Sozza Vic. It's just my way of saying, well...

(*winks*)

The missus is happy.

VICKY

Shelly?

TERRY

She's taken me back bra.

VICKY

Terry, that's...

Vicky is strangely affected by the news.

VICKY (CONT'D)

I'm happy for you.

(*then...*)

Maybe she can do your laundry from now on?

Vicky hands Terry a laundry bag full of clean clothes --

TERRY

Ta, Vic.

VICKY

Keep it between you and me, yeah?

Terry nods, then -- continues with his rant --

TERRY  
Honestly-love-I-can't-bloody-believe-  
it. Best I've felt in years see.

As Terry talks, from outside, a man SHOUTS --

MAN (O.S.)  
What's your fucking problem?

Vicky hears and looks out the window --

TERRY  
Gots me a job offer and everything.  
All thanks to you, Vic.

Vicky is more interested in what's going on *outside* --

VICKY  
(*absentmindedly*)  
You did all the hard work, Ter.

TERRY  
Na Vic...

Outside, a CROWD'S GATHERED around a MINIBUS. Vicky sees a young man, USMAN, about to come to blows with the minibus driver, CARL, over the disabled access ramp --

USMAN  
Since when did you think it was okay  
to start jipping old ladies?

VICKY  
(*to herself*)  
You've got to be flipping kidding me.

Terry thinks she's still talking to him --

TERRY  
Nah Vic, I means it.  
(*tearing up*)  
You've turned my bloody life around.

Vicky turns to Terry, smiles, and opens a drawer to reveal a DOZEN boxes of tissues, ready for anything. She hands one to Terry --

VICKY  
All part of the service. Give me a  
sec, yeah.

EXT. CARDIFF SOCIAL SERVICES - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky emerges from the building to see that the crowd around the minibus pickup zone has GROWN --

One of Vicky's colleagues, MICHELLE (37), dressed in a head-to-toe puffa jacket, perma-chewing gum, appears from the building at the same time as Vicky --

MICHELLE  
I tried to tell 'em.

She nods -- turning to Usman who towers over Carl --

USMAN  
(to Carl)  
What did you say?

MICHELLE  
They're not havin' it.

Rolling up her sleeves --

VICKY  
Right, what the bleedin' hell's  
going on here. You two--

USMAN  
(to Carl)  
You call my mum that a-fucking-gain  
bra.

Getting right in his face --

CARL  
Paki.

It's the last straw. Usman moves to punch Carl -- Vicky tries to stop him --

VICKY  
Believe me, he's not worth the--

WHACK! At the last second, Carl dodges -- Usman punches --

Vicky feels the FULL FORCE of Usman's fist -- goes down like a lead balloon --

Usman stares in disbelief --

USMAN  
Fuck!

MICHELLE

Vicky!

Vicky lies stretched out on the pavement --

VICKY

I'm alright, don't fuss.

MICHELLE

You're bleeding!

Putting a hand to her nose, Vicky feels the WARM LIQUID. A FIGHT breaking out around her --

USMAN

(to Carl)

You little...

Usman goes for Carl, Vicky looks up at the grey sky. Of course -- *being Wales* -- it begins to rain.

SUPER: THE DIFF

PRELAP:

VICKY (V.O.)

You look tired...

INT. VICKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Vicky (now with a BLACK EYE) sits at her desk. YASMIN (17, dressed in khaki's and oversized jeans, friendship bracelets running half-way up her arm) is opposite --

Yasmin shrugs --

YASMIN

Prayers. Mum and dad reckon if I gets up before dawn, my fucking soul will be saved.

VICKY

I'm guessing they didn't take the news well?

Yasmin scoffs -- *that's an understatement* --

YASMIN

I'm supposed to go to uni next year. If I signs on, at least I have a little bit of independence.

VICKY  
You could have the baby and still  
go to uni?

YASMIN  
I'm in no rush. The kid is more  
important to me.

Vicky considers -- glancing at the wall clock -- it's 10:05,  
she's running late --

Getting up from her desk --

VICKY  
I'm not promising anything but I'll  
see what I can do.

Yasmin nods in appreciation --

YASMIN  
Thanks Vicky.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky shows Yasmin from her office -- looks about at a  
WAITING AREA. Vicky scans the seats seeing a couple of OLDER  
CLIENTS waiting patiently --

*Vicky doesn't see the person she's looking for.*

A little surprised she turns to DAI (23) who sits behind  
reception (glitter in his hair from the previous night's  
debauchery) --

VICKY  
You seen my 10 o'clock?

Dai consults the schedule -- checking the client list, shakes  
his head --

DAI  
Hasn't checked in yet.

Vicky hesitates --

VICKY  
You sure?

DAI  
(shrugs)  
Could be a no-show?

The comment unsettles Vicky. Glancing up at the clock --

10:08...

Her client is never late...

VICKY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Moving to her desk, Vicky grabs her oversized, faux-leather shoulder bag (plastic peeling from over use) --

Rummaging around inside, she pulls out a MOBILE -- a crappy old NOKIA --

Vicky pushes a button -- waiting a second for the screen to illuminate, checking her texts --

*NO NEW MESSAGES*

She considers, glancing again at the wall clock --

10:10...

A little nervous, Vicky calls -- a pre-programmed number --

The phone RINGS -- Vicky waits for a moment --

The call goes to VOICEMAIL --

*'The number you have dialed is unable to...'*

Vicky hangs up -- anxiety steadily building --

MAIN OFFICER - LATER

The clock now reads 10:15. Vicky eyes it -- bites the inside of her cheek --

Turning to Dai who flicks through a cos-play magazine --

VICKY

You know, I think I'm just gonna go  
check on her...

Dai glances up --

NICK

Now?!

Vicky nods --

VICKY

She's just up Bettwys... It'll only  
take a sec.



Dai shrugs --

DAI  
Your call.

VICKY  
Get a Gregs on the way back. Fancy  
a sausage roll?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pulling her jacket around her, Vicky makes her way out to the street. She exits the building, Vicky passes a different COLLEAGUE on her way out --

COLLEAGUE  
Hiya Vic.

She smiles, waves -- gives a thumbs up --

VICKY  
Nice one Rodge...

Moving quickly on --

QUIET STREET - LATER

Vicky makes her way along a RESIDENTIAL STREET -- rows of pebbledash council houses --

Vicky comes to one, and --

She pauses -- staring in horror and disbelief --

The front door has been BROKEN -- the window SMASHED IN --

Vicky stares at the PLANKS of wood that now BOARD UP the place --

The sight sends a chill to Vicky's bones.

As she considers the implications of all this, from across the street --

NEIGHBOUR (O.S.)  
Right mess it was.

Vicky turns to see a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN, puffed up hair and thick gold earrings. The woman drags a BIN across the concrete, dumping it next to a dozen assorted receptacles --

Vicky looks at the woman, glancing back at the house with the smashed up door --

VICKY  
What happened?

NEIGHBOUR  
God knows. Massive ruckus it was.

VICKY  
When?

NEIGHBOUR  
Wee hours.

Vicky considers -- the neighbour continues --

NEIGHBOUR (CONT'D)  
Not that that's anything to write  
home about mind you but you've got  
to feel for her, dumb cow didn't  
deserve that.

Vicky stares --

The words slowly sink in -- realizing the magnitude of what's happened...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Vicky makes her way through the throng -- through the BUS STATION -- seeing her ride --

She talks on her phone. As she sees the last of the PASSENGERS get on the bus -- Vicky picks up the pace -- rushing --

VICKY  
She's up the Heath... I'm going to  
check on her now...

The doors close -- the bus is about to leave --

VICKY (CONT'D)  
I need you to cancel the rest of my  
afternoon...

The bus is just about to pull away, when --

VICKY (CONT'D)  
Oi!

Vicky SLAMS her hand on the door -- shouting to the DRIVER --

VICKY (CONT'D)  
Don't be a prick!

The driver relents -- opens the doors for Vicky who clambers on -- flashing a PASS and a nod of appreciation --

Vicky makes her way to the back of the bus -- still talking on the phone --

VICKY (CONT'D)  
(on the phone)  
Ta Dai...

She hangs up -- collapsing into a seat -- Vicky makes another call...

INT. THE HEATH HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

A NURSE shows Vicky through the maze of hallways -- arriving outside one room --

NURSE  
We're still waiting on the specialist...

Vicky nods -- the nurse opens the door. She heads tentatively inside --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the centre of the room is a bed. A WOMAN laid out on it -- Vicky's client -- *her 10 o'clock* -- CLAIRE COSLET (27). Claire's in a bad way.

Hooked up to ventilators, Claire's skin is BLACK and BLUE. A large CUT across her cheekbone -- Claire has been beaten to within an inch of her life.

Vicky takes it in.

She's not alone in the room. TARA (23), sits at Claire's bedside. Tara's another SEX WORKER, like Claire. Dressed in a skimpy, figure-hugging dress, there are tears on Tara's cheeks, make-up smeared.

Vicky enters and Tara squints up at her, through her tears. Vicky explains --

VICKY  
I'm Vicky. Claire's social worker.

Tara sniffs -- wiping her nose with the back of her hand --

TARA  
She's got kids.

VICKY  
They're being looked after.

Tara nods -- struggling to keep it together --

TARA  
Life-changing injuries... that's  
what they're saying...

Vicky ventures tentatively closer --

Claire's face is swollen beyond recognition -- if Vicky  
hadn't been told this was her client she wouldn't have had a  
fucking clue. Somehow seeing her like this feels nightmarish,  
surreal. Vicky considers a moment --

Then...

VICKY  
You know who did it?

There's a pause --

Tara whimpers -- shaking her head --

TARA  
I was only with her last night...  
She was goin' on about how she was  
gonna take the kids down Barry  
Island...

Tara bursts into tears and Vicky realizes this is all she's  
going to get from her --

She stares at Claire, a new anger building inside of her...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Across town, BAMBI (34) -- lean, dressed in a long great-coat  
-- full beard --

He's skittish. Bambi's EX-MILITARY. Tattoos on his arms tell  
us he was a member of the WELSH GUARDS 'Cymru am Byth'  
( 'Wales forever' ). A SNIPER, he served in Afghanistan, still  
has the PTSD to prove it.

Bambi hovers outside the entrance to the COVERED MARKET -- a Victorian building of wrought iron. The smell from the fish stand stinks the entire street out --

Bambi watches as SHOPPERS come and go --

A NEWSPAPER VENDOR yells --

VENDOR  
ECHO-ECHO-READ-ALL-ABOUT-IT...  
SOUTH WALES-ECHO-ECHO...

Bambi takes a drag of his cigarette. Like it's the most difficult thing in the world for him, he takes a breath --

Bambi makes his way into the throng --

INT. COVERED MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

A two-tier structure -- mezzanine running around the top floor. Bambi looks suspiciously about at the vantage points --

He's nervous -- doesn't like being on display --

Taking another deep breath, Bambi makes his way through the stalls selling anything from Welsh Cakes to hamsters --

Bambi makes his way up the iron staircase that sits at one end of the hall --

MEZZANINE - CONTINUOUS

-- he looks about. From up here, Bambi has a BIRDSEYE view of the market -- *he much prefers it* --

Looking down -- *God-like* -- on the shoppers below, Bambi spies a greasy spoon -- making his way over --

GREASY SPOON - LATER

Bambi stands at the busy counter. The cafe is bustling and noisy. He waits for his order --

PROPRIETOR  
Black coffee.

Bambi nods --

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)  
Here you goes love.

He takes the styrofoam cup -- grabbing a couple of packets of sugar --

Bambi carries his drink over to a table --

Right on the edge of the mezzanine, the table affords him a good view of the market below. Bambi sits --

As he tears open a sachet of sugar we notice Bambi's hands -- SHAKING. He struggles with the pack, slipping --

It takes all Bambi's effort to steady himself --

With INTENSE FOCUS Bambi pours the sugar into his drink. As he looks back up --

Bambi catches the eye of a MAN -- standing on the far side of the mezzanine. The man gestures to Bambi, ever so subtly --

Bambi tosses his drink in the rubbish -- making his way around the balcony, to meet him --

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Bambi and the man stand out-of-sight, behind one of the stalls --

The man looks about, making sure no-one's looking --

He's about the same age as Bambi -- the same MILITARY TATTOOS on his arms. Stocky with a shaved head, the man gestures to a TESCO CARRIER BAG --

MAN

Lucky I had one... hard to come by  
these days...

Bambi peeks inside the bag --

The man assures him --

MAN (CONT'D)

Perfect nick.

Bambi nods -- gives the man a wad of cash in return --

The man checks it -- making sure it's all there, *it is* --

He pockets the cash -- giving another quick look around to make sure the exchange has not been witnessed. Satisfied the coast is clear -- the man glances at Bambi --

Another quick nod --

MAN (CONT'D)  
Pleasure doing business.

INT. WINE BAR - EVENING

Dark, dimly lit, Vicky makes her way quickly inside -- she's running late.

She bustles over to one of the tables -- peeling off her jacket as she goes --

VICKY  
Bus broke down can you flippin'  
believe!

CERY'S (43) smiles -- she's used to it.

In smart grey trousers and freshly ironed shirt, Cerys grew up with Vicky, they went to the same schools. While Vicky is emotional and haphazard, Cerys is more methodical and meticulous.

Vicky's chaotic personality normally annoys Cerys -- *to tell you the truth it infuriates her* -- but today, after all that's happened, Cerys is willing to let it slide. Vicky has been through the ringer, they both have --

Vicky arrives at their table, calling to the barkeep --

VICKY (CONT'D)  
Usual, ta Neil.

NEIL (54) nods, grabs a bottle -- sets about pouring a LARGE glass of red. Bringing it over --

NEIL  
Look like you need it, love.

VICKY  
(*sarcastic*)  
Ta very much, Neil.

Neil smiles, heads back to the bar --

Vicky turns to Cerys whose gaze is firm, penetrating --

She's a little surprised to see Cerys seems genuinely concerned --

CERY'S  
You okay?

Vicky nods -- tries to shrug it off. It's clear she's really upset -- avoiding eye contact --

Taking a large swig of wine --

VICKY

Morgan and Danny are in temporary care.

CERYS

That's something at least.

VICKY

You should have seen the state on her, Cer. I've worked with her for three bloody years, I kid you not I wouldn't have known it was our Claire.

CERYS

I read the report.

Vicky looks at her and we realize Cerys is somehow connected to the case --

CERYS (CONT'D)

She say anything building up to all this?

Vicky shakes her head --

VICKY

Last I saw she was talking about getting out of the game...

*(then...)*

She was always bloody talking about getting out of the game...

Cerys scoffs --

CERYS

Seems to be a running theme.

VICKY

I thought I was getting somewhere. I really did.

CERYS

You can't blame yourself.

Vicky nods -- she knows --

A pause, then --



VICKY  
You got anything? Any leads? Anyone  
see what happened?

Cerys LAUGHS sarcastically --

CERYS  
Wouldn't that be nice!

Vicky's heart sinks a little --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
Call came in... Kids were  
screaming, Vic... They'd been  
locked in the bedroom for hours.

VICKY  
They were there?

Cerys nods --

VICKY (CONT'D)  
Jesus.  
(*hopeful*)  
They see anything?

Cerys shakes her head again -- Vicky's heart sinks a little  
more --

CERYS  
According to Danny, Claire locked  
them in there.  
(*OFF Vicky's look*)  
Guess she always locked them in  
when she had a John over?

VICKY  
She was trying to protect them.

Cerys considers --

CERYS  
Tell you the truth, I've been  
expecting something... Not like  
this but...

VICKY  
What do you mean?

Cerys sighs deeply -- looks at Vicky --

CERYS  
It's bad, Vic.

Vicky laughs a little --

VICKY  
It's always been bad!

CERYS  
(*shaking her head*)  
This is different.

The tone of her voice, Cerys' expression -- it all has Vicky a little afraid --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
I've been doing this job twenty five years, and recently, I get up in the morning and, tell you the truth Vic, I don't have a fucking clue where to tell my officers to start. Prostitutes down the bay... Callabresse's taking over the valley... drugs everywhere... It's changed.

VICKY  
How?

CERYS  
Honestly, it feels like everyone's given the fuck up... Scares me Vic.

*It scares Vicky too --*

CERYS (CONT'D)  
But... We do what we can, ey? Gotta keep on trying otherwise what's the fucking point.

Vicky nods -- considering all that's been said --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I didn't mean to be a downer. I'm supposed to be cheering you up.

VICKY  
Don't be silly.

Cerys signals to her glass--

CERYS  
You want another?

VICKY  
Actually, Cer...  
(*getting up from her seat*)  
I've got an early start...

CERY'S  
You're kidding, right? You just got here.

VICKY  
Sorry.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Round the back of the OLD CUSTOM HOUSE PUB, Vicky talks with STACEY (27).

Stacey's thin, looks like she hasn't eaten a proper meal in months (if ever). A seasoned SEX WORKER, Stacey survives on junk food and cigarettes, she's got a kind of nervous energy - she can't keep still --

VICKY  
Thanks for meeting.

STACEY  
Can't stay long, Andros is on the prowl.

VICKY  
You heard anything?

Taking a puff of her cigarette --

STACEY  
Nada. You'd fink one of 'em bitches would have said somefing, seen somefing... Far as I can tell it weren't one of our boys.

VICKY  
You think it's someone new in town?

STACEY  
Could be. Or they could be lying. Wouldn't put it past em. Silly mares. I know there's movement down the docks...

Vickys' ears prick --

STACEY (CONT'D)

Some lads from up Bristol way been pushing pills. Andros is fuming but then, Andros always find somefing to be fucking mad about.

(beat)

How is she?

Vicky double takes --

VICKY

You haven't been to see her?

Stacey baulks a little --

STACEY

Nah. Not my scene. Hospitals give me the fucking willies.

VICKY

She's a mess.

STACEY

Right.

VICKY

They're saying she might not wake up.

STACEY

Them poor fucking kids.

VICKY

You should visit. She could use a bloody friend right now.

STACEY

I will, I promise.

(then, joking...)

See if I can fit it into my busy fucking schedule.

Vicky smiles --

VICKY

You hear anything, you let me know?

STACEY

Course. I'll nail the fucking bastard what did it.

OFF Vicky's look, stacey shrugs, nonchalant --

STACEY (CONT'D)  
Someone's gots to.

Vicky considers...

I/E. BUS - NIGHT

It's late. Coming up on midnight. Vicky sits towards the front of the bus -- in the back a handful of TEENS LAUGH -- swigging from a bottle of WHITE LIGHTENING.

One teen, ABBY (16, the cruelest of the bunch) looks at Vicky maliciously --

ABBY  
Fucking prossie...

Vicky tries to ignore the comment --

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Sucks dick for money that one.

Vicky catches the eye of the BUS DRIVER who looks embarrassed on her behalf --

ABBY (CONT'D)  
I bet she--

*DING!* Abby's voice is drowned out -- *saved by the bell* -- it's Vicky's stop --

She gets quickly off the bus --

Watching the bus pull away, Abby flips Vicky off through the rear window --

STREET - LATER

Weary from the day's events, Vicky makes her way up a steep hill -- coming to a BLOCK OF FLATS --

Emptying her over-stuffed letterbox -- Vicky hasn't checked the post in a couple of days --

Vicky makes her way inside the building --

INT. FLATS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The corridor is stark, in need of a fresh lick of paint. From one of the other flats, a TV BLARES -- a DOG BARKS --

Vicky heads to her own front door -- pulling out her keys --

INT. VICKY'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

The place is strangely lacking in possessions -- an IKEA FUTON in the living room, a couple of SECOND HAND CHAIRS --

PLASTIC PATIO FURNITURE in the dining area (the table has a cloth to hide the fact that it really belongs OUTSIDE) --

Vicky dumps her bag and post on the table --

From the direction of the bedroom --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Vic...

She rolls her eyes --

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

That you?

Vicky follows the voice to the --

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pushing open the door Vicky peers into the dark room -- sees the dim outline of a BODY in *her* bed --

VICKY

What the bleeding hell are you  
doing here?

GAZ (34 - *fifteen years younger than Vicky*) peers back at her from under the covers --

GAZ

Gave me a key, didn't you?

Fully dressed -- *wasted* -- Gaz looks like he never quite recovered from the 90s -- frosted tips, fake tan -- he's a cheeseball but Vicky's come to love him --

Vicky glares at Gaz --

VICKY

That doesn't mean You can just let  
yourself in whenever you want.

GAZ

We had a lock in.

Hiccups -- *as if that's an explanation* -- then --

GAZ (CONT'D)  
Bit late, isn't it?

Vicky sucks it up, slumping down on the bed --

VICKY  
Tell you the truth Ga, I've had a  
hell of a day.

GAZ  
Wanna talk about it?

VICKY  
With you?!  
(*then...*)  
One of my clients got the living  
daylights beat out of her.

GAZ  
She dead?

VICKY  
Up the Heath. Don't know why I  
bloody bother. Animals the lot of  
them.

GAZ  
Hey... come here...

He takes her in his arms --

GAZ (CONT'D)  
It's okay to be upset.

VICKY  
She never hurt a bloody fly.

GAZ  
I know.

VICKY  
What the fuck's wrong with people?

Gaz shrugs falling back in bed --

GAZ  
It's Cardiff init... Always been  
this fucking way...

She looks at him -- pulling away a little --

Gaz rolls over --

As he moves to go back to sleep --

GAZ (CONT'D)  
Get some sleep babe, you must be  
fucking knackered.

Vicky looks at him lying there -- fully clothed --

*Vicky -- a new fire lit inside of her --*

CUT TO:

INT. CARDIFF POLICE STATION - HOLDING ROOM - DAY

MICKEY MORRIS (43, a real fucking bruiser) paces back and forth across the holding room --

Mickey punches his fist into the palm of his hand like he needs to hit something --

MICKEY  
You can't keep me here... I ain't  
done no'ing...

SERGEANT PILLS (38) watches him --

Mickey moves like he's on something --

Pills -- slim, hardworking -- has seen it *all* before --  
*that's what growing up north of the M4 does for you --*

Mickey continues to weave -- *a caged animal --*

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
I gots rights you know, I can't be  
fucking--

The door to the room OPENS -- Cerys (or as she's known to her colleagues DETECTIVE INSPECTOR DUGGAN) enters.

In combats and a fitted tank top, Cerys glances at Mickey --  
*an 'old friend' --*

CERYS  
Alright Mick?

He glowers --

MICKEY  
Nah not really, Cer.

Pills corrects him --



SERGEANT PILLS  
Detective Duggan.

Mickey just shoots him a look. Pills demurs --

Turning back to Cerys --

MICKEY  
Like I was saying, I gots places I  
needs to be like, things that needs  
sortin'.

CERYS  
What kind of things?

Mickey just looks at her --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
The quicker you cooperate the  
quicker you can be back out there,  
*sortin'*.

Mickey considers --

Cerys gestures to the chair opposite. He sits, reluctantly.  
Cerys takes a seat opening her FILE --

It's a simple file, a piece of folded cardboard. Cerys opens  
it and we see the contents -- MICKEY'S PROFILE -- his POLICE  
RECORD -- his history of VIOLENCE and DRUG POSSESSION -- in  
all its gory glory --

Cerys glances at the record -- more for effect than because  
she needs it -- *Cerys has known Mickey Morris for as long as  
she can remember* --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
We had a tip off...

MICKEY  
What kind of tip off?

SERGEANT PILLS  
The anonymous kind.

CERYS  
You were seen leaving the crime  
scene.

MICKEY  
What fucking crime scene?

CERYS  
Jubilee street. Claire Coslet.

Mickey shrugs --

MICKEY

Don't mean nofing to me.

SERGEANT PILLS

Claire was assaulted. She's on life support.

MICKEY

Condolences to the family.

CERYS

It's attempted fucking murder, Mick.

(*then...*)

Our source says you were there around 5, Sunday morning.

Micky thinks --

MICKEY

Sunday?

CERYS

That's right.

MICKEY

Ah, well, that's impossible init...  
Up the market I was...

SERGEANT PILLS

At 5AM?

Mickey nods --

MICKEY

Gots to get in early... Get the best pitch... Them vendors is fucking ruthless.

He grins --

Cerys doesn't trust him far as she can throw him, still, she has to go through the motions --

CERYS

Anyone verify that?

MICKEY

My business partner Keith...

CERYS

Keith Harries?

MICKEY  
(teasing, sarcastic)  
Know him?

Cerys grimaces -- *she knows Keith Harries all too well* --

She shoots Mickey a withering look and he adjusts his tone --  
not wanting to poke the bear --

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
I was helping him set up for the  
day.

SERGEANT PILLS  
And you were there all day?

MICKEY  
Till about 7, when the punters  
start to come in.

Cerys sighs -- glances at Pills -- the lead has come to an  
end --

Mickey sees her disappointment -- he can't resist --

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Terrible business... someone should  
really do something about it.

Cerys glares -- *furious...*

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - LATER

Cerys emerges from the interview room -- Sergeant Pills in  
tow --

CERYS  
Should have him for wasting police  
time...

SERGEANT PILLS  
You buy it?

Cerys isn't sure --

CERYS  
Last known for Keith Harries?

SERGEANT PILLS  
He was down the docks all of a week  
ago.

CERYS  
 Day out at the docks, is it?  
*(sarcastic)*  
 Lucky bloody us.

Pills nods, setting off --

I/E. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DAY

Cerys and Sergeant Pills make heir way through a once prosperous SHIPYARD --

*The docks were the richest in the world at their height -- shipping coal from the heart of the country -- transporting it across the globe --*

They pull up alongside one of the births. Now, a dilapidated series of TENTS and CARAVANS occupy the wasteland.

Cerys pulls on her hi-viz police jacket -- glancing over at Pills --

CERYS  
 Don't wander off.

He nods and they get out of the car -- looking about at the encampment --

ENCAMPMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Cerys and Sergeant Pills make their way through the temporary shelters --

Cerys peers into one of the tents seeing squalor -- filthy rags and refuse. A couple of USED NEEDLES lie scattered on the ground --

Pills gestures a little way ahead --

SERGEANT PILLS  
 Ma'am.

She looks over. One CARAVAN, slightly grander than the rest -- a MAN loiters outside, smoking a JOINT. He sees them coming -- in all their hi-viz gear -- GRINNING. He gestures to the sky above -- a series of thunder clouds threaten a downpour at any moment --

KEITH  
*(sarcastic)*  
 Lovely day for it.

Cerys sighs -- *Keith-fucking-Harries...*

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Cerys and Pills arrive at the caravan --

CERYS  
Mr Harries?

He looks at them through a haze of smoke. Cerys glances at the fat joint --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
Herbal, I'm guessing.

Harries grins again, obligingly -- he puts out the reefer -- looking up at them --

KEITH  
*I'm guessing this is about that girl?*

Cerys looks at him -- Keith gestures to his phone --

KEITH (CONT'D)  
Just got off the phone with Mick.

CERYS  
Need to ask you a couple of questions...

KEITH  
Happy to oblige.

CERYS  
Where were you Sunday, 5am?

KEITH  
Market. Up Bessemer. Same as always on a Sunday.

CERYS  
Mickey with you?

KEITH  
He was.

CERYS  
He always help you out?

KEITH  
This was a one off. Had some merch I needed a hand with.

SERGEANT PILLS  
You needed shifting?

Keith grins in response -- flashing his missing teeth --

Cerys tries to keep things moving --

CERYS  
You with Mr. Morris the whole time?

KEITH  
He left around 7.

SERGEANT PILLS  
You sure? Couldn't have slipped off before?

KEITH  
Nah. The gear I was selling was fucking heavy. I'm not exactly a piece. Couldn't shift it all on my own like could I. Mick's the one with all them muscles.

Cerys considers -- gives a slight nod of appreciation --

CERYS  
Mr. Harries.

KEITH  
Anytime love.  
(*then...*)  
You used to be fit when you were younger, what fucking happened?!

INT. CARDIFF SOCIAL SERVICES - VICKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Vicky sits at her desk. Her client, Terry, is back in the hot seat --

TERRY  
It's so bloody weird I'm telling you... can't help thinking... all that bloody time... wasted... gots to make up for the years you see... do something with my bloody life...

Terry talks -- *in the midst of an existential crisis* --

Vicky's attention is fixed on something else, across the hallway --

Terry continues --

TERRY (CONT'D)

That's where the fucking zen comes  
in... I'm telling you... They've  
got it all figured out... Them  
fucking Buddhists...

Vicky's not listening.

She looks through the doorway to her office -- Vicky looks  
out across to the MAIN RECEPTION AREA.

TWO KIDS stand with Vicky's colleague, Michelle and another  
WOMAN (40s), a FOSTER PARENT.

Michelle talks to the kids who stand huddled together. Vicky  
can't hear what's being said but she sees the children get  
handed off to this new woman, *this STRANGER* --

Vicky's heart breaks for them...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROATH PARK - DAY

A Victorian pleasure park. Bambi stands with a CANVAS DUFFLE  
slung over his shoulder --

He looks about at the LAKE, complete with its own lighthouse  
and peddle boats --

Bambi turns and a couple of KIDS whip past him -- their MAM  
chasing after --

MAM

Not so fast Arfon!

The kids SCREAM and Bambi winces -- startled by the sudden  
noise and movement --

The kids run off, Bambi hesitates --

Recovering from the shock, he makes his way around the lake --

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

From across the water, we see Bambi with another MAN -- this  
guy's small, waif-thin --

We're too far away to hear what's being said but another  
exchange takes place --

Bambi pulls open his duffle -- the man slips something  
VAGUELY OBLONG inside --

Bambi hands over the money -- zips up the bag --

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Thick drizzle coming down. Cerys, Sergeant Pills and Tara  
stand next to a FOOD TRUCK -- a greasy spoon selling heart-  
stopping bacon butties --

Tara shivers, Sergeant Pills hands her a cuppa --

TARA

Ta.

She takes it -- blowing on it -- warming her hands --

TARA (CONT'D)

I got back at 4, ten past at the  
latest... I knows cos I treated  
myself... Chippy Lane, they was  
just closing.

Cerys glances at Pills who buys the explanation --

TARA (CONT'D)

Anyways, I got back and it were  
bloody obvious weren't it... Bloody  
door smashed in.

SERGEANT PILLS

Why didn't you call the police?

Tara looks at him -- Pills is a little embarrassed by the  
question --

TARA

My fucking business, we're told not  
to call the pigs, if we can sodding  
help it. No offense.

CERYS

None taken.

Tara nods in appreciation --

TARA

You any closer to finding who did  
it?



Cerys falters -- her voice betraying her --

CERYS  
We're... following several leads.

Tara smirks -- seeing through the lie --

TARA  
Heard that before.

SERGEANT PILLS  
We're gonna get whoever did this.

She smiles again, sadly --

TARA  
If it makes you sleep at night.

Pills flinches -- the comment makes him feel deeply uncomfortable --

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Leaving Tara at the cafe, Cerys and Sergeant Pills make their way across the car park --

Sergeant Pills talks excitedly --

SERGEANT PILLS  
That puts the attack at sometime before 4...

CERYS  
Which rules Mickey out...

SERGEANT PILLS  
Claire was last seen by a client at three thirty.

CERYS  
This stinks.

He looks up at her --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
The whole thing. What was the bloody point?

Pills shrugs --

SERGEANT PILLS  
Someone who's prepared to do  
something like that doesn't have a  
point.

CERYs  
It still stinks.

SERGEANT PILLS  
I agree. That's the job though  
isn't it?

She looks at him --

SERGEANT PILLS (CONT'D)  
Let's be honest, we didn't become  
coppers down the 'diff to wake up  
and smell the fucking roses.

She smiles -- she likes his no-nonsense honesty, always has --

CERYs  
Get in the car. I'll buy you  
breakfast.

EXT. CARDIFF POLICE STATION - DAY

An armful of paperwork, Vicky makes her way inside the  
building -- looks about --

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS come and go. Vicky heads to the  
FRONT DESK. Holding up the stack of paperwork, she explains  
to the RECEPTIONIST --

VICKY  
Latest cases from Social...

The receptionist sees the pile of paperwork, eyeing it -- *and*  
*Vicky* -- with surprise --

INT. CARDIFF POLICE STATION - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Cerys addresses Sergeant Pills and half a dozen OFFICERS --

Gesturing to a map of GRANGETOWN, that's been taped on the  
white board --

CERYs  
We're going to expand our search...

Cerys gestures to the extended parameters --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
Go door to door... Anyone seen  
anything, heard anything...

Cerys' attention is caught -- looking past her officers --  
her voice trails off --

Vicky stands at the FRONT DESK, the receptionist looking at  
her puzzled --

RECEPTIONIST  
You know, you could have just faxed  
them?

Over the din, Cerys just about hears Vicky explain --

VICKY  
I was coming this way anyway.

In the office, Sergeant Pills looks at Cerys -- *who's stopped  
mid-sentence* --

SERGEANT PILLS  
Ma'am?

Her gaze remains firmly fixed on Vicky -- Cerys glances at  
Pills --

CERYS  
Be right back...

MAIN DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky hands over another CASE FILE, explaining --

VICKY  
Never trust them machines anyway...

Cerys approaches --

CERYS  
Vic?

She looks over --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
What you doing here?

She looks at her -- Cerys realizes something terrible's  
happened --

SIDE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Cerys leads Vicky into the room --

VICKY

Sorry. You think I'd be used to it  
by now.

Cerys closes the door for privacy --

CERYS

Don't be ridiculous... The day we  
get 'used to it' is the day we stop  
doing our fucking jobs.

Vicky smiles --

VICKY

Just seeing them kids like...  
brought it all bloody home.

CERYS

Of course it did. It's a completely  
normal reaction.

VICKY

Thanks, Cer.

CERYS

Course.

VICKY

Anything?

CERYS

(shrugs)

One of the girls says she saw  
Claire's door smashed in.

VICKY

Which girl?

CERYS

Tara. You know her?

VICKY

Met her at the hospital. Poor kid  
was in pieces.

CERYS

Says she went up there after her  
'shift...'

VICKY  
Up Old Customs?

Cerys nods --

CERYS  
Reckons she got back around 4.

Vicky considers --

Cerys tries to lighten the tone --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
Hey, you'll never guess who I had  
to fucking ferret out today.

Vicky looks at her --

CERYS (CONT'D)  
Keith bloody Harries, remember him?

VICKY  
Could't bloody forget!

CERYS  
Made me think when we were kids...  
You copped off with Dean Martin.

VICKY  
Only cos you made me!

CERYS  
He was hot back then.

VICKY  
He's a fucking spanner.

Cerys laughs --

CERYS  
You're right.

VICKY  
That was right before you started  
dating DJ.

CERYS  
What was I thinking?

VICKY  
You were trying to be all bloody  
grown up. Always were.

CERYS  
Yeah but it was a lie, wasn't it...  
(beat)  
You were the one in control.

Vicky smiles...

EXT. STREET

Cerys, Pills and the team of OFFICERS go house to house --  
Cerys KNOCKS -- a door opens --  
Flashing her badge --

CERYS  
Police...

INT. OLD CUSTOMS HOUSE PUB - DAY

A handful of SEX WORKERS stand at the bar. A smattering of PUNTERS. Vicky sits in a quiet corner -- talking to Stacey --

STACEY  
You shouldn't be here.

VICKY  
She was my client.

STACEY  
Yeah but she's not your  
responsibility.

VICKY  
She's got to be someone's.

STACEY  
You stick your nose in where you're  
not wanted, you're playing with  
fire.

Vicky shrugs --

Stacey's caught the attention of a John -- a GUY at the bar,  
glances over --

Vicky clocks the exchange -- shifting slightly. Though she  
doesn't judge the girls in the slightest, the whole business  
of it -- *the girls putting themselves out there so freely --*  
*so vulnerably* -- it makes Vicky deeply uncomfortable --

Stacey gets up to go and meet the guy -- glancing back at Vicky --

STACEY (CONT'D)  
Stay out of it, yeah. Let the cops  
do their bloody jobs for once.

Vicky smiles --

VICKY  
Would you?

Stacey considers -- taking Vicky's point. She turns back to her client -- greeting him --

STACEY  
Hey babe, haven't seen you round  
these parts for a while...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cerys steps out of a DIFFERENT house. Sergeant Pills follows just behind. Turning to the owner of the home --

CERYS  
Thanks for your time.

The proprietor nods, closing the door.

Looking to Cerys --

SERGEANT PILLS  
What now?

Cerys scans the road -- *other officers emerge from other premises* --

CERYS  
Hope for a fucking miracle?

Pills glances at her, moving on --

INT. CARDIFF SOCIAL SERVICES - VICKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Vicky sits at her desk, Yasmin opposite. Yasmin downloads Vicky on the latest development --

YASMIN  
It doesn't seem worth it.

Vicky looks absentmindedly out the window -- hardly listening to Yasmin -- rain streaks down outside --

YASMIN (CONT'D)  
I was talking to my Imam... he said  
it's my duty to my family.

Yasmin yawns -- Vicky hardly notices --

*Somehow none of this feels important anymore. After Claire's  
attack, everything else feels trivial --*

Vicky answers -- on auto-pilot --

VICKY  
I thought you were set on having  
the baby.

YASMIN  
They'll be time for that later.

SOCIAL SERVICES - MAIN OFFICE - LATER

The session over, Vicky leads Yasmin from her office. As  
Yasmin moves past --

YASMIN  
You heard about that girl right,  
over on Jubilee?

Vicky pauses and Yasmin turns to her --

YASMIN (CONT'D)  
All over social... Fucking coppers  
have got it so bloody wrong...

VICKY  
What do you mean?

Yasmin looks at her -- *like it's so bloody obvious --*

YASMIN  
Word on the street is she was  
attacked between 3 and 4...

Vicky listens -- she can hardly breathe -- on tenterhooks  
she's desperate to know more --

Yasmin continues, none the wiser --

YASMIN (CONT'D)  
There's no fucking way that could  
have happened...

VICKY  
Why not?



Yasmin LAUGHS --

YASMIN  
You been listenin' to a word I been  
saying?

Vicky looks at her -- a pang of guilt. Yasmin rolls her eyes -  
- explaining --

YASMIN (CONT'D)  
*Fajr.*

Vicky's sill a blank --

YASMIN (CONT'D)  
Fucking prayers!

The penny is finally beginning to drop --

YASMIN (CONT'D)  
Mosque on Penarth Road is right  
across from Jubilee... If that poor  
woman's door had been smashed in  
before 4, someone would have  
fucking seen it.

Vicky stares -- realization coming over her --

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tara stands alone on a street corner -- waiting for a John,  
when --

A taxi pulls up --

I/E. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Vicky thrusts a note into DRIVER'S hand --

VICKY  
Keep the change.

The driver looks at the tenner -- thrilled --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tara sees Vicky get out the car -- the taxi takes off --

Vicky approaches -- Tara instinctively pulling away --

TARA  
I already told the--

Before she has a chance to finish, Vicky GRABS Tara --  
pulling her into an ALLEYWAY --

Out-of-sight from the main road, Vicky PUSHES Tara up against  
the brick wall --

TARA (CONT'D)  
Hey! What the fuck you--

VICKY  
You said it was 4!

Tara stares, moves to turn away --

TARA  
I don't know what you're--

Vicky GRABS her again --

TARA (CONT'D)  
Ow!

She PUSHES her back and Tara looks at Vicky -- *a demure,  
slightly frumpy woman* -- Tara didn't expect this from her --

Vicky's a little surprised herself by her actions --  
*continuing* --

VICKY  
You told the police when you came  
home at 4, the door was already  
smashed in!

Tara considers, then -- seeing the look in Vicky's eye --  
realizing it's useless --

TARA  
He made me, alrigh'. He fucking  
told me he'd kill me if I didn't.

Stepping closer -- getting right in Tara's face --

VICKY  
Who?

TARA  
Who'd you fucking think?  
(*then...*)  
Mickey fucking Morris.

Beat.

Vicky considers --

Tara keeps on blathering --

TARA (CONT'D)

He was pissed... He said he wanted  
to send a fucking message. Said he  
was the only one running girls down  
the 'diff...

(beat)

Please... don't tell him it was  
me...

Vicky's blood boils...

SAME - LATER

In the BG Tara catches her breath. Vicky makes her way up the  
quiet street --

Pulling out her phone, she dials -- gets a ringtone --

INT. CARDIFF POLICE STATION - INCIDENT ROOM - DAY

Cerys and Sergeant Pills discuss the case --

CERYS

We've got to re-run our interviews.  
Talk to everyone, again... I don't  
trust any of these--

The phone RINGS -- Cerys leans across the desk and grabs it --

CERYS (CONT'D)

Detective Inspector Duggan...

A voice at the other end -- *we don't make out the words* --

From Cerys body-language we can see *something's changed* --

As she listens, Cerys glances Pills -- *vital information  
coming through* --

Pills gets to his feet -- ready for action --

CERYS (CONT'D)

Copy that...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Vicky finishes the call -- hangs up the phone --

INT. LOCK-UP - HALLWAY - DAY

Tesco carrier bag in his hand, khaki duffle slung over his shoulder, Bambi makes his way along the corridor. As he goes, motion-sensitive lights come on -- illuminating the hall ahead --

Passing storage-unit after storage-unit, Bambi arrives at ONE UNIT -- glancing back along the hall --

The place is quiet. Empty.

Satisfied, Bambi pulls out a set of KEYS --

He unlocks the PADLOCK to the unit. Hoists up the rolling door, which CLATTERS on it's hinges --

INT. LOCK-UP - CONTINUOUS

The unit is FULL OF EQUIPMENT -- shelves and boxes line the walls, floor to ceiling -- they are filled with all kinds of GEAR --

In the centre is a work bench. Bambi sets the bags down on the bench -- closing the door behind him so no-one can see inside --

Bambi looks about, thinking -- he reaches into one of the storage boxes --

Bambi takes out a piece of EXTRA EQUIPMENT -- it's dark and indistinct -- *Bambi moves quickly so we don't see what the item is* --

He sets to work -- pulling other items from his backpack -- assembling something -- *we're not quite sure what just yet...*

INT. CARDIFF SOCIAL SERVICES - VICKY'S OFFICE - EVENING

It's late. Most of the office has gone home but Vicky sits behind her desk working, eyes glued to the computer screen --

As Vicky works, Michelle pokes her head into the room --

MICHELLE

You staying? Group of us is going down The Rec for a cheeky half.

Vicky barely looks up from the screen --

VICKY

Maybe another time.

Michelle rolls her eyes, hardly surprised --

MICHELLE  
You work too hard.

Vicky smiles.

Michelle leaves --

Vicky listens to the sound of her footsteps growing faint --

The CLICK of the office door closing behind her --

The place falls quiet.

Vicky stares at the screen -- can't take her eyes off it. She examines the text -- *we see what's got her so fascinated* --

Vicky's on the PNC DATABASE (the POLICE NATIONAL COMPUTER DATABASE).

*It's the database used by the police to keep a record of criminality and past offenses. As a social worker, Vicky has access to the database -- a comprehensive list of all offenders in England and Wales* --

Vicky scans the screen and we realize we RECOGNIZE this particular profile --

MICKEY MORRIS

Mickey's mugshot fills the screen --

Vicky scrolls through his info --

Vicky's eyes scan across Mickey's past history --

She looks down the list, Vicky sees the words GBH and AGGRAVATED ASSAULT repeated over and over --

INT. LOCK-UP - MOMENTS LATER

Bambi finishes the assembly, pulls the final pieces in to place --

We see what's taken him so much time and effort to put together --

A GUN.

AN L96 MILITARY GRADE SNIPER RIFLE.

Bambi finishes screwing on a SILENCER, then -- holds up the weapon --

COCKS IT...

INT. CARDIFF SOCIAL SERVICES - VICKY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky looks at the litany of violent crime -- the years of abuse and criminality -- *the dozens of victims -- women --*

Vicky stares at the screen, eyes settle on Mickey's mugshot --

There's no doubt in her mind, this man is a piece of fucking work...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HEATH HOSPITAL - DAY

Wales' largest, busiest hospital. AMBULANCES and HOSPITAL WORKERS come and go --

A BUS pulls up outside, Vicky gets off --

VICKY

Ta drive.

She heads towards the MAIN ENTRANCE --

EXT. THE HAYES - MOMENTS LATER

A busy city center. The OLD ARCADES filtering PEOPLE into the heart of town. Punters come from all over Wales just to shop here.

Amongst the bustle and noise, Cerys, Sergeant Pills and a team of half a dozen PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICERS (identifiable by the EARPIECES they each have) -- make their way through the throng --

Cerys communicates through her RADIO -- reminding the team --

CERYS

No sudden movements. We don't want to spook him.

The rest of the group spread out into the crowd...

INT. HOWELLS DEPARTMENT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Bambi (a hat pulled down so the brim covers his face -- duffle slung over one shoulder) -- he makes his way through the WOMEN'S LINGERIE DEPARTMENT --

One of the FRIENDLY ASSISTANTS asks --

ASSISTANT  
Can I help you?

Bambi shakes his head, moving quickly on -- he turns a corner, and heads into a --

STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The way down leads back to the MAIN SHOP -- VOICES and MUSIC ECHO from below.

Checking the coast is clear, Bambi heads UP the stairs --

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

-- coming to a small door. Bambi pushes the door OPEN -- squinting --

DAYLIGHT floods the stairwell.

Bambi gives his eyes a second to adjust to the light -- heading out onto the ROOFTOP --

INT. CLAIRE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky enters. Claire lies in bed -- Stacey next to her --

Claire's bruising has begun to subside -- slightly less gruesome than before --

Vicky glances at the victim before turning to Stacey --

VICKY  
You came.

Stacey shifts uncomfortably --

STACEY  
Didn't think I had a fucking  
choice...

She does her best to sound tough but Vicky sees the tears in Stacey's eyes --

Stacey brushes them quickly away but it's obvious she's been crying --

Vicky makes her way over to Claire's bedside --

EXT. THE HAYES - MOMENTS LATER

The bustling city centre. Cerys weaves through the crowd --

Around the square, the rest of her team is CLOSING IN --

Sergeant Pills navigates his way through the throng --

Talking in his radio --

SERGEANT PILLS

Target is in the open...

Cerys ducks around a group of TEENS -- eyes fixed on an OUTDOOR CAFE ahead --

She makes her way around the MILLING SHOPPERS -- by-passing around another FAMILY GROUP -- then --

She spies him.

Mickey Morris -- *just 50ft off* --

Mickey hovers around one of the OPEN-AIR TABLES -- he seems happy -- laughing --

Mickey chats with a couple of MATES --

Cerys sees him take a puff of his cigarette --

Eyes narrowing --

CERYS

*(into her radio)*

Target in sight.

Pills gets the message --

SERGEANT PILLS

Copy.

Narrowing their perimeter --

EXT. HOWELLS ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Bambi's 'in position' -- The Hayes shopping area laid out below --



Bambi's duffle sits on the ground next to him, he reaches inside, pulling out the last piece of the RIFLE -- slots it into place --

Screwing on the SILENCER, Bambi raises the weapon --

He's SHAKING but as soon a Bambi puts the gun to his eye, the SHAKING STOPS. Bambi BREATHES -- STEADY --

*Like this is his comfort zone -- his natural state of being -- muscle memory --*

Bambi looks down the scope at the sea of PEOPLE -- *BIRDSEYE* -- *just how he likes it* --

He scans the crowd --

A MAN on his lunch break --

A couple of MAM'S with their KIDS --

Bambi takes in the surroundings -- these people's lives in his hands, they just don't know it...

INT. CLAIRE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky approaches --

STACEY  
I been thinking...

Vicky places her bag on the table next to Claire --

STACEY (CONT'D)  
'bout how none of this makes one  
bleeding sods worth of  
difference...

Vicky looks at her --

STACEY (CONT'D)  
Claire was smart... She weren't  
like the rest of us... She took  
precautions...

VICKY  
What kind of precautions?

The question takes Stacey a little by surprise -- she looks at Vicky -- meeting her gaze --

Stacey hesitates for a moment, then --

STACEY

Don't matter now. I gots to go...

She begins to quickly gather her things --

EXT. THE HAYES - MOMENTS LATER

Cerys closes in on Mickey -- *just 10ft between them now* --

She hears Mickey laugh with his mates --

MICKEY

Destroyed 'em reds! 'bout fucking--

She arrives at his side --

CERYS

Mickey Morris?

He has his back to her --

On hearing his name, Mickey turns slowly to face her --

Seeing Cerys his expression turns sour --

CERYS (CONT'D)

I'm arresting you on the suspicion  
of--

PAP!

Short --

Sharp --

With the sound, Cerys is SPATTERED in a THICK, DARK  
SUBSTANCE --

Mickey drops to the floor with a disturbing THUD.

Through the crowd, it's difficult to make out what's happened  
-- Sergeant Pills temporarily loses sight of Mickey --

Beginning to panic --

SERGEANT PILLS

Did we lose him... What's  
happening? Anyone got eyes on the  
target?

Cerys can't speak.

She stares --

Mickey lies sprawled at her feet --

Pills RUSHES through the crowd --

Cerys sees the NEAT, ROUND HOLE in the centre of Mickey's forehead --

Blood pools --

She stares in utter disbelief, then --

SCREAMS

As people begin to realize what's happened -- panic sets in --

Screams echo around the square --

Sergeant Pills arrives at the scene --

                    SERGEANT PILLS (CONT'D)  
            Where did he--

Chaos erupts --

Clamor --

People begin to RUN in panic --

Cerys -- too much in shock to respond --

Pills sees Mickey's body -- SHOT THROUGH THE FOREHEAD --  
KILLED INSTANTLY --

*Mickey lies DEAD on the ground.*

Immediately reaching for his radio --

                    SERGEANT PILLS (CONT'D)  
            We've got a 10-35, active shooter  
            in the Hayes shopping centre...  
            Repeat a--

He radios -- Cerys stares -- blood blossoming around the corpse --

Absolute horror settling over Cerys...

EXT. HOWELLS ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Bambi checks the target -- *mission complete* --

He quickly begins disassembling the gun -- unscrewing the silencer --

Bambi slips the components back into his duffle --

EXT. THE HAYES - LATER

Chaos --

People race across the square --

Bambi emerges from Howells, backpack slung casually over his shoulder --

He makes his way from the crime scene --

In the BG, SIRENS are already beginning to wail --

Bambi slips between shoppers --

Disappears along one of the old arcades --

INT. HEATH HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky stands at Claire's bedside. Stacey heads for the door --

She calls to her --

VICKY

Hey...

Stacey pauses, looks back --

VICKY (CONT'D)

Stay safe out there, yeah?

Stacey stares --

*There's something strange about the way Vicky says it --*

Overwhelmed with emotion, Stacey's too upset to think straight. She leaves --

Vicky looks back down at Claire -- sees her lying there, helpless --

An ominous feeling settles over Vicky...

CUT TO:

INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cold. Dark. Vicky lies in bed, Gaz next to her -- breath forming condensation in the early morning chill --

Vicky's ALARM goes off -- Gaz groans --

GAZ  
Make it stop!

Vicky slumps wearily over in bed -- hits the alarm -- *misses* -  
- tries again -- *bingo!*

There's a pause, then, slowly -- Vicky drags herself out of  
bed --

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Dressed in an oversized, misshapen, knock-off Umbro t-shirt,  
Vicky stands at the sink, brushing her teeth --

The bathroom's small and cramped. Vicky catches herself in  
the mirror -- grimaces --

The bags under Vicky's eyes are out of control, her hair  
needs doing. Vicky was supposed to get it dyed every six  
weeks but, these days, she's lucky if she can get to the  
hairdressers once a year --

She glares -- spitting --

Vicky rinses her toothbrush, placing it back in the chipped  
Cardiff City mug that's balanced precariously on the edge of  
the sink --

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Vicky pulls on her polyester suit -- stuffs a slice of toast  
into her mouth --

In the BG the TV blares -- *S4C News (spoken in WELSH  
LANGUAGE)* --

Vicky listens to the report --

PRESENTER  
(*in Welsh*)  
Earlier today, the city Mayor spoke  
out about crime since coming to  
office...

We SEE the Mayor -- ANGHARAD BEVAN (42) -- a *SLUG LINE* on the  
screen identifies her --

PRESENTER (CONT'D)

(*in Welsh*)

Mayor Bevan ran on promises to clean up the city. With elections looming many are asking if she's delivered on her word. If voters feel she's underperformed, it could make for a close call this coming--

Heard enough, Vicky TURNS OFF the TV -- stuffs the last of the toast into her mouth, finishes getting dressed --

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

Glancing up at the threatening rain clouds, Vicky waits for her bus --

It approaches and Vicky steps forward -- holds out her hand --

The bus pulls up -- doors open --

I/E. BUS - CONTINUOUS

-- flashing her pass --

VICKY

Alright drive?

The driver nods and Vicky makes her way along the aisle --

The bus is CROWDED. Full of locals headed off to work --

As Vicky passes she feels eyes looking at her -- *nervous*. One BLOKE mutters to the MAN next to him --

BLOKE

Who bloody knows? Could be any one of us gets take out next...

*The city is on edge.*

Vicky searches for a seat --

She catches the eye of one passenger -- Abby.

Sat towards the back of the bus, Abby clocks Vicky -- instantly recognizing her -- a thunderous expression on Abby's face. Vicky soon sees why...

Far from the cruel and arrogant ring-leader we saw before, Abby now sits, quietly, hardly daring to move. Her dad, JAY sits next to her --

31, addled, Jay slurs -- still drunk from the night before. Vicky sees the stains on his t-shirt from where he took a tumble -- there's blood on his chin from a fight --

JAY  
(to Abby)  
You're a fucking nuisance you  
are... liability... after all we  
fucking done for you...  
(he hiccups)  
Goes and gets yourself expelled...

Vicky glances at Abby -- seeing tears begin to swell --

A FELLOW TRAVELLER moves their bag for Vicky --

TRAVELLER  
Here you are love.

She takes the seat --

VICKY  
Ta.

Vicky settles -- she can't think too much on Abby. Vicky has other things on her mind -- more important things --

In the back of the bus, Abby begins to cry...

SAME - LATER

-- *DING!* -- the bus pulls up -- Vicky's stop --

She gets out --

VICKY  
Cheers.

Cardiff Social Services up ahead --

Vicky heads towards the main entrance to the building --

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Gone 11, Cerys lies on the bed. She's curled in a protective ball --

The door to the room opens and another woman comes in, EMMA (52, scars on her ears from where she used to have piercings).

Emma sits on the bed next to Cerys --

EMMA

Babe?

Cerys doesn't move.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Babe, you've gotta eat something.

Cerys is numb -- *she can't move* -- it takes all her effort to say --

CERYS

I'm not hungry.

Emma thinks.

EMMA

You wanna talk about it?

Cerys shakes her head --

EMMA (CONT'D)

You got someone I can call?

CERYS

I'll be fine.

Emma's not convinced --

CERYS (CONT'D)

I'm just tired. I need a bit of time.

She looks at her, begging her --

CERYS (CONT'D)

Please.

Emma's not too sure about this -- *tell the truth she's not sure what anyone would do in this situation* --

She thinks for another beat, then --

EMMA

I'll be right downstairs.

Cerys nods --

EMMA (CONT'D)

(*pressing*)

You need anything...



Cerys doesn't respond --

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I love you.

CERYS  
Love you too.

Emma leaves.

Cerys stares vacantly at the wall ahead --

CUT TO:

INT. CARDIFF SOCIAL SERVICES - ENTRANCE HALL - LATER

The building is home to numerous COUNCIL SERVICES (not just social services), Vicky makes her way through the enormous FOYER, passing OFFICE WORKERS as she goes --

She heads up the MAIN STAIRWELL --

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Vicky arrives at a set of double doors -- heads on through --

INT. CARDIFF SOCIAL SERVICES - MAIN RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

The office is quiet, largely empty. People are just arriving for the day -- there's no-one behind the front desk --

Vicky makes her way past a few of the other desks -- waving to a colleague --

VICKY  
Hiya Rodge...

He waves back --

She continues on -- heading for the --

KITCHEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

-- Vicky reaches for a mug --

She's about to make herself a coffee, when -- from over her shoulder --

DAI (O.S.)  
Your 8:30's here.

She pauses -- turns to see Dai. Vicky glances at her watch --  
*it's only 8:15 --*

Looking back at Dai --

VICKY  
He's bloody early?

Dai shrugs --

DAI  
Put him in your office.

Vicky nods -- *it was the right thing to do --*

VICKY  
Be right there.

Dai smiles -- heads back to his own desk --

In no hurry at all, Vicky finishes making her drink -- adding  
hot water to the instant brew --

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Still dazed, Cerys flicks on the light --

A bright room, nicely decorated --

She wearily rubs the side of her face, goes to use the loo,  
when --

Cerys pauses -- blood drains from her cheeks --

She looks in the BATH and Cerys sees her CLOTHES from the day  
before --

Piled in a heap, the clothes are SPATTERED RED -- BLOODY --

She stares in horror at the sight -- *shouts ECHOING in her  
head as she relives the trauma --*

Cerys breaks down completely -- sinking to the floor --

Overwhelmed -- shaking uncontrollably --

Cerys is deeply affected by everything that's happened...

CUT TO:

VICKY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Carrying her drink, Vicky enters -- barely glancing at her visitor --

VICKY  
(teasing)  
What time do you call this?

As she speaks -- *bright and breezy* -- Vicky glances one more time around the MAIN OFFICE which is still largely EMPTY. She closes the door so no-one will hear their conversation --

As soon as the door CLICKS closed -- Vicky's expression CHANGES. She looks at her 'client' -- *lowering her voice to make sure they're not overheard* --

VICKY (CONT'D)  
You get away clean?

BAMBI nods.

BAMBI  
Don't have to worry about Mickey  
Morris anymore.

Vicky makes her way around the room, taking a seat at her desk --

VICKY  
Good.

BAMBI  
We've never gone this far before,  
boss.

Turning in her chair, Vicky looks out the window --

*The Diff laid out at her feet.*

Her voice, full of resonance --

VICKY  
No one fucks with my girls.

CUT TO CREDITS:

END OF PILOT