

The Auctioneer

by

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INT. ZILOV'S YARD. CHANGING ROOM. NIGHT

Dance music thumps from a portable stereo. A small dirty room. No windows.

Ten WOMEN (teens and early 20s) cram together. They're changing into tiny nightclub dresses or glittery tight tops.

A trestle table is crowded with lipsticks and makeup. The women stare into an illuminated mirror as they perfect their eyes, lips, hair. No one smiles, none of them chat or laugh. Whatever's going on it's serious.

One of the women JANA (early 20s) is putting on her lipstick when she sees LALLA (12) staring at her in the mirror. Jana finishes and steps across to Lalla.

They speak in Russian (subtitled).

JANA

Okay?

Lalla does not reply. She looks overwhelmed. She's small - in grubby jogging trousers and a pink hoodie, her blonde hair crumpled and mostly hidden.

JANA (cont'd)

Come on, better get changed. You want to be a model dressed like that?

She smiles and reaches for a little black dress from a rack and hands it to Lalla.

JANA (cont'd)

You've got this far. It'll be okay.

Lalla reluctantly takes the dress.

The metal door to the room opens. A tough-looking male MINDER (20s) looks in.

MINDER

(Russian)

Let's go!

The women know the order they're to go on. Jana is first. She edges forward. Wary. One last look to Lalla.

MINDER (cont'd)

(to Jana)

You first! The rest wait.

INT. ZILOV'S YARD. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

A narrow, harshly lit corridor. Jana exits the changing room followed by the minder who locks the door. They're alone suddenly.

She hesitates. In the short black dress, heavy make up and battered stilettos she feels vulnerable. The minder openly eyes her up.

MINDER

Keep going.

She turns and walks carefully up the corridor. He follows, watching. At the far end is another locked steel door.

Jana waits for him to catch up. As he walks behind her he quickly reaches between her legs. She's surprised at the suddenness and his complete conviction. He presses close, she shuts her eyes tight, controls her breathing, tries not to make a sound.

He withdraws his hand and looks at her face to assess her reaction - there isn't one.

He slides open the lock, sneers at Jana and pushes the door.

Inside, bright studio lights can be seen. Music pulses.

Jana doesn't look back, gathers her courage and enters. There are some cheers. Some wolf whistles.

The steel door slams behind her

INT. KATERINA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Low groans in the darkness. Unintelligible words mumbled - the sounds of someone thrashing around on an old sprung bed. A sudden loud female cry.

KATERINA

(Russian and English)

No! No! Get away from me!

KATERINA MEILNIK (late 50s) rears up in her bed. She scrabbles breathlessly for the bedside lamp.

An austere, nun-like bedroom appears around her.

Katerina is strikingly beautiful, but her eyes are wide with terror.

KATERINA (cont'd)

Leonid?(shouts) Leonid!

INT. ZILOV'S YARD, COLD STORAGE ROOMS. NIGHT

The music is loud. Studio lights glare onto a makeshift walkway. A Canon 5D mounted on a tripod, filming movies. A white photographers cyclorama extended from the back wall.

AUCTIONEER (OOV)

(male voice - English)

First girl out tonight. Twenty

years old. Very elegant. Tall
without heels - five feet nine.

Jana walks as confidently as she can towards the lights.

Cigarette smoke hangs in the air. MEN in flashy sportswear stand and stare at her. Some take bids from outside, via mobiles.

At one end, seated haughtily on a gilt chair and completely aloof, is Zsoska SZABO (40s). She carries off the elegant femme fatale look perfectly with lustrous, angular black hair and deep red lips. Her eyes sparkle with excitement - entirely focussed on Jana.

Jana reaches the end of the walkway.

AUCTIONEER (cont'd)
Turn around. Keep walking.

Jana complies, she keeps her pace slow - trying to be a good model.

The auctioneer stands to one side of the punters - closer to Szabo and the walkway - he is Lee MILLER (30s)

Miller has a bold, sculpted slavic face - especially in this stark light - which reveals precisely nothing of his emotions. Unfazed, laconic, dry to the point of sarcasm this is his technique - his cover. He wears a smart dark suit and white shirt - but his hair's a little long and there are a few days growth of beard.

MILLER
I'll start at one thousand pounds.

Szabo frowns.

Jana gets to the far end of the walkway and turns back - a second of realisation - these aren't fashion agents.

MILLER (cont'd)
One thousand for this beauty.

Jana begins to walk again - less confident. A male bidder - AFZAL Rafiq (40) nods toward Miller. He either spends a lot of time in the gym - or else he's popping some serious steroids. Rafiq's scowl is meant to intimidate.

MILLER (cont'd)
One thousand pounds, ladies and gentlemen. Do I hear fifteen hundred?

The music thumps. Jana slows at the end of the walkway.

MILLER (cont'd)
A thousand in the room and she has
the looks of a top model.

Szabo beckons to Jana.

SZABO
Come!

Jana moves towards her - she's losing the poise.

SZABO (cont'd)
(Russian)
Turn around!

She looks Jana up and down.

SZABO (cont'd)
(Russian)
Give me your arm?

Jana holds up her arm and Szabo pinches it. Jana suppresses a cry, her eyes down. Szabo turns to Miller and nods.

MILLER
Fifteen hundred in the room.

Szabo smiles at Miller - who does not respond.

MILLER (cont'd)
Come on? Only fifteen hundred for
this one?

Rafiq shakes his head - spits on the floor. Jana continues to walk back and forth like a caged zoo cat.

MILLER (cont'd)
If you're keeping your cash back
for the others you're missing out.
Any more bids?...

He brings down his makeshift gavel.

MILLER (cont'd)
Sold for fifteen hundred pounds to
Madame Szabo.

A look of contempt from Rafiq to Miller as a minder escorts Jana off the walkway and over to a powerfully built man with shaved head and piercing blue eyes. This is Yuri ZILOV (50s)

Zilov quickly marks her neck with black pen - Szabo's brand.

Jana is hustled through a different door by a MINDER and the next WOMAN enters.

This one looks more nervous. Her dress is less flattering. She is more emaciated than Jana. Her eyes are flat, emotionless.

Szabo sits up excitedly.

INT. ZILOV'S YARD. COLD STORE AREA. NIGHT

Montage

WOMAN after WOMAN is hustled onto the catwalk. All wear similar little dresses.

Men watch and make their bids - they nod, they wave phones or rolled up papers.

Miller maintains his constant sales pitch. Music thumps incessantly - lights glare.

A woman is won by one of the men - his friends slap him on the back. Her neck is marked with a number by Zilov.

Each woman moves along the catwalk - right in among the bidders. Some try to keep their head up - try to walk like a model, most cast their eyes down and move reluctantly.

The punters keep up a clamour of encouragement/rejection.

At the end of the runway, Szabo inspects every one. She invades their personal space, she prods them. She caresses them. Her eyes find Miller every time - mostly she shakes her head.

Miller's gavel falls again and again. Szabo watches and waits.

They reach the final girl to be auctioned - Lalla. She's much younger than the rest. Slight and pale without make-up. She enters slowly.

MILLER

Walk forward.

Lalla is pulled forward by the minder. She stands at the end of the runway staring into the lights.

Szabo smokes a long cigarillo - her eyes don't leave Lalla, she nods slowly.

MILLER (cont'd)

She is twelve years old. Completely untouched. Completely clean. Perfect in every way. We have ten thousand in the room already. Do I hear twelve?

One of the men nods.

MILLER (cont'd)
Twelve thousand.
(to Lalla - in Russian)
Turn to the side, for the camera.

She moves awkwardly - self-consciously. Her arms are crossed over her small breasts.

SZABO
(Russian)
Get your arms down!

She stands and pulls the girl's arms down.

MALE BIDDER
(on phone)
Thirteen!

MILLER
Thirteen thous--

SZABO
Fourteen!

Her opponent nods to Miller.

MILLER
Fifteen in the room.

SZABO
Sixteen!

Miller nods to Szabo. Her opponent shakes his head.

MILLER
Madame, we have sixteen thousand in
the room. Any advance on sixteen
thousand?

The competing male bidder turns away. Lalla watches - hollow eyed. Szabo grins, drops her cigarillo and grinds it under her stiletto.

MILLER (cont'd)
For sixteen thousand pounds.
Once... twice. Sold to Madame
Szabo.

Szabo's on her feet immediately. She crosses to Lalla and admires her, close up. She takes the black pen from Zilov and slowly marks her neck.

SZABO
(low - gentle)
Look at me.

Lalla looks up. Szabo finishes the mark.

SZABO (cont'd)
There. You belong to me.

She smiles beautifully and carefully touches Lalla's hair.

Her hand strays down Lalla's back and rests on her backside for a moment. Lalla stares at her with mute terror. Szabo's smile is unfaltering.

Miller crosses to them.

MILLER
All done.

She turns to him and he kisses her on the cheek. From the other side of the room Afzal Rafiq watches this.

SZABO
(low)
Come back with me?

Miller gives a slow shake of the head. If Szabo is disappointed she masks it with detachment, but a cold look passes between them.

SZABO (cont'd)
Good night.

She throws her coat around her shoulders and strides out. Miller watches her for a moment then turns away.

EXT. ZILOV'S YARD. DIGBETH. NIGHT

Winter. Rain falls softly on filthy deserted streets.

There are no houses here, only street after street of old factory buildings crammed together.

A train passes along a tall railway viaduct which bisects the area. Beneath it, a chaotic warren of buildings occupy its arches. Yards sprawl, some hidden beneath the bridge, with high brick walls and razor wire to keep out prying eyes.

A large faded sign picked out in the arc-light - 'CEE GEE Waste Disposal & Salvage' stands high above one of the yards.

Shipping containers are stacked to one side. An open space large enough to accommodate a couple of articulated lorries is overlooked by offices built into the arches.

Fierce guard dogs, tethered by chains, bark and leap beside full height metal gates.

Several taxis wait in the yard - engines humming.

A door opens in one of the buildings, spilling light. The auctioned women are led out into the rain by the minders. Blinking under the stark yard lights, they've changed into cheap grey joggers and hoodies - and are hustled into the cars.

Jana and Lalla are pushed into one of the taxis together. Jana puts her arm around Lalla.

The car doors roll quickly shut, the gates open and the vehicles depart.

The last glimpse is of Lalla's pale face staring out through the rain streaked window into the darkness.

INT. ZILOV'S YARD. COLD STORAGE ROOMS. NIGHT

The catwalk is empty. The studio lights almost all extinguished. The buyers have gone.

Zilov, Miller and the minders have a drink. It's Zilov's court and he's full of bonhomie, but they're all wary of him. All except Miller.

Zilov puts his arm around Miller.

ZILOV
(Russian and English -
heavy Russian accent)
It's true, he can talk anyone into
anything...

MILLER
Cheers.

He drinks.

ZILOV
Specially the girls, uh? Leonid
Pyotrovich? Even when you were a
fucking kid... Cheers! Always up to
no good.

Miller grimaces.

ZILOV (cont'd)
(laughing)
He takes after his mother! And now
I have to pay him commission. I'd
sell them myself--

MILLER
But no one would understand a word
you say.

ZILOV
(laughs)
That's right! He's fucking right.

They drink and laugh. Zilov slaps Miller on the back paternally.

INT. ZILOV'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Money! Money! At a large old desk, Zilov sorts a heap of notes into piles of denominations. Tens of thousands of them.

A grotty office overlooking the yard. Rain running from leaky gutters outside. Inside, ancient fake wood panelling, a grimy window.

Miller stands to one side, drinking whisky and ignoring Zilov.

On the walls are a jumble of framed old photos of Zilov as a boxing champ. Trophies stand on a shelf.

ZILOV
Not bad for one night?

He pushes a jiffy bag full of cash towards Miller.

MILLER
Down on last time?

ZILOV
No, no, better for sure, better.
Next one will be best ever, you wait. They left Kryokovo today. Princesses I tell you, uh? In a few days... double this. More!

Miller shrugs and finishes the whisky. Zilov laughs with unadulterated pleasure.

ZILOV (cont'd)
We make a good team.

Miller takes the jiffy bag.

MILLER
What did you mean when you said I was like my mother?

ZILOV
Did I?

MILLER
You said - I take after her.

ZILOV
Crafty. I meant you're sly.
Slippery. Like Katerina.

MILLER

You know she never mentions you...

Zilov does not look up.

MILLER (cont'd)

But you - you have a little flame
burning still, don't you, Yuri
Andreievich?

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHER. NIGHT

Hagley Road snakes through Edgbaston. Shops spill light onto wet pavements.

EXT. SZABO'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Secluded at the end of a long, winding gravel drive is a large Edgbaston Georgian villa. Worth a good few million with its fabulous stucco facade and imposing portico.

Lights shine at the window of every room, behind the expensive, plush curtains.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. MAIN HALL AND STAIRWAY. NIGHT

A grand sweeping hall in black and white geometric tiles.

A male CLIENT is ushered out by two young female HOSTESSES in cocktail dresses.

Szabo watches from the background - unseen. The man gropes the women as a parting gesture. They all laugh.

Szabo turns and walks further into the back of the house.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. REAR HALL. NIGHT

Szabo enters and takes a stone staircase which leads down to a floor below ground level.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. CELLAR. NIGHT

A long, dimly lit corridor with doors off - once the servants' domain.

Szabo stops beside one of the doors, takes a key from a hanger on the wall and opens the door.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. LALLA'S ROOM. NIGHT

Inside Lalla is lying on a plain little bed, her face turned to the wall.

Szabo enters and sits beside her. She reaches out and gently touches Lalla's hair.

SZABO
(Russian - gentle)
You haven't eaten, sweetheart?

Lalla does not speak.

SZABO (cont'd)
(English)
Would you like to watch tv?

Lalla does not speak or move.

SZABO (cont'd)
Don't worry. You're safe now.

She strokes Lalla's hair.

SZABO (cont'd)
In a day or two you'll feel much
better.

Lalla does not move. Szabo stands - about to leave.

LALLA
(Russian)
I'm scared of the dark.

Szabo smiles.

SZABO
Then I'll bring you a pretty light.

Lalla moves a little. She turns her face towards Szabo.

SZABO (cont'd)
I was afraid of the dark too, when
I was a little girl.

Lalla nods - Szabo smiles radiantly at her.

SZABO (cont'd)
I'll look after you.

She exits. Lalla lies down and stares at the wall.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. CELLAR. NIGHT

Szabo locks Lalla's door and opens another - further along.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. JANA'S ROOM. NIGHT

A similar cell-like room.

Jana - who's been sitting on the bed - stands as defiantly as she can. She's still wearing the jogging outfit.

SZABO
Get dressed, you're going upstairs.

Hanging to one side of the room is an expensive dress. Make-up on a plain dressing table.

SZABO (cont'd)
Mischa will be down in ten minutes.

JANA
What if I refuse?

Szabo gets closer.

SZABO
I hope you do. It's what they're paying for.

She turns and leaves Jana looking at the dress. Szabo locks the door.

INT. MILLER'S FLAT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Miller switches on the light. Complete order. Minimalist and de-cluttered to the point of emptiness. Miller's world lacks the warm little signs of ordinary life. It's clear he lives completely alone.

He's exhausted and throws off his jacket.

Pours a drink and stands, alone in the silent room, staring at traffic in the street below.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHERS. WINTER DAY

Titles Montage.

TOM WAITS 'WALK AWAY' plays over.

High over Bordesley/Saltley.

A city in perpetual motion.

Trains run beside the freight depot at Landor St.

International lorries flash across the motorway fly-overs of spaghetti junction.

Beyond all this - the city centre rises in the background.

INT/EXT. MILLER'S CAR. DIGBETH. DAY

Miller, fatigued, drives the old industrial blocks of Digbeth in a nondescript silver Ford. Along Birchall Street, up Moseley Street.

He listens to the Tom Waits track on the car stereo.

He watches everything. Lots of small factories - metal bashers and car repair works. Business units converted from

Victorian factories - high walls, guard dogs. Abandoned spaces.

Activity everywhere - lorries loading/unloading. Fork-lifts busy with pallets. Factory workers smoke and watch him pass. Vagrants, in little groups, drink or sit drunk beside the road.

Miller slows and looks into a factory yard. A sheet-sided lorry is opened up as he watches and crates are revealed. Men spot him watching. Someone pushes the yard gate closed.

EXT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. ESTABLISHER. DAY

Curzon Lane nick is like a fortress. A large, forbidding red-brick Victorian building.

A high wall surrounds it, electric gates allow entry/exit. Cameras monitor activity, the windows are covered in reflective material.

Once it was surrounded by factories, but they were being redeveloped when the slump came. Now the neighbouring buildings are boarded-up or the plots are cleared.

Miller's car pulls into the car park.

He gets out - looks up at the slab-sided facade and heads straight into the building.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CID ROOM. DAY

A tired open plan office. Scuffed around the edges and full of battered furniture. Two or three even more worn-looking DETECTIVES are in work early.

DC DONNA Robson (30s - plain and unadorned. The spark in her eye is pure black humour) she's completely focussed on her computer at one of the desks.

Miller enters and drops his jacket over the back of the chair closest to her. Beside it a busy looking desk

DONNA

Jesus, look at the state of you!

MILLER

All right, I'm not even late.

DONNA

Heavy night was it?

MILLER

Is Cadwell around?

DONNA

No idea.

She busies herself with the computer. Miller lifts paperwork from his desk with a pained look.

MILLER
Not the insurance job?

Donna nods. He drops the file heavily.

MILLER (cont'd)
Now what?

DONNA
Another lorry load - this time,
wait for it... hats!

MILLER
Coats, hats where's it end?

DONNA
Coffins? Now, go and get us a bacon
sarnie, and a latte? It'll all seem
much better once you get some carbs
inside you.

MILLER
I'm not your lackey - DeeCee Robson

DONNA
Get away! Here's a fiver - my
treat.

Miller huffs but is going to do it.

MILLER
A fiver? You'll be lucky.

Donna pulls another five pounds from her purse and flicks it towards Miller.

MILLER (cont'd)
Put it away. You want to watch it,
pretty girl like you - too many
bacon sarnies and...

He blows out his cheeks.

DONNA
Hush! I know a way to exercise that
burns a lot of calories.

Miller laughs and exits. Donna watches him go, eye-ing him up.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR. DAY

Miller walks out of the CID room and is intercepted by his boss DI Gary CADWELL (50s). Cadwell's tall and handsome, with

the physique of a man who once played a lot of rugby and the cold grey eyes of a tyrant.

CADWELL

Mr Miller.

He takes in Miller's less than polished appearance.

MILLER

Boss.

Cadwell heads to the side of the corridor and nods to Miller to follow.

CADWELL

(icy)

Bit of a rush this morning? Too much bed, not enough sleep?

MILLER

No sir.

Cadwell leans closer, his lip curls.

CADWELL

Your little transfer application landed back on my desk this morning. Thought you'd go over my head?

MILLER

No sir.

CADWELL

Rejected. You're going nowhere Detective Sergeant.

Miller watches him impassively, which winds Cadwell up even more.

CADWELL (cont'd)

I'd watch my step, Mr Miller... Go get Donna, I've got a job for you.

INT. KATERINA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN & SITTING ROOM. DAY

The small kitchen of a 1950s three bed semi. It's in need of modernising, but it's spotless. An electric kettle smoulders on the gas cooker.

In the sitting room, Katerina is staring through the window at the garden. She looks immaculate but completely detached.

LUDA Kransky (50s) - sly and manipulating - but doing her bit as a good neighbour - enters through the side door.

LUDA
(heavy east European
accent)
Hi-ho! Katya? Oh, what's burn--

She sees the kettle immediately and switches off the gas.

In the sitting room, Katerina turns, but looks confused.

LUDA (cont'd)
You've broken your kettle, darling.

KATERINA
What?

The kettle is ruined. Luda puts it into the sink and runs cold water onto it.

Katerina enters the kitchen - she's in a dream. She looks dispassionately at the burned kettle.

LUDA
Didn't you smell it? You could have
set the place on fire.

KATERINA
Where's Leonid?

LUDA
Are you expecting him?

KATERINA
I've lost his number. You call him -

LUDA
It's right there.

She indicates a paper stuck to the side of the fridge. In large letters 'LEONID' and a number. Katerina stares at the number.

KATERINA
Leonid will know what to do.

She looks around - sure there's a telephone somewhere. An old dial phone is mounted on the wall beside her. Luda watches with curiosity.

LUDA
About what?

KATERINA
About the dead man you silly bitch!

Luda's face falls - not this again.

EXT. DRYBOROUGH MILL. DIGBETH. DAY

The loading bay of a busy works. Reels of paper, shrink-wrapped, are fork-lifted from a lorry and stacked onto the bay.

Miller and Donna pick their way through the bales with a harassed looking MANAGER.

MANAGER

Five bloody reels they've had away
this week alone.

Miller and Donna exchange a look - this is excruciating. Donna consults some notes on an ipad.

DONNA

They're getting into their swing.

MANAGER

More than I can say for you lot.

MILLER

Where's your CCTV? Security guards?

They stop at one side of the loading bay. Miller looks around at the activity. Suddenly he sees Afzal Rafiq (the muscle-bound bidder from the auction) - he's only feet from them and operating one of the forklifts.

Miller turns quickly, out of Rafiq's eyeline. Rafiq hasn't looked over, but he could see him any second.

MANAGER

I've already told all this to your
uniform guy... CCTV's bust.
Security didn't see a thing.

Miller's not listening - thinking fast. Donna notices his moment of distraction.

Rafiq half looks round, but his forklift turns and trundles away.

MANAGER (cont'd)

Are you listening to me, lad?

Miller drags himself back into the moment.

MILLER

I'd say it's a bit of a fucking
shambles isn't it, Mr Walker?

Donna holds it together - just. Miller's phone rings.

MILLER (cont'd)

Excuse me.

He stands aside as Donna and the man continue to walk and talk, his eyes open for Rafiq.

MILLER (cont'd)

Hello?

LUDA (OOV)

Leonid? It's Luda Kranksky, your mother needs you.

INT. KATERINA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Katerina is back in her armchair.

Luda and Miller spy on her through the interconnecting hatch from the kitchen.

LUDA

(hushed)

She's been... odd these last few days. Keeps saying everything's falling to pieces, I don't know. And a lot of stuff I don't understand.

MILLER

Like what?

LUDA

I don't know if it's... just made up or what... but, you know - it's strange.

MILLER

Go on.

Luda's bluster falls away - a glimpse of her eagerness to get to the juicy truth.

LUDA

She keeps talking about... sex. Prostitutes and all that.

INT. KATERINA'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY

Miller enters, followed by Luda. Katerina looks up. She half-recognises him.

MILLER

(cool)

Hi, mama.

Miller glances back at Luda - you can leave us to it. Luda - wrongfooted, nods and steps back.

KATERINA

Leo, come here.

He bends to kiss her. She grabs his face - hard and holds it for a second, looking angrily into his eyes.

KATERINA (cont'd)
Where were you?

MILLER
What's the matter?

KATERINA
Look, over there.

She points to the opposite wall. Miller looks, he sees an old gas fire and a large, framed studio photograph of Katerina as a young woman. She is very beautiful, with long, deep red hair. She gazes coldly out at the world. The picture's been there as long as he can remember. Nothing is unusual.

MILLER
What am I looking at?

KATERINA
That crack in the wall, look, are you blind? It was never there before.

Miller looks more closely. There is a crack, running from the ceiling down into the wall behind the photograph

MILLER
It's nothing to worry about.

KATERINA
But what caused it?

Miller shrugs.

KATERINA (cont'd)
Ha! You don't care! You leave me here. My mind feels like it's turning inside out.

Miller has never seen her as bad as this. He sits in the chair beside her.

MILLER
It's nothing, Mama.

KATERINA
You can't see it. It's the sign, look! It's coming back and I can't stop it!

MILLER
What's coming back?

With a rapid movement Katerina twists and slaps Miller's face. Miller absorbs the blow without a trace of reaction.

KATERINA

None of your business.

Miller stiffly puts his hand on her arm and hushes her. She turns her cold gaze on him.

KATERINA (cont'd)

I have to find the pictures.

She shakes her head.

KATERINA (cont'd)

I have to burn them.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHER. DAY

Building sites surround the A38 near Paradise Circus. Cranes swing concrete posts into position. Big money is changing the city.

INT. MILLER'S CAR. BIRMINGHAM STREETS. DAY

Miller drives the streets of central Birmingham. Colmore Row, Navigation Street, Pershore Street. Further and further downmarket.

He people-watches in a detached, voyeuristic way - women walking, female drivers.

He makes eye contact with an attractive WOMAN driving beside him. She does a double take - smiles slightly before heading in another direction.

EXT. FAZELEY LOCK STREET. DAY

A deserted street in Digbeth.

Miller stops the car near a corner shop. Only a few houses remain of the grimy old terraces the rest is undeveloped wasteland.

A van pulls up in front of Miller. THE DRIVER jumps out and heads toward the shop.

A FIGURE stands in the shadows of a doorway -could be male or female -they step out.

They're wearing plain, baggy joggers - a hooded top over their face.

CAZ

Hey!

It's a girl. The driver hesitates. He thinks - prostitute, probably drug addict.

CAZ (cont'd)

Do us a favour? Get us some drink?

He looks more closely - she's young, probably late teens. She steps out a little further - into his path.

He pushes past...

CAZ (cont'd)
Come on... Wanker!

...and enters the shop. Caz steps back into the doorway - waiting for the next likely customer.

Miller has seen this. He gets out of the car and looks at her. Pale skin, grey eyes, red hair. She looks at him defiantly but does not step out towards him.

He walks on - two or three steps and stops. Turns back.

MILLER
You want some booze?

CAZ
What's it to you?

MILLER
Do you or don't you?

CAZ
Depends.

MILLER
I'll get you some.

CAZ
Go ahead.

He holds out his hand.

MILLER
Need money?

Caz laughs scornfully.

CAZ
Yeah right.

They stare at each other for a moment.

MILLER
What is it? Cider? Vodka?

Caz watches him closely. Is he for real?

Miller enters the shop. Caz waits.

The driver exits the shop, he gives her a scathing look and shakes his head. Caz puts her tongue out and sticks two fingers up to him. He drives off.

Miller exits the shop holding a blue carrier - it clinks. He holds it out - two bottles of cheap vodka. She reaches for it and he pulls it back.

MILLER (cont'd)
What do I get in exchange?

Caz meets his gaze calmly. Absorbs every nuance of his meaning and nods almost imperceptibly.

She turns and opens the door behind her. Miller glances around and then follows.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. DAY

A dingy, barely furnished hovel. Poverty screams from the entire fabric of the place.

A tiny hall at the top of the stairs from the street. And off it two doors - kitchen, bedroom.

Caz climbs the stairs and turns to wait. Miller climbs warily. Expecting a man to appear at any moment.

Caz leads the way into the bedroom.

INT. CAZ'S BEDROOM. DAY

Curtains - hanging off their runners, half-pulled across a window. A tiny, gloomy space.

A mattress pushed up against a wall. Bed covers scattered, clothes spread over the floor. No chairs, no wardrobes, no chests or tables. Cardboard boxes spill a few clothes.

On one box are arranged some lipstick, eye makeup etc. A mirror tile is propped.

Caz stops and turns to Miller.

CAZ
Give us it then.

She holds out her hand for the bag. Miller swings it behind his back - smiles at her.

He steps out of the bedroom.

CAZ (OOV) (cont'd)
You ain't gonna find anything interesting in there.

INT. CAZ'S KITCHEN. DAY

A sink - above it clothes strung out to dry. A work surface with a microwave. A cupboard. A fridge. Nothing more. Enough space to turn around, but nowhere to sit.

Miller looks behind the door for someone hiding. He spots another door leading off and pulls it open - a tiny toilet and sink. Her 'bathroom'. It's empty.

Miller turns, takes two cups from the worktop and exits.

INT. CAZ'S BEDROOM. DAY

Miller enters. He puts the bottle and cups on the floor.

Caz eyes the booze greedily. He breaks the seal. Before he pours he stops to show her that he's clocked her need. He hands her a cup. She drinks it all in a couple of mouthfuls.

Without speaking she takes off her tee shirt - she watches Miller's face.

He's deadpan - immune to excitement - though his hands are trembling ever so slightly. He unbuttons his shirt.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CID OFFICE. DAY

The office is quiet. A few DETECTIVES work quietly.

Donna is at her desk. She tries halfheartedly to eat her lunch. Cadwell enters.

CADWELL
Where's Miller?

DONNA
He had to run an errand.

Cadwell gets closer.

CADWELL
When's he back?

DONNA
His mother's unwell - I dunno.

CADWELL
(disbelief)
His mother?

He pinches something from her lunch.

DONNA
(low)
Hey!

She looks around - no one's looking.

DONNA (cont'd)
D'you want me to give him a message?

CADWELL

No.

He smirks at her. Donna looks suddenly drained.

CADWELL (cont'd)

I came to see you. We need to have
a 'chat'.

Donna nods, warily.

CADWELL (cont'd)

Good. I'll text you.

He exits. Donna throws her lunch away - she can't face it.

INT. KATERINA'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING AND BACK BEDROOM. DAY

A small, neat first floor landing. Katerina stands at the top of the stairs and listens.

KATERINA

Luda? Are you down there?

No reply. Katerina creeps towards a door at the end of the landing.

She takes out a key and unlocks the room. She stops and listens again.

When she opens the door she reveals a small room. Neatly furnished, with a single bed and a rug. A couple of old metal filing cabinets are pushed into the corner.

Katerina is more tense than ever.

KATERINA (cont'd)

(whispers repeatedly)

I know they're here. I know they're
here.

She hauls open a filing cabinet and pulls out the contents, hurriedly looking through old paperwork - not finding what she's looking for.

INT. CAZ'S BEDROOM. DAY

The bottle of vodka - half drunk - with the two cups beside it.

Caz lies back on the mattress beside Miller. She reaches for the bottle and pours another measure. She leans over him and sees two large scars on his chest.

MILLER

What's your name?

CAZ
What's yours?

It's a reflex - give nothing away. Miller smiles.

MILLER
Has this shithole got a landlord?

CAZ
What do you think?

MILLER
That you're being ripped off. How much do you pay?

CAZ
Are you for real?

Miller shrugs, gets up and begins to dress.

She lies uncovered - and admires him. Miller looks at her.

MILLER
You could be a model.

Caz rolls her eyes, but grins.

CAZ
Maybe I already am?

She strikes a sexy pose.

CAZ (cont'd)
What d'you think?

Miller carefully unbuttons his shirt again. Caz laughs.

CAZ (cont'd)
You dirty bastard.

INT. KATERINA'S HOUSE. BACK BEDROOM. DAY

Katerina is surrounded by discarded paperwork and files. The drawers of the cabinets gape open. She's wound up.

KATERINA
They were in here!

She flings some paperwork down and sits on the bed.

KATERINA (cont'd)
Have to think. Think! Come on!

She presses her fingers against her temples - it's no use... but then - she remembers.

She stands and looks down at the rug.

KATERINA (cont'd)

There you are.

She bends and pulls the rug aside, but it's caught under the legs of the bed, and under the cabinet. She has to haul it away.

Finally she reveals a patch of bare floorboards.

On her hands and knees, she scrabbles at the boards - but they're almost impossible to lift out - her fingers are cut and bleeding.

She makes a concerted effort. The first floorboard releases and she pulls up a second.

She reaches into the gap - finds nothing - then her hand makes contact.

She hauls out a small metal strongbox - hands trembling.

She forces back the lid - inside it's empty.

KATERINA (cont'd)

No! No!

Katerina sits back - looks desperate.

Luda creeps in - sees the mess and the distress and is shocked.

LUDA

Mrs Mielnik?

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. BEDROOM. DUSK

The vodka's finished. Caz and Miller are asleep. He wakes and for a moment is lost. Night is falling.

He sits up, waking Caz. His head aches violently.

He stands and gets another wave of headache.

Caz stretches and looks up at the dark window. Her face clouds.

CAZ

What's the time?

Miller finds his watch.

MILLER

Shit!

He holds it up for her to see - 4pm.

CAZ
(fearful)
You gotta go.

She jumps up and pulls on her clothes. Miller has clocked her fear.

CAZ (cont'd)
Now!

MILLER
What's up?

CAZ
Like you fucking care?

Miller finishes dressing and walks to the door.

MILLER
Have a nice life.

CAZ
Wait! My name's Kelly - Caz, people
call me Caz.

Miller nods - then they both smile.

CAZ (cont'd)
Now get lost, will you!

EXT. CAZ'S FLAT. DAY

Miller steps onto the pavement. Paint is peeling from the house walls. He pulls the door closed behind him, glances back. He turns, smiling and walks to his car.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHER. DUSK

Landor Street Freightliner Depot - a giant jib swings a shipping container onto a railway wagon.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CID ROOM. EVENING.

On her desk Donna's phone buzzes with an incoming text. She glances at it nervously.

Miller enters.

DONNA
How was she?

Miller hesitates.

DONNA (cont'd)
Your mum?

He sits and fires up his computer.

MILLER
I dunno. Odd.

DONNA
Oh?

MILLER
Ah, she's odd at the best of
times...

Miller turns to his computer - selects the police database and types - 'Kelly' and 'Fazeley Lock Street'. The search returns nothing.

MILLER (cont'd)
Any joy with the great paper
robbery? Or the coat and hat
swindle?

DONNA
Not a lot of joy to be had. A lead
from the paper factory to follow
up.

MILLER
Come on then?

DONNA
Now?

MILLER
Why not?

DONNA
I can't... not this evening.

Miller turns back to the computer and types 'Caz or Kelly' into the Missing Persons database.

This time there are a few hits. He scrolls through.

MILLER
(eyes on the screen)
I see.

DONNA
No, you don't.

Miller's eyes meet hers.

DONNA (cont'd)
It's nothing.

Her mobile rings.

She glances at the phone screen and stands to take it privately.

She exits. Miller turns back to the screen.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The second bottle of Vodka is half empty. Toast crusts are piled on a plate beside it. Caz stands beside the window holding a drink. The street door is unlocked by someone. She listens - immediately alert.

MAN (OOV)

Caz?

His feet creak on the staircase. Caz quickly swigs the rest of the vodka.

MAN (OOV) (cont'd)

Caz?

A man appears in the doorway. He's wearing a shirt, tie and a cord jacket. This is Greg STIMSON (40s) Perfectly ordinary.

STIMSON

What you doing in here? I brought you a present.

He puts a shopping bag on the side and unpacks - cheap supermarket tinned soup, tinned spaghetti etc. Cheap white bread, margarine. A bottle of vodka. Last, he holds up a bottle of pills.

STIMSON (cont'd)

Here.

He hands over the pills.

CAZ

What are these?

STIMSON

Make you feel good. Relaxed... better than the booze.

Caz looks wary but pockets them. Stimson sees the two empty vodka bottles.

STIMSON (cont'd)

Where did these come from?

Caz is caught out.

STIMSON (cont'd)

I said where?

CAZ

Nowhere.

STIMSON

You went out?

CAZ

So? It was dark... no one knows me.

He stares at her.

STIMSON

You don't have any money.

He grabs her chin - pulls her face up to face his - looks into her eyes.

CAZ

I nicked them... from the One Stop.

Stimson believes her, lets go of her chin and steps back.

STIMSON

I told you - you're not to go out.

CAZ

Yeah.

STIMSON

Yes what?

CAZ

Yes Mr Stimson.

STIMSON

You're getting through a lot of drink. Very expensive - that's why I've got the pills... So don't tell me I'm not good to you.

He smiles at her - a needy, guilty smile and touches her arm. She ignores this and walks out.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY

Stimson follows Caz into the bedroom.

STIMSON

I haven't got long.

Caz stands still. Stimson puts his hands straight up her tee-shirt.

Caz suppresses the revulsion and fakes the best smile she can.

Stimson smiles genuinely and kisses her - pushing his tongue into her mouth.

Caz lets herself down carefully onto the mattress - pulling at Stimson's belt as she does.

STIMSON (cont'd)

This is what you want!

INT. DONNA'S HOUSE. DINING AREA. NIGHT

A scrubbed old table illuminated by a single hanging lamp.

Happy photos line a dresser. Cookery books piled chaotically.

Donna sits at the table absently stroking a large black cat, deep in thought.

The front door slams. Donna snaps out of her trance.

DONNA
Get down, Mitchell.

The cat ignores her. She pushes him off her lap.

Donna's husband MARK enters (30s - casually but carefully dressed, with an air of vanity). He drops a takeaway bag onto the side.

MARK
I picked this up - I assume you haven't eaten?

DONNA
I've got to go out.

MARK
Oh.

He opens the containers and busies himself.

DONNA
I did tell you.

MARK
When will you be back?

She shrugs. They look at one another.

MARK (cont'd)
Whatever.

He carries his plate past her to the table and sits with his back to her. She's dismissed.

INT. SZABO'S VOYEUR ROOM. NIGHT

Loud music.

Two young Asian MEN have energetic sex with a woman on a large leather couch. The men grunt unself-consciously. The woman makes no sound at all.

Watching avidly though a two way mirror is Szabo.

SZABO
I paid over the odds for her.

Miller stands with his back to the mirror.

MILLER

Ask him for a refund.

The men finish, clamber down and leave the room. One of them is Afzal Rafiq. Now it's possible to recognise the woman as Jana.

She pulls her lingerie back over herself - it's torn.

SZABO

I might. You can tell 'comrade'
Zilov from me that he's not the
only one bringing them in.

Miller nods.

Jana stands and looks into the mirror - though she can't see Szabo, she's looking directly at her. In fact she's looking at the reflection of the brand on her neck.

Szabo gets closer to Miller - seductive.

SZABO (cont'd)

Work for me Leo. Forget 'uncle'
Yuri.

Szabo opens a connecting door into the mirror room.

SZABO (cont'd)

We should get rid of him? Better
for both of us.

She takes his hand and leads him.

INT. SZABO'S MIRROR ROOM. NIGHT.

Szabo enters followed by Miller. Jana looks up, hurriedly covering herself

JANA

No, please... I am not ready.

She recognises Miller from the auction.

SZABO

(to Jana)
Come here.

Jana takes a cautious step toward Szabo. She glances at Miller. He sees nothing but the fear in her eyes.

SZABO (cont'd)

You see this?

She touches Jana's cellulite.

SZABO (cont'd)
Cellulite! Her hands are red. Her
nails are bitten.

Szabo smiles slyly.

SZABO (cont'd)
Her tits sag.

She touches Jana's breasts. Jana does not react, but stands
like a soldier on parade.

SZABO (cont'd)
Want to try her?

Miller does not react.

SZABO (cont'd)
I could watch?

Szabo's smile vanishes.

SZABO (cont'd)
You're right - she's not worth it.
I'll sell her on.

Jana stands in silence - she's understood everything.

SZABO (cont'd)
But my little pet is so much
prettier. Come and see?

MILLER
I'm not into pets.

SZABO
Why so cold, Leonid Pyotrovich?

WHY MILLER
Maybe I don't like you?

Szabo smiles.

SZABO
I don't want you to like me...

She unbuttons one of his shirt buttons... then another.

SZABO (cont'd)
... I want you to need me.

Miller takes her hand from his shirt.

MILLER
Let me think about that.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. LANDING AND STAIRCASE. NIGHT

The sound of a woman moaning too theatrically as she has sex can be heard clearly.

Miller walks toward the staircase.

A GIRL opens one of the bedroom doors. She watches him with an unnerving empty stare.

He hurries down the stairs and out.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. LALLA'S ROOM. NIGHT

Lalla's room has been turned into something far more appealing.

Soft toys sit in a line on the bed. Soft, coloured lights give a warm glow.

A tv set plays a Disney cartoon. And before it, rapt - lying on her front in pyjamas is Lalla.

The door is unlocked. Lalla curls up clutches her teddy. Szabo enters, she smiles radiantly.

SZABO
Hello, darling.

LALLA
Hello Miss Zsoska.

Szabo touches Lalla's head gently. Lalla relaxes.

SZABO
Oh, I love this film. She's so beautiful - when she becomes a princess... Are you hungry, sweetheart?

Lalla nods. Szabo smiles.

SZABO (cont'd)
I'll bring you something... then, when you've eaten, it'll be bathtime.

Szabo smiles warmly and runs a fingernail along Lalla's leg. Lalla watches her, smiling tentatively in return.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHER. NIGHT

Taxis clog the strip from the Hyatt hotel all the way up towards Five Ways.

Night-clubbers and tourists throng the pavements - a youth walks along the middle of the road holding up his hands to slow the traffic.

INT. BROAD STREET HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

A bland cheap room.

On the bed a fully clothed man lies on top of a fully clothed woman.

He kisses her passionately - pulling at her blouse. But the woman is trying to stop the man.

She pushes away from him and stands - it's Donna.

The man turns and lies back on the bed, irritated - it's Cadwell.

CADWELL

Now what?

DONNA

I need a drink.

Donna takes a deep breath. Cadwell checks his phone. Donna pours herself a water from a bottle and takes a swig. She offers some to Cadwell.

CADWELL

Go on, if there's nothing stronger.

She pours a second glass.

DONNA

I know we agreed this is just sex...

Cadwell rolls his eyes - where is this going?

She hands him the drink.

DONNA (cont'd)

Look I'll just say it. I'm pregnant.

He takes a large gulp. Swallows. Looks dispassionately at Donna.

CADWELL

Right?

DONNA

So it's not a 'just sex' situation.

CADWELL

How far gone?

DONNA

A few weeks? I found out today.

CADWELL

So?

Donna waits - what do we do?

CADWELL (cont'd)

Get rid of it of course.

Donna's shocked and hurt, despite herself - finishes the drink hurriedly.

CADWELL (cont'd)

You can't have a fucking kid!

DONNA

I don't... want one! But... don't want an abortion.

CADWELL

Fucks sake!

He swings off the bed.

CADWELL (cont'd)

Why did you wait til now? You could have told me this earlier.

DONNA

At work?

CADWELL

You could have fucking texted me, Donna! I wouldn't have had to waste my money on this place.

DONNA

It's a baby, Gary.

Cadwell sighs, shakes his head.

DONNA (cont'd)

Ridiculously I thought you might...

CADWELL

You are ridiculous!

DONNA

You said you'd leave her.

CADWELL

And you said you were on the fucking pill?

He finishes the drink and clunks it down hard - then whips his jacket from the back of a chair. Donna watches and drinks.

CADWELL (cont'd)

We're done.

He exits, slamming the door. Donna remains motionless - the sounds of laughter drift up from the street.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHER. DAY

A wintry sun glints from a train crossing the Bordesley viaduct.

Beyond the railway Curzon Lane Police station rises out of the derelict streets.

CADWELL (V.O.)

We've turned up something on the paper works job. One of the casual guys at the factory is a bloke called Afzal Rafiq...

INT. CURZON LANE. CADWELL'S OFFICE. DAY

A cubbyhole. Stuffed full of stacked paperwork. A portrait of Sir Alex Ferguson beams down paternally.

Cadwell sits on the desk. Miller leans back against a filing cabinet. Donna stands beside the door, she'd rather be anywhere but here.

CADWELL

...Afzal's got a load of form. But in '04 he was done for knocking off stuff from the old LDV works... (he checks his notes) rolls of fabric and wrapping material... all manner of crap! The family runs a wholesale warehouse down by Coventry Street. I bet half the stuff in it's sharp, why don't you go and have a look?

Miller sees the disdainful look Donna's exchanging with Cadwell.

INT. DONNA'S CAR. DAY

Donna drives. Miller scans through documents on a tablet computer.

MILLER

You're quiet.

DONNA

Ask no questions...

MILLER

You sound like my mum. That's her standard response.

DONNA
I need a termination... is that better?

Miller glances at her - gets it.

DONNA (cont'd)
He's a bastard, why didn't I see it?

MILLER
You did.

DONNA
I'm such a twat!

MILLER
It's definitely Cadwell's?

DONNA
(nods)
No one knows okay? Not even my sister.

MILLER
You want to keep it?

DONNA
I can't.

MILLER
What would Mark say?

DONNA
Goodbye? He'd fucking kill me.

They drive on in silence.

DONNA (cont'd)
Sorry. If you'd gone to bed with me when I asked you... I wouldn't be in this mess.

They pull up. Donna switches off the engine.

EXT. RAFIQ'S WAREHOUSE. DAY

A quiet road beyond the railway viaduct. Rainwater on the cobbles.

A large, squat brick building with a cheap, billboard sign reads 'Rafiq Brothers'.

Miller leans on an intercom buzzer, his hand over the camera mounted beside it. Donna checks through her notes.

INTERCOM
Yeah?

MILLER

Police.

The door buzzes open.

INT. RAFIQ'S WAREHOUSE. DAY

Faisal RAFIQ (early 30s) emerges from the gloom of ten thousand stacked boxes. Shelved on ancient metal racks which stretch to infinity. He's trying to be cool, but he's nervy.

A guard dog barks ferociously - they speak up over the noise.

FAISAL

What's up?

DONNA

Routine... Mr Rafiq?

Faisal nods. Miller and Donna enter.

Miller goes to the dog - within seconds it's stopped barking. He looks round. There are a couple of filthy portakabin-style offices against one wall.

MILLER

(to Faisal)

Big place. Not on your own surely?

Faisal nods. Miller starts looking through the boxes of stock.

MILLER (cont'd)

(to Donna)

Look at this! Every home should have one.

He holds up some useless bit of home-ware junk.

FAISAL

Take it if you want.

Miller gives him a look and replaces it and moves further up the aisle.

DONNA

We've got an initiative on, Mr Rafiq - crime prevention.

MILLER

Unbelievable! Where d'you get this shit?

DONNA

Helping businesses to protect themselves from theft.

FAISAL
Right?

MILLER
What the fuck!

Faisal looks up nervously. Miller laughs.

MILLER (cont'd)
I've hit the naughty section.

DONNA
It's a big property, this... are
you the owner?

Miller has disappeared.

FAISAL
Course not - look, if we want you
lot to help us--

Faisal sees Miller has gone.

FAISAL (cont'd)
Where's he gone?

DONNA
(calls)
Lee?
(to Faisal)
He's a big kid.

MILLER (OOV)
Mr Rafiq?

Donna turns down one of the aisles.

Ahead is the open loading bay.

Stacked neatly in an open space behind the loading area are
four plastic-wrapped reels of paper. Miller walks over to one
of them.

FAISAL
(shouts - in Urdu -
subtitled)
Afzal! Get out here! Afzal!

MILLER
Not your usual tat?

He takes a penknife from his pocket and flicks it open.

FAISAL
What d'you think you're doing?

Miller slices through the wrap.

FAISAL (cont'd)
Hey! That's a customer's property.
Afzal!

Miller hauls out a delivery advice note, scans it and holds it up to Donna, grinning.

MILLER
It's definitely someone's property.

DONNA
(to Faisal)
Maybe you can show us the order docket?

Afzal Rafiq emerges from one of the offices. He's adjusting his clothes as he walks out.

At first neither he nor Miller can see one another. Afzal shoots a questioning look at Faisal, but keeps his cool.

AFZAL
(to Faisal - Urdu)
What's going on?

FAISAL
(to Afzal - Urdu)
What does it fucking look like?

DONNA
Afzal Rafiq?

Miller sees Afzal at the same moment Afzal clocks Miller. They recognise one another immediately.

AFZAL
(to Miller)
What the fuck is this?

Miller stares at Afzal - floored.

There is a loud thump from inside the office. Afzal does not look back.

He stares at Miller - both rooted to the spot.

There's another thump... and another. It sounds like someone trying to get out. Donna flashes Miller a look.

DONNA
Go and check it out.

Miller takes a step towards the cabins. Afzal blocks his way.

The thumping is louder.

DONNA (cont'd)
(to Afzal)
Are they locked in?

Afzal's motionless - weighing up the next move. Miller moves forward and sideways - around him.

Afzal swings a mighty arm, fist clenched toward Miller's back.

DONNA (cont'd)
Lee!

Miller dodges expertly.

Afzal swings again. Miller dodges. Donna takes out her cuffs and moves in on Afzal.

DONNA (cont'd)
Afzal Rafiq? I'm arresting you for--

Miller heads to the cabin door - the thumping continues.

Afzal shoves Donna back as she attempts to cuff him, but she hangs onto him.

DONNA (cont'd)
For possession of stolen goods. You do not have to say anything--

Afzal can't get to Miller.

Faisal does a runner.

Afzal tries to throw Donna off, but she pushes him forward and shoves her foot in front of his - tripping him. He goes down heavily, battering his face against a pallet as he falls.

DONNA (cont'd)
Don't like getting pushed around?

While he's face down, Donna gets the cuffs on him.

The kicking from inside the cabin intensifies and suddenly the door splinters open.

Through it stumbles Jana - her clothes filthy and torn.

DONNA (cont'd)
Jesus!

Jana sees Miller coming for her and recognises him. Her eyes widen - fear quadruples.

JANA
No! No! Please!

Miller freezes.

MILLER

(low)
Shit!

JANA

(in Russian)
Don't hurt me, mister. Please don't
hurt me!

Miller's expression is so grave she thinks he's about to kill her.

Donna glimpses this moment between Jana and Miller and hears her speak to him in Russian. Afzal struggles to his feet - blood is pouring from cuts to his face.

Jana, seeing Afzal staggering towards her, bolts past Miller, who makes no attempt to grab her.

DONNA

Wait!

Jana skids out, past Donna and Afzal - her feet bare, clothes undone - crashing hard against the metal support bars of the doorway in her panic and out through the loading bay toward the street.

Donna would run after her, but Afzal, seeing his chance, heads for the door.

DONNA (cont'd)

Lee!

Miller blocks Afzal's escape route. Sees his bleeding face for the first time.

Donna's not looking so good either. Afzal laughs and smears blood from his face over his arm.

AFZAL

Gonna lose your job over this,
white lady...

Miller moves close to Afzal so that Donna can't hear.

MILLER

Shut your mouth. 'Less you want
Yuri Zilov to cut out your tongue?

Afzal sees that Miller means it.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CUSTODY AREA. DAY

A grim corridor - more Victorian mental institution than modern public building.

Afzal - his face bandaged - is being booked-in by a CUSTODY OFFICER. Another uniform SERGEANT stands by to escort him into the nick.

Donna has been dealing with the paperwork - she looks up as Cadwell approaches - colour drains from her face. He ignores her, looks at Afzal then at Miller.

CADWELL
What happened?

MILLER
Nothing, boss

Cadwell takes a step toward Miller.

CADWELL
I don't want you anywhere near him.

MILLER
Boss.

DONNA
Can I say something?

CADWELL
No you can't.
(low - to Miller)
It's my arse they'll kick so you'd better have this covered.

He sweeps out. Donna looks as if she's going to be sick.

Miller catches her eye, grins and shakes his head - no worries.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHER. NIGHT.

A train - all bright lights - passes slowly over the canal at Curzon tunnel.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CID ROOM. NIGHT

On Miller's computer screen he has the website of a property rental agency.

MILLER
(into phone)
Yeah it's detective sergeant Lee Miller, Curzon Lane CID. I'm trying to trace a tenant of yours... No I only have the address.... Number ten, Fazeley Lock Street... Thank you... Ok, go on.

Miller writes - 'Gregory Stimson' on a pad, beside the address and a doodle which says 'Caz'.

MILLER (cont'd)
Any contact details?... yeah
mobile's good.

He writes a mobile number.

MILLER (cont'd)
Lovely, thanks.

He ends the call and dials another number.

MILLER (cont'd)
Hi, this is CID at Curzon Lane -
we've had an unconfirmed sighting
of a missing person - Kelly
Macfarlane? Also known as Caz - I
believe she's known to Childrens'
Services is that right?... Okay no
problem...

He's on hold.

Donna enters - she wants to talk. Miller covers the phone.

MILLER (cont'd)
Any joy with Rafiq?

DONNA
Can we talk?

Miller waves - one moment - his call's back on.

MILLER
Hello, yes I wondered if you could
give me some background on Kelly or
Caz MacFarlane... we've had a
possible sighting...

Donna looks intrigued. Miller shakes his head - nothing
interesting.

Donna goes to get a coffee from a machine.

Social Services are telling Miller that Caz has a reputation.

MILLER (cont'd)
(Low - fakes bored,
routine)
I see. And when she ran away before
was she in care? Childrens' home or
somewhere?.... No. Okay.
Fostered... yeah... different
families each time?... No. Okay.
And did she get assessed at all?...
I mean... is she vulnerable? How
hard do we need to chase this at
our end?
(he listens - shakes his

head, then fakes dry
amusement)
Yeah, no same situation here. Just
following up you know how it is...
So her case-worker's presumption is
she's working as a prostitute?...
Fine, we're not gonna chase this.
Okay, Helen, thanks for your help.

He disconnects. Donna walks over with two coffees.

MILLER (cont'd)
Sorry.

DONNA
Got five minutes?

She nods to the door.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR. DAY

At the end of a quiet corridor, beside a stairwell - a good
place for a private chat. Donna's on edge.

DONNA
Rafiq's in the interview with a
face like a car crash and he hasn't
mentioned what happened once.

MILLER
Good.

DONNA
You heard him, he's gonna drop me
in it.

MILLER
He won't.

DONNA
You don't know that. You didn't
threaten him did you?

She runs a hand through her hair - this is out of control.

MILLER
I told him to think about the
bigger picture... You didn't tell
Cadwell that?

Donna shakes her head.

MILLER (cont'd)
Well then. Sit tight.

DONNA
Gary'll make you take all the shit.

MILLER

I took my eye off the ball back there. It was my fault.

DONNA

Come on, we both know that's not true.

Anxious to change the subject he indicates an evidence bag Donna's holding.

MILLER

What's that?

DONNA

Scene of crime sent it back from the warehouse...

She passes the bag to Miller. Inside is a piece of paper.

MILLER

(reads)

My name is Jana Vlasov. Help me... I have been... taken... from Latvia against my will. I have no passport or money. I have to pay them two thousand pounds for freedom. I was sold--

It's all she had chance to write. Miller looks up at Donna - shakes his head as casually as he can.

DONNA

I've requested a trace from Latvian police and I've notified the Border Force. What do you think? I know it'd be easier to ignore it, but I've got to follow it up.

Miller nods.

MILLER

Of course.

EXT. ZILOV'S YARD. NIGHT

The yard is quiet. Beside the wall the dogs are eating. Lights are on inside the office.

INT. ZILOV'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Miller paces.

Zilov is eating sauerkraut and drinking vodka. He pours another and passes it to Miller.

MILLER

Rafiq'll lead them straight to Szabo.

ZILOV

But not to us.

MILLER

Who else? The girl wrote a note, they're following it up.

Zilov gives a dismissive shrug.

ZILOV

Your job to sort the police. You get the note.

MILLER

I can't do that.

Zilov doesn't like his insubordinate tone, but ignores it.

ZILOV

Drink?

MILLER

We have to stop the next truck.

ZILOV

No chance.

MILLER

Hold it somewhere then.

ZILOV

Impossible.

MILLER

Listen to me - hold the truck, Yuri, let them question Rafiq - and I'll find out how bad it all is.

ZILOV

The truck's in Rotterdam already.

MILLER

Then call him up. Tell him to stop.

Zilov's not happy about it, but eventually nods.

EXT. DUTCH LORRY PARK. NIGHT

A battered articulated lorry pulls up in a vast lorry park.

'CEE GEE Salvage' is painted on the side of the cab - the trailer is an unmarked box trailer.

The driver jumps out of his cab with a large, full water container. He walks round to the back.

He hauls open one rear door, looks quickly around and clambers into the trailer.

INT. LORRY TRAILER. NIGHT

The driver's torch picks out five faces. All women and girls. Some are as young if not younger than Lalla the twelve year-old.

They're sitting with their backs against the trailer side. The torchlight is suddenly bright.

DRIVER
(in Russian)
Drink!

He passes the water over. The women scramble to their feet. Their clothes are filthy, their muscles are stiff and they clutch their bellies. In one corner is a bucket they've been using as a toilet.

The last woman to stand is heavily pregnant and in significant discomfort.

DRIVER (cont'd)
(Russian)
Come on, get up!

None speak to him. His mobile rings.

DRIVER (cont'd)
(Russian)
Hurry up!

He jumps off the trailer.

EXT. LORRY PARK. NIGHT

The driver pushes the trailer door and answers the call.

DRIVER
Hello?

He listens, looks at his watch.

DRIVER (cont'd)
Yes boss. Tomorrow night, okay.

He disconnects.

Some way off, a couple of port authority POLICE OFFICERS are doing their rounds - shining their torches around the parked up trucks.

The driver has seconds before they see him.

He douses his own torch and hurriedly jumps inside the trailer.

DRIVER (cont'd)
Police! *Politsya!*

He hauls open a secret door in the floor of the trailer and shines the torch into the compartment beneath.

DRIVER (cont'd)
(Russian)
Inside! Inside!

The women look terrified but drop into the space without making a sound.

EXT. DUTCH LORRY PARK. NIGHT

The voices of the port police approach. Their torches find the CEE GEE truck.

The rear trailer door swings open.

PORT OFFICER
Hey! Watch what you're doing.

The driver looks out.

DRIVER
Sorry... Just opening up.

One officer shines his torch into the trailer and sees that it's empty apart from the bucket.

The driver jumps down. The torch is shone into his face.

PORT OFFICER
Look out next time you open your trailer.

DRIVER
Yes.

The officer shines his torch onto the registration plate - and quickly over the framing of the empty trailer.

The driver secures the door against the side of the truck.

The two officers move on.

The driver walks carefully back to his cab.

EXT. CADWELL'S HOUSE. NIGHT

A modern well-to-do suburban street. Detached houses. BMWs and Mercs parked on neat little drives.

On the street outside DCI Gary Cadwell's house Donna sits in her car - she's stalking him.

From her POV she can see Cadwell in the sitting room. He's drinking a whisky and watching tv. His phone rings - he picks it up, stares at it - then answers.

DONNA

Gary it's me... speak to me.

A car pulls onto the drive. Cadwell looks up. Donna hurriedly disconnects.

SAMANTHA Cadwell (50s) gets out of her car goes into the house.

Donna sees Samantha enter the sitting room.

Cadwell does not move. Samantha says something to him. She picks up his empty glass and flings it across the room.

She exits. Cadwell does not move.

Donna starts her car and drives slowly away.

EXT. CAZ'S FLAT. NIGHT

Miller bangs on Caz's front door. Waits. Then bangs again. He's holding a small, wrapped bunch of flowers and a bottle of vodka in another blue bag.

CAZ (OOV)

What? Who is it?

MILLER

Open up!

Miller opens the letterbox. Caz is inside - sitting on the stairs.

MILLER (cont'd)

It's me.

CAZ

What the fuck?

MILLER

I've got something for you.

CAZ

Get lost!

MILLER

Don't you want to find out what it is?

Miller tries the door.

CAZ
It's locked.

MILLER
So open it.

CAZ
I fucking can't. It's locked. You
can climb up round the back - if
you want.

MILLER
Jesus!

EXT. CAZ'S FLAT. REAR YARD. NIGHT

Miller clunks and crashes about. Caz raises the bedroom window. The light from the bare bulb illuminates him.

MILLER
(under his breath)
Shit! What am I doing? They're
gonna be wrecked.

He has to put the flowers into his mouth to climb up - shoves the bottle bag over his wrist.

He clambers onto a single storey extension with a flat roof. From there he can haul himself through the bedroom window.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. CAZ'S BEDROOM. DAY

Miller clambers in - his clothes messed up. The wrapping on the flowers has taken a battering.

Caz looks unwell and nervous.

CAZ
You shouldn't've come.

MILLER
How come you're locked in?

CAZ
Lost my key.

Miller holds out the flowers and grins. Caz is suspicious.

MILLER
I've been thinking about you.

CAZ
Reckon you can buy me with vodka
and crap flowers?

Miller bows slightly.

CAZ (cont'd)
Are you drunk?

She takes the flowers, tears off the wrapping paper - they're nice. She laughs.

CAZ (cont'd)
You're a fucking twat.

MILLER
You'll need something to put them in.

He exits to the kitchen.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY

Miller looks for a mug. Caz enters.

CAZ
I know why you came back.

MILLER
Do you?

Caz gives him a knowing look - this is about sex.

MILLER (cont'd)
Ah! Wrong, I just kept thinking about this shitty place.

She doesn't believe that for a moment.

MILLER (cont'd)
Wondering how you came to be here?

Caz's face darkens.

CAZ
You're not from the C.A.T.? Or the fucking council?

MILLER
With a bunch of flowers? I'm not from anywhere.

He grins.

CAZ
Okay.

She puts the flowers on the side and leans towards him a little.

MILLER
Who locked you in?

CAZ

No one.

They're almost touching.

Slowly Miller puts his arms around her. She lets him and stares into space. Miller spots the bottle of pills on the worktop.

MILLER

You're cold.

CAZ

You're warm.

Caz slips from his arms and leads Miller out of the room.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Caz and Miller enter. Caz immediately switches out the light and looks out of the window over the roofs, checking if she can see anything/anyone. Streetlight illuminates her.

MILLER

Is he gonna come back? Tonight?

Caz looks caught out momentarily - but then shakes her head.

Miller nods, waits for more explanation.

CAZ

What?

She's suspicious - guarded.

MILLER

Nothing.

Caz waits for him to make his move on her.

Miller sits on the edge of the mattress.

MILLER (cont'd)

I'm very tired.

Caz doesn't know what to say.

CAZ

Yeah.

He smiles at her, then falls back onto the mattress. She crosses and sits beside him. He gently rubs her back, nothing more. They lie down, fully clothed.

Caz lies in the darkness, her eyes open. Miller is already asleep, his arm wrapped protectively around her.

INT. KATERINA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Katerina is having another nightmare. She moans and mutters and pushes at some imaginary obstacle.

KATERINA
Leo? Where are you?

She staggers to her feet - still dreaming - pushing away an imaginary person.

KATERINA (cont'd)
Get away from me!

She stumbles forwards in the darkness and falls. She hits the floor hard and is silent.

In the moonlight Katerina lies still, bleeding.

EXT. DUTCH LORRY PARK. DAY

First light.

The Cee-Gee lorry is parked up. Its cab is empty - no sign of the driver.

The sound of muffled battering comes from beneath the trailer.

The lorry has been parked up far from any others. No one would ever hear the women.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHER. DAY

First light - Bordesley canal junction, Digbeth.

Still waters. An elegant bridge over the Grand Union. Ducks scurry at the bank.

INT. CAZ'S BEDROOM. DAY

Miller places the bunch of flowers into a jam jar and puts it onto the box beside Caz's minimal makeup collection.

Their brightness serves to highlight how dingy everything else is.

MILLER
There. Bit wilted but...

CAZ
I s'pose.

Miller grins. She looks more beautiful than ever - but it's a little awkward between them.

MILLER
I'd better go.

CAZ

Did I do something wrong?

Miller shakes his head. He looks for his jacket.

CAZ (cont'd)

Will you do something for me?

MILLER

Caz...

CAZ

Please?

Miller looks noncommittal.

CAZ (cont'd)

I'm not messing you round. I promise.

MILLER

You don't know me.

CAZ

That don't matter. You seem good.

Miller looks suddenly exhausted.

CAZ (cont'd)

Please? I need to get away.

Miller nods.

MILLER

Is he your pimp?

CAZ

What?

MILLER

The guy who locked you in?

CAZ

My pimp!?

Miller shrugs.

CAZ (cont'd)

Is that what I look like?

She pushes him, thumps him.

CAZ (cont'd)

Is it? Thought you were getting a freebie?

MILLER

No.

CAZ

Fuck off!

She sweeps the jar of flowers off the box. It shatters.

Miller doesn't move. Caz is trying hard not to cry - it's the most important thing to keep the emotion inside.

CAZ (cont'd)

He's always getting me
'presents'... better than shitty
fucking flowers...

MILLER

Caz...

CAZ

Only 'cause he wants this...
(she pulls up her tee
shirt)
Ain't it? You should fucking know.
So come on then! Get on with it!

Miller doesn't move.

Caz pulls down her top. She kicks him.

CAZ (cont'd)

Now you don't want me?

MILLER

I'll help.

She shoves him towards the window.

CAZ

Fuck off!

Miller takes out a card with his phone number (no police ID)

MILLER

Call me.

He leaves it on the bed.

Caz picks it up, tears it in half and flings it onto the floor.

CAZ

I said, fuck off!

Miller lifts the window and climbs out. Caz slams it down.

EXT. CAZ'S FLAT. DAY

It's raining - hard.

Miller hurriedly exits the alley beside the flat and gets into his car.

INT. STIMSON'S CAR. DAY

Across the street Stimson is sitting in his car watching the flat. He sees Miller.

He waits until Miller has gone. Then gets out of the car and crosses toward Caz's door, taking out his keys.

EXT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION - ESTABLISHER. DAY

Heavy rain falls onto the grim red brick exterior.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CID ROOM. DAY

The room is deserted - but for Donna.

She's searching for abortion clinics on her smartphone.

Cadwell enters - he looks like thunder.

CADWELL

Where is he? I want both of you in my office - the second he gets in.

He glares, turns on his heel and is gone.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY

Mid-fight. Caz is flung up against the wall. Stimson moves in close.

In his hand he clutches the screwed-up bunch of flowers.

STIMSON

You're a liar! Because I saw him leave. So tell me the truth.

Caz spits into his eyes. His hands come up, she pushes past him and runs.

She grabs a food can from the worktop as she passes.

STIMSON (cont'd)

Come here!

Stimson wipes his face and, full of violence, exits the room.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Stimson enters - Caz isn't there. He half turns.

At the same moment she launches herself from behind the door - wielding the tin can - she rams its edge onto Stimson's head with all her might.

It opens a wide gash, and sends him to the ground.

As he falls he batters his head against the windowsill.

Once he's down, unconscious, Caz rains down blows with the can until the back and side of his skull has completely caved in. It's taken seconds. A minute at the most. Stimson's dead.

Caz sits back - out of breath - her eyes completely black.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CADWELL'S OFFICE. DAY

Cadwell stands behind his scruffy, cluttered desk.

Donna and Miller stand under the gaze of Sir Alex.

CADWELL

Rafiq says he'd already got the broken nose and cracked ribs before you arrived. He says he doesn't remember how it happened.

Cadwell walks around the desk.

CADWELL (cont'd)

Funny neither of you mention that in your reports?

Donna exchanges a look with Miller.

CADWELL (cont'd)

A man with a bleeding nose? I'd have thought that would have been fucking notable?

DONNA

Boss, Mr Rafiq's--

CADWELL

Shut up! His brief's angling for unlawful arrest, possible police brutality, not to mention playing the race card.

MILLER

If Mr Rafiq did have a pre-existing injury, when he resisted arrest, that might have made it worse?

CADWELL

You fucking thumped him.

MILLER

No sir. But he's a big man... in the heat of the moment I may have used more force to restrain him than I realised, but that's all.

CADWELL

You falsified your arrest reports.

MILLER

No sir.

CADWELL

(to Donna)

And you've got his back. You cooked it up, the pair of you.

Miller's phone rings. He doesn't answer.

CADWELL (cont'd)

I don't get why Rafiq's going along with it? Did he make you an offer you couldn't refuse, Miller?

MILLER

No sir.

Miller's phone rings again - he ignores it.

CADWELL

You're hanging by a fucking thread. And I tell you this, if he does decide to press charges, I'll shop you to the internal knobs myself. Understand?

MILLER

Boss.

CADWELL

What were you doing Robson, while all this was going on?

Donna glances at Miller, who ignores her.

DONNA

I got distracted by the girl - the one Rafiq had locked in.

Cadwell turns and grabs Jana's letter from his desk.

CADWELL

Oh yes this. This fucking 'trafficking' nonsense? Jesus Christ, every tart in Birmingham's eastern European!

DONNA

She was very distressed, and I thought--

Cadwell is even more infuriated.

CADWELL

Is this your bid for promotion?
Meant to impress the big boys and
get off my team?

DONNA

No sir.

CADWELL

(waving the letter)
If I passed this shit to serious
crime - I'd be a fucking joke!

He tears the letter in two and flings it into the bin.

CADWELL (cont'd)

It's shit, lazy police work - the
pair of you should be ashamed of
yourselves.

Miller's phone rings again.

CADWELL (cont'd)

Get out Miller!

Miller exits answering the phone.

DONNA

(controlled)
You can stop now.

CADWELL

I don't want you on my team one
second more.

DONNA

I fucking get that.

They make eye contact finally. Cadwell is incensed. He
crosses to her - too close.

CADWELL

I ever see you anywhere near my
house again - it'll be Samantha who
breaks your neck... and I'll make
sure no one ever finds you.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR. DAY

Miller's waiting for Donna - he's stressed out.

Donna exits Cadwell's office looking wrung-out.

DONNA

We need to get out of here.

MILLER

My mum's had a fall. Her neighbour found her.

DONNA

I'll take you up there?

Miller shakes his head.

MILLER

I've got you in enough shit as it is.

He exits.

EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH HOSPITAL. ESTABLISHER. DAY

A sleek modern building - all glass and curved steel.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD. MAIN DESK. DAY

Miller arrives and approaches the desk. NURSES and a female DOCTOR are having a conflag. They look up.

MILLER

Katerina Mielnik? I'm her son.

DOCTOR

Mr Mielnik.

The doctor comes around the desk.

MILLER

Miller - it's anglicised.

She walks Miller along the corridor a little.

DOCTOR

Your mum's had quite a nasty bash to the head, I'm afraid. Nothing too seriously damaged by the fall, I'm glad to say.

MILLER

But?

DOCTOR

We did a routine scan of her brain... and I'm afraid we found something... a mass in one of the parietal lobes.

Miller nods - taking it in.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

It may well be benign, we'll know better when we do more tests... but because of its location, near the

front of her brain... have you noticed any change in her personality or behaviour?

MILLER

Possibly.

DOCTOR

It's possible the fall may aggravate these symptoms.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD. DAY

A six bed NHS ward. All dementia patients. Five confused elderly people and Katerina.

She lies curled up - foetal under the covers. A large bruise on her face from the fall.

Miller enters. One or two of the patients follow him with their frightened-little-creature eyes. There are no visitors aside from him.

MILLER

Mama!

Katerina isn't pleased to see him.

KATERINA

Look what you did.

She touches the bruise.

KATERINA (cont'd)

They want to talk to you about it. You'll be in trouble.

MILLER

You fell, d'you remember?

KATERINA

Rubbish!

MILLER

Luda found you in the little bedroom.

Katerina frowns - struggles to recall.

KATERINA

I was looking for the pictures- I told the stupid cow to keep her mouth shut.

MILLER

What pictures?

KATERINA

I need to burn them, then he'll
have to leave me alone.

Miller's unsettled.

MILLER

Try to think about something else.

She smiles at him. Miller smiles back.

KATERINA

Do you still find me attractive?

MILLER

Ssh, mama. Think about home - think
about Ostrov.

KATERINA

(low)

Do you want me... right now?

Miller realises what she means.

MILLER

You're thinking of someone else.

KATERINA

We could find somewhere?

He turns away.

KATERINA (cont'd)

...Put your hands round my throat
while you're inside me.

He swings back to face her - angered.

MILLER

Keep your voice down.

Katerina shrinks away.

KATERINA

You're a shit, Yuri.

Miller absorbs the name.

MILLER

It's me, mama.

Katerina relaxes - looks confused - but less frantic.

KATERINA

Michael?

MILLER

Who's Michael?

She stares at him - the confusion is back and with it horror.

KATERINA

It's not you, Michael. You're not real.

MILLER

Mama.

He steps towards her. Katerina is terrified.

KATERINA

No! Don't touch me!

A NURSE enters, glares at Miller, and crosses to Katerina.

NURSE

(to Katerina)

Katerina? Can you hear me, darling?

KATERINA

Get him away from me!

MILLER

She's imagining something.

NURSE

Okay, stand back please, sir.

She soothes Katerina. The other patients are staring at them.

MILLER

I didn't do anything.

The nurse pours some water and encourages Katerina to drink.

Miller's mobile phone vibrates.

It's a number he doesn't recognise.

NURSE

There you go sweetheart. Would you like something to help you sleep, Katerina?

Katerina has closed her eyes.

MILLER

Mama?

KATERINA

Leave me alone.

Miller's phone vibrates - the same number. This time he picks up.

MILLER

Who is this?

CAZ (OOV)
(shaky and distant)
Lee?... can you come back?... can
you please come back?

Katerina glares at Miller.

Miller turns and hurries off down the ward.

EXT. CAZ'S FLAT. NIGHT

Miller knocks on Caz's front door and discovers it's open.
It's dark inside. He enters silently.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. STAIRCASE/LANDING NIGHT

Miller climbs the stairs, listening hard. At the top he
pauses and listens - nothing. He turns towards the bedroom.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

He reaches inside and turns on the light. From Miller's pov
as he pushes open the door, Stimson is spreadeagled on the
bed, face down, a terrible wound to the back of his skull
which has bled profusely onto the mattress. No sign of Caz.

MILLER

Caz?

Without checking Stimson, Miller exits.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Miller enters, switching on the light. Nothing has changed.
The tins are still on the side. The room is empty. Caz has
gone. Miller hesitates - he moves towards the toilet. The
door is closed.

MILLER

Caz.

Inside Caz is rocking gently. He holds out his arms to her
and she allows him to pick her up.

EXT. DUTCH PORT. NIGHT

Huge container ships are berthed beside giant cranes. Arc
lights illuminate the loading and unloading.

Lorries drive onto one of the huge north sea ferries, beneath
an illuminated sign in Dutch and English reading 'For
Harwich'

INT. LORRY TRAILER. DUTCH LORRY PARK. NIGHT

The driver shines his torch into the secret compartment -
over the faces of the women hidden inside.

WOMAN
(Russian)
Let us out.

DRIVER
(in Russian)
Shut up! You want them to find you?

He drops them bottles of water and takes out the large, empty container.

The exhausted girls gulp down most of the water. They're too out of it to argue. He drops the compartment lid.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. NIGHT

Caz is waiting on the landing beside a bin liner of her possessions. She's clutching a small cardboard box - a little larger than a shoe box - stuffed with blanket material.

Miller enters, holds up the flat keys. They make eye contact for a moment - he took them from the body.

MILLER
Is that it?

Caz nods. She starts down the stairs. Miller follows.

EXT. CAZ'S FLAT NIGHT

Caz climbs into the back of Miller's car. Her pale face stares back at the house.

Miller locks up, runs round and they drive off.

There are lights on in a downstairs flat opposite. SOMEONE has been watching and lets their curtain fall back.

INT./EXT. MILLER'S CAR. BIRMINGHAM STREETS. NIGHT

Lights on Miller's face - from passing vehicles - he stares ahead.

Lights on Caz's face from busy Asian shops and cafes. She watches, barely registering anything.

INT. MILLER'S FLAT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Miller shuts the front door. Caz puts down the bin liner and looks round - suddenly fearful.

MILLER
Take a shower.

She looks at him - feeling far from safe.

INT. MILLER'S FLAT. EN-SUITE SHOWER/BEDROOM. NIGHT

Through the screen - Caz is washing herself.

MILLER (V.O.)

...wash under your fingernails,
your hair, everywhere his blood
might have gone. Everywhere he
touched you. You have to get rid of
every trace.

She has used all the shower gel and discards the container,
but still stands under the water.

Miller enters the bedroom. He sees Caz's little cardboard box
on the bed. Inside are a couple of baby blankets.

MILLER

How you doing in there?

She doesn't answer, stops the shower and pulls a towel around
herself. She steps out.

CAZ

Will they be looking for him?

MILLER

Depends on who he is?

Caz nods.

CAZ

His name's Greg - Stimson.

Miller's trying to remember where he's seen the name
recently.

CAZ (cont'd)

My foster dad.

MILLER

Stimson. He rented the flat.

Caz nods.

CAZ

His missus kicked me out... when
she found out I was...

She touches the little cardboard box, containing the scraps
of blanket. It looks like a doll's bed. The tears are coming
now. Miller sits beside her.

MILLER

Did anyone else know about the
flat?

CAZ

It was a secret.

Her hand runs over the contents of the box - the fragments of blanket.

CAZ (cont'd)

I told Safeguarding when he... started up... they didn't believe me... I didn't care about him touching me, not exactly the first... But he said he'd look after me and the--

She shakes her head - sees Miller looking at the little box.

MILLER

I have to go back there - clear up.

Cax looks fearful.

MILLER (cont'd)

I'll lock this door - no one will find you.

She nods - half-heartedly. He exits.

EXT. SZABO'S HOUSE. ESTABLISHER. NIGHT

A large black Merc swings into the deep shadows of Szabo's driveway and stops outside the house.

The front door opens and light spills out. One of Szabo's HOSTESSES smiles and waits for the driver to get out.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT

A large, ornately furnished room. Sitting on a chaise-longue, Szabo brushes Lalla's long blonde hair. She's very gentle with it.

SZABO

There, almost done.

Lalla wears a white shift dress - flowing, pure. She's the absolute cliché image of a virgin - pure, simple, clean.

Szabo fusses for a moment - puts a clip into her hair as a mother might. Lalla sits in silence.

SZABO (cont'd)

Look at you. Perfect. You look beautiful.

Lalla smiles.

The door opens. The hostess looks in - she's not interested in Lalla - but nods to Szabo: he's here.

SZABO (cont'd)
I'll be right down.
(smiling -to Lalla)
Now, stay here and sit up straight.

Lalla does as she's told.

SZABO (cont'd)
That's right. Your special visitor
will be here in a moment. Be a good
girl for him - he's come a long way
to meet you. Be good for me too.

Szabo kisses her forehead and exits leaving Lalla alone.

INT/EXT. CAZ'S FLAT. BEDROOM & STREET. NIGHT

Montage. Intercut with next scenes.

Miller, wearing a white scene of crime suit, pulls on a face mask.

Miller rolls Stimson's body in the threadbare carpet. Tapes the ends of the roll securely.

Miller hauls the carpet into the boot of his car. Takes a petrol can.

INT. MILLER'S FLAT. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT

Montage.

Caz explores the flat.

She finds booze, pours herself a drink and takes a large swig.

Caz takes the bottle of pills from her pocket, opens it and shakes some onto her palm. She reaches around for her glass of vodka and lifts it to her lips.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Montage.

The CLIENT walks around Lalla as she stands patiently beside the bed.

The client puts his nose beside Lalla's hair and inhales.

His hands land gently on her shoulders. He's more excited than he's ever been.

INT. CAZ'S FLAT. NIGHT

Montage

Miller sloshes petrol around the flat.

He sets fire to a rag, flings it onto the staircase.

He opens the front door and slips through as quickly as he can.

The stairs are very quickly ablaze.

EXT. CAZ'S FLAT. NIGHT

Montage

Miller drives off. The flames can already be seen in the windows of the flat.

SOMEONE lifts the curtain and watches the fire from the house across the road. They dial 999.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Emergency which service?

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Montage

Lalla sits on the side of the bed. She's alone.

Her hair is messed up. Red lipstick is smeared across her mouth.

INT. MILLER'S CAR. NIGHT

Montage.

Miller drives through Birmingham. He checks to see if he's being tailed.

INT. MILLER'S FLAT. NIGHT

Montage.

Sprawled on the sofa - Caz is comatose.

Miller enters. He checks on her - she murmurs - then he carries her into the bedroom and puts her into bed.

He sits on a chair, and closes his eyes.

End of Montage.

EXT. UK EAST COAST PORT. DAY

Darkness. Early morning.

In the distance a huge container ship approaches the port from the North Sea.

The CEE GEE lorry pulls away from the docks and onto the open road.

A sign reads - 'The Midlands, Birmingham'

EXT. CAZ'S FLAT. DAY

First light. The building is a shell. Everything has burned and the roof has collapsed onto the sodden, blackened remains.

Firemen damp down the blaze.

INT. MILLER'S FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY

Caz wakes slowly. Light streams into the room.

She's disorientated. She murmurs and wakes. Miller enters, dressed and ready to go.

MILLER

I've gotta go out.

CAZ

I feel weird.

MILLER

I won't be long.

CAZ

Did you sort it?

Miller nods. He exits. Caz lies back - shell-shocked.

EXT. ZILOV'S WORKS. YARD. DAY

The gates open - the dogs go ballistic - the lorry hauling the shipping container pulls into the yard.

Zilov comes straight out of the office. He's impatient and speaks in Russian as the DRIVER jumps down.

ZILOV

I want you out of here in fifteen minutes.

The driver jumps inside the trailer and pulls open the trap-door.

He looks inside - shock and revulsion at what he sees.

INT. CURZON LANE POLICE STATION. CID ROOM. DAY

Donna is clearing her desk. She moves like an automaton.

A uniform CONSTABLE (30s) enters.

CONSTABLE

Hi, I'm looking for DS Lee Miller?

DONNA

He's not in, can I help?

CONSTABLE

Yeah, we got a call during the night - big house fire over the back - Fazeley Lock Street. DS Miller's car was seen leaving the property not long before the fire started.

DONNA

Oh? Okay. Not a problem. Leave it with me, will you? I'll check it out.

CONSTABLE

No worries.

The constable drops off a card and exits. Donna's smile falls, she moves straight to Miller's desk and scans the contents.

It only takes a moment for her to discover the piece of paper on which Miller has written 'Stimson' and the Fazeley Lock St address.

INT. MILLER'S CAR

Miller is driving through the city.

His phone rings - Donna - he ignores the call.

EXT. ZILOV'S YARD. DAY

The lorry has been backed further into the shed out of sight.

INT. LORRY TRAILER. DAY

Zilov clambers up beside the driver as one of the trafficked women DAGNIJA (mid-teens) staggers out of the hidden compartment.

She collapses onto the floor of the trailer.

Inside the compartment a baby is crying.

Zilov grabs the driver's torch and shines it down into the compartment.

Inside, the remaining four young women have suffocated. In the arms of her dead mother is a newborn baby girl.

EXT. CAZ'S STREET. DAY

The gutted remains of her flat - as before.

WITNESS (OOV)

I seen them both come out earlier in the evening. Youngish bloke and that girl. They got in his car.

DONNA (OOV)

Did you get a good look at him?

WITNESS (OOV)

It was dark wasn't it? I seen him round a couple of times recently - I'm pretty sure it was him.

INT. WITNESS'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY

The flat seen from the POV of the house across the road. Donna is looking over towards the burnt-out ruin.

She turns to face the speaker - a MAN (60s), pinched and greasy.

WITNESS

The car was definitely the same - silver Ford. Parked out there all night a couple of nights ago.

DONNA

But you're not certain it was the same driver.

He shrugs.

WITNESS

A different bloke always visited her. He came round every day like - but he never stayed overnight. Funny thing is look - his car's still there.

He points to Stimson's Toyota - parked opposite Caz's flat.

WITNESS (cont'd)

She's a tearaway that girl is. I'd not be surprised if she'd set fire to the place herself.

DONNA

Did you see anything else last night?

WITNESS

Before he drove off, the bloke in the silver Ford put something in the boot - he had a right job to

get it in. Looked like an old
carpet roll to me.

EXT. ZILOV'S YARD. DAY

Miller's silver Ford pulls into the yard.

He gets out and pets the guard dog for a moment - calming it.

He drags the roll of carpet containing Stimson's body from
the boot - the dog's interested in the smell coming off it.

INT. ZILOV'S YARD. FURNACE ROOM. DAY

A huge, ancient coal-fired furnace stands against one wall.

ANDREJ (20s) one of the minders, is stoking the fire. He
swings shovels of coal into the white heat of the blaze.

Miller enters with the carpet and drops it onto the ground.

MILLER

Give us a hand.

They grapple with the carpet.

They push it right into the furnace where it bursts into
flames. Andrej smirks.

ANDREJ

Think we're gonna be busy in here
today.

Miller doesn't know what he means.

INT. ZILOV'S YARD. COLD STORAGE CHANGING ROOM. DAY

The small room where the women get changed before an auction.

Miller pushes in. Zilov's bending over the ragged bodies of
the women searching them for valuables.

MILLER

What the fuck!...?

ZILOV

This is down to you.

The surviving young woman - Dagnija - sits on the floor.

Her eyes are wide with trauma, her clothes filthy.

The baby - wrapped in dirty blankets - lies alone on the
floor a little way from her. It has been quiet, but now
begins to cry. Miller turns slowly and looks at the little
pile of rags.

ZILOV (cont'd)
You hear me?

Miller's hardly able to believe what he's seeing and crosses to Dagnija.

MILLER
Is this your baby?

She doesn't understand.

MILLER (cont'd)
(in Russian)
Is it yours?

She shakes her head. He carefully withdraws the blanket from the baby's face - it's a day or two old and it's hungry.

Miller carefully folds the rags back over the baby and gently picks it up. He stands up slowly - completely contained rage.

ZILOV
You made me stop the truck.

Miller steps towards Dagniya and carefully lowers the baby into her reluctant arms.

MILLER
(Russian)
You have to take her.

ZILOV
You know how much we've lost?

Miller grabs Zilov's jacket.

MILLER
You... left them in the truck?

Zilov pulls himself free and glares at Miller, like he's seeing someone he doesn't know.

ZILOV
Where else?

MILLER
And a baby?

ZILOV
The client wanted a pregnant one.
How was I to know?

MILLER
You've lost your fucking mind!

Zilov punches Miller full in the face.

ZILOV
You're to blame! Your fault! You!

Miller stands his ground - furious, but does not fight back.

ZILOV (cont'd)
Now do your job - help Andrej...
This is business, understand?

Andrej enters. He grins at Miller.

Miller looks down at Dagniya and the baby. Without a pause he bends and slings one of the bodies over his shoulder.

Zilov nods. Miller carries the dead woman out of the room.

INT. MILLER'S FLAT. SITTING ROOM. DAY

Caz puts an unopened bottle of vodka and two glasses onto the table.

She gets up and looks out of the window - where's Miller?

She sits and stares at the drink - wrestles with herself - but fails.

She reaches for the bottle and breaks the seal but then puts it down again.

EXT. KATERINA'S HOUSE. DAY

Donna stands at the front door waiting. She rings the bell for a second time - no one's at home.

She walks around the side of the house and looks through the kitchen window.

LUDA (OOV)
She's not there. Hospital.

Donna turns and sees Luda watching from her own kitchen step.

DONNA
It's her son I'm after d'you know him?

LUDA
Leonid?

Donna looks perplexed - but nods.

DONNA
Yeah.

LUDA
Come in. I've got his number here.

Luda goes inside. Donna crosses over.

Luda re-emerges.

LUDA (cont'd)
Here it is - for emergencies.
Mielnik, Leonid. You'll have to
read it, my eyes are hopeless.

She hands Donna the book.

DONNA
Leonid Mielnik.

LUDA
Is everything okay?

EXT. ZILOV'S YARD. WASHROOM. NIGHT

A grotty little toilet, shower and washing area. Miller stands beside a sink, looking at himself in a mirror. His suit is filthy.

His hands under a running tap - they're shaking.

He breathes deeply. He looks murderous and broken simultaneously - looks at his shaking hands, and with an act of immense self-control he stills them.

The door opens. Zilov enters.

ZILOV
Szabo's here.

He turns to exit.

MILLER
My mother had a fall, Yuri.

ZILOV
Eh?

Miller shakes his hands dry and crosses to Zilov.

MILLER
Smashed her head... Started ranting
on about some photographs. D'you
know about any photographs...?

Zilov's momentarily caught out.

MILLER (cont'd)
You always took photographs.

ZILOV
Sazabo's waiting.

MILLER
You had a good camera, I
remember... when I was a kid.

Zilov grabs Miller by the throat.

ZILOV
Clean up, get out there and do your
job.

He releases him and stamps out.

INT. ZILOV'S YARD. COLD STORAGE AREA. NIGHT.

Szabo's unhappy. Zilov and Andrej stand impassively.

Dagnija is slumped on one of the gilt chairs - she's changed out of her filthy clothes, but still looks like a zombie.

Szabo touches her with the tip of her shoe.

SZABO
This is a joke? You said
princesses.

The crying baby can be heard momentarily in the changing room.

SZABO (cont'd)
What's that?

ZILOV
Nothing madame.

SZABO
There? It's a baby.

She gives them a hostile glare.

SZABO (cont'd)
(to Andrej)
Bring it to me.

Andrej heads to the door.

Miller enters and walks stiffly towards them. His suit is still filthy.

SZABO (cont'd)
What happened to you?

Andrej enters carrying the ragged bundle of crying baby.

Szabo peers into the dirty blankets - without touching.

ZILOV
A girl, madame.

Szabo nods with interest. She looks at the baby as if it were an alien being.

SZABO
Clean it. I'll take it.
(of Dagnija)
Not her.

Andrej turns.

MILLER
Stop!

Andrej halts. Zilov and Szabo turn to Miller

MILLER (cont'd)
I don't think so.

Szabo smiles coldly.

SZABO
No?

She's enjoying it - she opens her bag - produces a wad of cash.

SZABO (cont'd)
How much?

ZILOV
Madame...

Miller takes the baby from Andrej.

MILLER
Not this one.

He strides out carrying the crying little bundle.

SZABO
Get him back.

EXT. ZILOV'S YARD. NIGHT

The gates are wide open. The dogs bark savagely at Miller's silver Ford as he drives out.

Zilov emerges from the buildings and watches him go.

INT. MILLER'S CAR NIGHT

Miller controls his ragged breathing and drives.

He glances at the baby - secured by a seatbelt on the back seat.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHER. NIGHT

The Queen Elizabeth hospital from above.

Ambulances arrive at the A&E department.

INT. KATERINA'S WARD. NIGHT.

A few VISITORS sit with the patients.

Donna approaches and sees Katerina's name written on a whiteboard above the bed.

Katerina is sitting up in bed staring out of the window at the night sky. She looks round to see Donna.

DONNA
Mrs Mielnik?

KATERINA
Who are you?

DONNA
I'm a colleague of... of Leonid.

Katerina's eyes widen.

KATERINA
Police?

Katerina starts to twist away from Donna.

KATERINA (cont'd)
No!

DONNA
Mrs Mielnik?

KATERINA
I'm sick, can't you see?

DONNA
I need to ask you about--

KATERINA
No... It was years ago. No.

Donna waits patiently.

KATERINA (cont'd)
Please - it was an accident! It was
an accident.

The words are coming loose from Katerina's mind, no matter how she tries to hold them back.

DONNA
It's okay. Katerina.

KATERINA
He fell... he fell, that's all... I
won't say!

Katerina shakes her head, puts her hands over her mouth, runs them through her hair.

KATERINA (cont'd)
It wasn't my fault...

Slowly, Donna sits beside the bed.

KATERINA (cont'd)
I didn't mean for him... to fall...
(she moans)
Now Yuri will be angry with me.

DONNA
Who fell Mrs Mielnik?

KATERINA
Don't be stupid... it was Michael
of course!

DONNA
I'm sorry... Did you know Michael
well?

KATERINA
No! He was just one of them... one
of the punters.

Donna nods patiently - waiting for Katerina to go on.
Katerina's demeanour changes - she smirks haughtily.

KATERINA (cont'd)
They were all in love with me.
(proud)
But taking the pictures was my
idea.

INT. MILLER'S FLAT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Caz sits avoiding the vodka - the bottle's still full.

Miller enters.

He's cradling the baby - still wrapped in the filthy blankets
- and carrying a shopping bag of supplies.

CAZ
You were ages.

The baby makes a sound. Caz's eyes widen - disbelief and
confusion. She crosses and pulls back the blanket - what's
going on?

MILLER
It's not mine.

The baby's so tiny and filthy - something's very wrong.

CAZ
What've you done?

MILLER
No... She was... abandoned.

CAZ
How come you've got her?

MILLER
She's hungry.

He passes the bag to Caz.

CAZ
That's someone's kid.

MILLER
Her mum... left her.

Caz is way out of her depth. She starts to shake - needs alcohol.

CAZ
You took someone's baby?

MILLER
No... Caz. Get the milk.

Caz is trying to believe him - looks in the bag.

CAZ
You're fucking freaking me out--

MILLER
We need to clean her up and then we need to leave.

Caz sees his urgency.

CAZ
What have you done?

She grabs the vodka and pours a drink.

Miller takes the formula milk and fills the new baby bottle.

MILLER
Trust me.

Caz walks to the door.

CAZ
Yeah right. I wanna go... You did something to her mum, didn't you?

She drinks another measure. She's shaking hard.

The baby starts to suckle on the milk.

CAZ (cont'd)
I won't say anything, just let me go.

MILLER
Look at me.

CAZ
This don't make sense!

MILLER
I know.

CAZ
Fuck!

MILLER
Look.

He brings Caz's hand over to touch the baby's head - feeling the warmth.

MILLER (cont'd)
We have to help her.

CAZ
Shit! What's her name?

MILLER
She hasn't got one.

Caz takes the baby from Miller and gives her the bottle. While the baby glugs away Caz unwraps her blankets and sees the dirty, naked body beneath.

CAZ
Look at the state of her! It's okay, we'll sort you, won't we?
(to Miller)
Get a bowl of warm water then - not hot. Is there clothes for her in there?

Miller nods and takes a new all-in-one outfit from the bag, along with a nappy and wipes and a couple of blankets, still in their packaging.

He fills a bowl with warm water.

Caz strokes the baby.

CAZ (cont'd)
We're in big fucking trouble aren't we?

Miller's phone rings. He picks it up immediately.

DONNA (OOV)
We need to talk.

MILLER
Not right now.

DONNA (OOV)
What if I say I've just come from
Fazely Lock Street?

INT. DONNA'S CAR. MILLER'S CAR PARK. DAY

Miller sits into the rear seat of Donna's car.

DONNA
You were seen there several times,
Lee. Last time was late yesterday.

She hands him the piece of paper with Stimson's name, the
address and the 'Caz' doodle. Miller closes his eyes.

DONNA (cont'd)
Careless. Who's Gregory Stimson?

MILLER
The landlord. I don't know him.

DONNA
I phoned his wife - she was pretty
upset when I mentioned this Caz
girl. She thought hubby might've
done a runner with her.

MILLER
What are you going to do?

DONNA
Where is Stimson? or Caz?

MILLER
I don't know. Maybe they did do a
runner?

DONNA
And left his car outside the flat?
Which you just burned down for no
reason?

Miller steadily meets her gaze but does not answer.

DONNA (cont'd)
(gentle)
Better to tell me.

MILLER
Caz is at my place.

DONNA

Fuck!

MILLER

I want you to meet her...

DONNA

I went to the hospital...

MILLER

You can ask her how many times
Stimson raped her...

DONNA

You're not listening... I met your
mother.

Miller doesn't want to hear it - gets out of the car.

EXT.MILLER'S CAR PARK. DAY

Miller gets out of the car and walks toward the exit.

Donna gets out of her car and follows.

DONNA

Your name's Mielnik. How come you
never told me? Does it mean Miller?

MILLER

It's Russian.

DONNA

Your mum thought I'd come to arrest
her.

MILLER

She's confused.

DONNA

She confessed to a murder.

MILLER

She doesn't know what she's talking
about.

Miller is walking fast.

DONNA

She seemed coherent enough to me -
she kept referring to some gangster
called Yuri Zilov?

Miller slows - turns to her - his face taut with tension.

DONNA (cont'd)
She said you know him. That you
work for him. That he's 'like a
father to you'.

Miller grits his teeth - shakes his head.

DONNA (cont'd)
Lee, she told me Zilov... raped and
prostituted her for years.

On Miller's disbelief. He walks off. Donna follows.

INT.MILLER'S FLAT. HALLWAY. DAY

The front door is wide open. Miller enters cautiously.
Clothing is scattered on the floor.

MILLER
Caz? Shit!

He quickens his pace.

INT.MILLER'S FLAT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. DAY

The room is empty. Discarded baby paraphernalia and packaging
on the worktop.

MILLER
Caz?

INT. MILLER'S FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY

The duvet is bundled on the floor. The wardrobe doors are
wide open - clothes flung out randomly. Miller enters.

MILLER
Caz?

Anger boils over and he smashes a lamp and strides from the
room.

INT. MILLER'S FLAT. SITTING ROOM. DAY

Donna holds an unopened packet of baby clothes, the feeding
bottle packaging is on the sofa.

DONNA
She's got a kid?

Miller forces himself to focus. He sees Caz's little box of
blankets and picks it up - knows she wouldn't leave it
behind.

MILLER
They've been taken.

DONNA
What is all this?

MILLER
I'm trying to help her.

Donna crosses to him. She's calm.

DONNA
Whatever it is... You got to hand
yourself in.

Miller slowly shakes his head

He walks out.

DONNA (cont'd)
Lee! Fuck!

Donna stares at the chaos.

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHER. DAY

Electric trains move slowly over the railway fly-overs at
Proof House Junction. Their pantographs spark.

EXT. SZABO'S HOUSE. ESTABLISHER. DAY

In the daylight Szabo's house looks even larger and further
from the beaten track.

A long tree-lined drive and huge garden surround the mansion.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. SECURE ROOM. DAY

In one of the cellar rooms Caz stands at the door. She
cradles the baby which is still trying to drink from the
empty baby bottle.

Caz is suddenly overcome by uncontrollable shakes. She grinds
her teeth, her eyes close, sweat on her forehead and running
on the side of her face. She looks seriously unwell.

She batters the door.

CAZ
(shouts)
Hey! Somebody!

After a few moments the door is unlocked and Szabo stands in
the doorway assessing Caz.

SZABO
Madonna and child - how sweet.

CAZ
I wanna go.

SZABO
I'm sure. So get changed...
(she points to clothes on
a hanger)
and I'll let you... go upstairs.

Szabo comes closer.

SZABO (cont'd)
You're mine now.

She touches Caz's hair.

SZABO (cont'd)
You and the baby.

Caz shakes her head.

CAZ
Leave her alone.

Szabo smiles, then pinches the baby who cries out. Caz is horrified and backs away from Szabo.

SZABO
Make it stop!

Caz rocks the baby and she stops crying -when she looks at Szabo, Caz's eyes are ice.

CAZ
She needs more milk.

Szabo watches as Caz shakes and sweats.

SZABO
And what do you need?

Caz is finding it hard to focus.

SZABO (cont'd)
(the baby)
Better give it to me.

CAZ
No fucking way.

Szabo laughs.

She backs through the door, watching.

SZABO
I can wait.

She exits. Caz's shaking is so violent that her teeth are chattering.

EXT. ZILOV'S YARD. DAY

Miller's car pulls into the yard. The dogs perform their crazy barking and thrashing.

Miller gets out and looks around.

He walks to the dogs - calming them and unhooking them from their chains.

INT. ZILOV'S OFFICE. DAY

The safe is open, Zilov is counting cash.

There is a sound in the corridor outside.

ZILOV
Andrej, you back? Andrej?

Miller enters.

Zilov's eyebrows rise and he gets to his feet.

ZILOV (cont'd)
Ah.

Miller grabs a solid metal boxing trophy from a shelf and holds it like a hammer.

MILLER
Where's the redheaded English girl
and the baby?

Zilov lunges forward hoping to catch Miller off-balance and land a punch, but Miller is ready, charged-up, and smashes Zilov with the trophy.

MILLER (cont'd)
Where?

From outside the room the dogs bark in response.

Zilov crumples, but drags Miller down by the collar.

ZILOV
Fuck you!

Miller frees himself.

Zilov grabs a tyre lever from the floor and scrambles back to his feet brandishing it.

Miller sweeps the paperwork from Zilov's desk.

Zilov swings the tyre lever - it cracks into Miller's side, tearing through his suit.

Miller blunders forward thrusting the blunt trophy at Zilov and catching his upper body - hard, sharp.

MILLER
Did you rape her?

ZILOV
You're crazy.

They both strike simultaneously - the trophy goes flying. Miller comes forward fearlessly.

Zilov swings the tyre lever at Miller's head. Miller shields with his arms. The lever crashes into his shoulder and lodges itself there.

Miller pulls it out and flings it away.

He grabs Zilov and pushes him into a corner. Zilov, stumbles backwards, underestimating Miller's strength.

MILLER
You put her on the game.

ZILOV
The English girl?

MILLER
My mother, you fuck!

Zilov laughs hard - now he gets it.

ZILOV
Katerina? You think?

He headbutts Miller, breaking Miller's nose.

Miller staggers back - Zilov wriggles free of him.

ZILOV (cont'd)
It was her idea... Katerina wanted it... Little Kat-er-ina... So fucking... unstable - she'd let them do anything.

Miller hurls himself at Zilov. Zilov grabs Miller and batters his head off the wall.

ZILOV (cont'd)
Don't like to think of mummy like that?

Zilov's enjoying it, Miller's weakening.

ZILOV (cont'd)
She never wanted you. She got knocked up by one of her punters.

Miller punches Zilov.

Zilov defends expertly and counteracts with a heavy blow to Miller's ribs. And another to his face. Blood is pouring from his nose.

ZILOV (cont'd)
You thought it was me?

Miller's reply is an exhausted grunt. He's spent.

ZILOV (cont'd)
You want to see Daddy?

Zilov staggers to the safe.

He pulls an old A4 card envelope from the bottom of the safe. Money spills all over the floor. There's a knife in the safe.

Miller wades across the room.

Zilov whips out the contents from the envelope and holds them in front of the advancing Miller.

ZILOV (cont'd)
Here... Look!

Black and white images - Long lens, surveillance style pictures - A young Katerina, having sex with a much older man. They're shot from an apartment window opposite.

Miller stops in his tracks - breathing heavily. He stares at the photos.

Zilov laughs. The man's face can be seen clearly.

Miller grabs the pictures and stares at them.

ZILOV (cont'd)
Very good lens.

In another photograph the same man is seen - fully dressed - opening the apartment window.

ZILOV (cont'd)
All her idea. He's a rich guy, she said, take blackmail pictures, like the KGB.

In the next picture the man is standing on the window ledge. Katerina glimpsed behind him in the room.

ZILOV (cont'd)
But he wouldn't pay... stupid bastard.

In one image the man is frozen in mid-air - metres from the window ledge. Katerina behind him, arms outstretched in the act of pushing.

ZILOV (cont'd)
Motor-drive!

He mimics the sound of the shutter whirring,

In the final picture Katerina stands in the window staring up at the camera - the man has gone.

Zilov grins.

ZILOV (cont'd)
Goodbye daddy!

Zilov drops the photograph. Miller sees the knife in Zilov's hand in time to twist away from it. Zilov brings it down into Miller's arm.

Miller roars and dives out of the room. Zilov's confused.

Moments later the door opens again and the snout of one of the guard dogs pushes inside. Miller follows it, gripping its harness - his other hand supporting his wounded arm, from which the knife is still protruding.

The dog leaps up against a short length of its tether - its teeth snapping within inches of Zilov.

ZILOV (cont'd)
Get it out!

MILLER
Where's the English girl and the baby?

Zilov screams - trying to push back the ravening dog.

ZILOV
Please!

Miller lets the dog move closer to Zilov.

He has to shout over the din of barking.

ZILOV (cont'd)
Szabo took them!

Miller stares at Zilov.

ZILOV (cont'd)
No!... no... please--

The dog snaps and growls menacingly.

ZILOV (cont'd)

Please!

MILLER

Goodbye Yuri.

He lets the dog's tether slip from his hands.

The dog runs straight at Zilov.

Miller pulls the keys from the lock, slams the door closed and locks it. He grabs the knife and pulls it out of his arm.

Zilov is trapped. His screams and the barking rise in volume.

EXT. ZILOV'S YARD. DAY

Miller guns the Ford out of the yard.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. CAZ'R ROOM. DAY

Caz is curled under the bedcovers - shivering violently. No sign of the baby. The door is opened. Caz doesn't move.

Szabo enters and sets down a bottle of vodka and a plastic glass. She also has formula milk.

SZABO

I brought you something.

Caz lifts back the covers, revealing the baby cuddled to her, sleeping.

She sits up and reaches for the vodka, waking the baby.

Caz picks her up and shushes her.

SZABO (cont'd)

When you can keep it quiet I'm coming back. You'd better be ready.

She turns and exits, locking the door.

Caz tries to open the milk, but her hands are shaking so violently that she grabs the vodka instead and downs a couple of mouthfuls from the bottle.

Caz reaches for the baby milk and pours it as carefully as she can into the feeding bottle -spilling some.

CAZ

Shit!

She lifts the bedcovers and hauls herself back in with the baby - wrapping her arms around it, giving it the milk - she's clumsy from the vodka.

CAZ (cont'd)
Come on, come here.

She balances the baby bottle with the hand that holds the baby and with her free hand she reaches for the vodka.

EXT. SZABO'S HOUSE. REAR ENTRANCE. DAY

Miller swings the Ford into the gravelled parking area at the rear of Szabo's house.

He jumps out and runs across to the rear door.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. REAR HALL & MINDERS ROOM. DAY

Dim light. Miller creeps along the narrow hall to a slightly open door.

From his POV - a mess of pizza boxes and beer cans inside the room. Weights stacked to one side - Playstation to the other. A large sofa and armchairs.

One MAN is engrossed playing 'Call of Duty' on the console and listening to music on headphones.

A fog of weed smoke hangs in the air. He smokes a large joint as he plays - doped to a stupor.

A second MAN is sound asleep, stretched out on the sofa, beer cans surrounding him.

The man playing on the console is completely oblivious and doesn't hear or see Miller. Miller continues into the house.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING/BEDROOMS. DAY

Miller listens carefully as he edges along the landing.

Classical music is coming from one of the rooms and he pushes open the door.

Inside a portly OLD MAN is naked and tied to a wooden chair. He's blindfolded, gagged and pins are sticking out of his chest and nipples.

A WOMAN is smoking and idly staring out of the window. She carries a short length of electrical cord. She stares at Miller.

The naked man makes a sound and shrugs off the gag.

He struggles against the bonds.

Miller exits.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING/BEDROOM. DAY

Miller pushes open the door.

A large, opulent room.

On the bed Lalla sits up - doll-like and still - in an antique white lace nightdress.

A door (from an en-suite opens) a MAN wrapped in a towel enters the room.

He sees Miller and runs back the way he came, but before Miller can move...

SZABO (OOV)
Leonid Pyotrovich, you're here at last.

Szabo's in the doorway.

MILLER
Where is she?

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CAZ'S ROOM. DAY

Szabo stops beside the door to Caz's room. She turns to face Miller - smiles.

SZABO
I'm not jealous. Keep her here? We can share her?

MILLER
Open it.

SZABO
Why don't you make me?

Miller grabs her and pushes her arm up her back. At first she laughs - then winces.

SZABO (cont'd)
Enough!

She unlocks the door.

It swings back to reveal Caz slumped on the bed, lifeless. There's no sign of the baby.

MILLER
Caz!

She doesn't move. Miller sees the empty vodka bottle.

MILLER (cont'd)
Can you hear me?

Szabo sees the tenderness with which Miller touches her. Her eyes are slightly open - she looks dead.

SZABO
Stupid bitch.

Caz makes a tiny movement. A glimmer of life. Szabo is annoyed.

Caz groans. She frowns when she sees Miller's wounded face.

CAZ
What happened?

She tries to sit up. The covers fall back. Folded against her body is the baby. Szabo can't see because Miller is blocking her view.

Caz stares down at the little body - she can't take it in. She strokes the girl's hair clumsily, but the little girl doesn't move.

SZABO
Let me see!

Miller takes the baby from Caz's leaden arms - it doesn't make a sound.

SZABO (cont'd)
No! No! You wasted it!

Szabo launches herself at Caz.

But Caz manages to kick Szabo back against the wall and haul herself off the bed.

The baby takes a huge breath and yells.

Szabo tries to grab it, but Miller pushes her back, onto the bed.

Caz screams at her and rains frantic blows down on Szabo.

Miller hauls her through the door.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. BASEMENT CORRIDOR. DAY

Miller slams the door and locks it on Szabo. She batters it - but it's well soundproofed.

SZABO (OOV)
Mielnik! Someone! Get down here!

MILLER
(to Caz)
Can you make it upstairs?

Caz nods groggily. Miller, carrying the baby, hurries her up the corridor. She shuffles along, unsteadily.

CAZ

Wait!

MILLER

Need to be quick.

CAZ

I didn't mean to let them in.

MILLER

I know. Keep your voice down.

CAZ

You're mad at me?

They climb the back stairs toward the main hall.

MILLER

No, now come on Caz.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. REAR HALL. DAY

Miller pushes Caz past the minders room - the 'Call Of Duty' player is still engrossed in the computer game.

EXT. SZABO'S HOUSE. REAR DRIVE. DAY

Caz and Miller (still holding the baby) emerge from the rear door and duck out of sight of the rest of the house.

Miller helps her into the cover of trees beside the drive and stops.

MILLER

The code for the gate is 6969. Get going.

CAZ

What?

MILLER

Now!

She takes a step toward the gates -he doesn't follow.

CAZ

Come on?

She looks into his blooded face and figures it out.

CAZ (cont'd)

(the baby)

But... we're gonna look after her.

MILLER

They're gonna see us any second.

She takes a step toward him. Miller looks back round to the house. They have seconds left. Caz reaches for the baby. Miller stops her.

Caz stops - she works it out.

CAZ
You knew where to find me.

She's thinking as fast as her muddled brain can go.

CAZ (cont'd)
Doesn't make sense?

MILLER
Go.

She slaps his face as hard as she can.

CAZ
(the baby)
It was you - what did something to
her mum.

She punches him - keeping clear of the baby - waits for a response.

CAZ (cont'd)
Look at you. What did you do?

Miller shakes his head.

MILLER
Not me.

CAZ
Liar! You know!

She punches him again, catching his arm. Miller winces with the pain, but absorbs the blows.

MILLER
Not me.

She looks at him. Mixed-up doubt, hope, fear - but still a question.

CAZ
We can still go?

Miller shakes his head. Caz slumps.

CAZ (cont'd)
I fucking get it!

She turns. Takes a step - turns back.

Miller stays put.

MILLER

6969 Remember. Be careful.

Caz turns - flicks the vees to him as she walks away

CAZ

Prick! I hope they fucking kill
you!

She staggers off along the drive towards the distant street.

Miller takes a long deep breath. He finds his phone and
dials.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING. DAY

Miller, carefully holding the baby, walks along the landing
opening all the doors.

There are some female screams. Male shouts. Miller ignores
them all.

MILLER

Out! Girls! Out! You're free...
come on - let's go!
(in Russian)
Let's go girls, get dressed. You're
free now. You're free... come on,
get up! Get dressed!

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. STAIRS AND HALLWAY. DAY

Women and girls begin to emerge and edge downstairs
cautiously.

The minder who had been playing on the console comes out to
see what's happening.

MINDER

What the fuck?

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY

A dingy back room. A tv flickers, a small microwave and
kettle, mugs and plates. A sink overflowing with washing up.

Four GIRLS (teens), sold at the first auction, stand to one
side of the room. They all wear dressing gowns or sweat tops.
They are made up like Geishas.

Miller enters holding the baby.

MILLER

Come on! All of you, let's go.

At first they are reluctant.

MILLER (cont'd)
Right now!

He hustles the women out of the room straight into the path of the minder - who grabs at them. He recognises Miller, but is confused at the sight of the baby.

MILLER (cont'd)
(Russian)
Police are coming.

The minder backs away, turns and runs.

EXT. SZABO'S HOUSE. DRIVE AND MAIN ENTRANCE. DAY

Donna's car pulls up quietly outside the front of the house.

Following a little way behind her are three other marked cars - running with no lights or sirens. One heads to the back door.

Donna steps out and looks around.

The front door is open and some of the women have come out onto the steps.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

Donna cautiously enters the melee.

Miller descends the staircase - still holding the baby.

Donna watches - bracing herself. She meets him at the bottom of the stairs.

She looks at the baby in disbelief.

DONNA
(low)
You're part of this.

After a beat, Miller nods. Donna can't look at him.

DONNA (cont'd)
You know what'll happen to you?

Miller lifts the baby a little.

MILLER
Let me find someone to take her.

Donna lifts the blanket from the baby's face - she's tiny.

DONNA
Oh God!

She's incredulous.

MILLER

Don't ask.

DONNA

Where's the other girl?

MILLER

Caz? Gone... If you let her.

Donna looks round at the women milling about - some with blankets over underwear - hears their unintelligible murmur of eastern European languages. She drags herself back into the moment.

DONNA

I've got enough to worry about.

Miller nods - thank you. Donna stares at him - then nods grimly.

DONNA (cont'd)

Lee Miller I'm arresting you... for conspiracy to facilitate the illegal entry of people into the United Kingdom...

Miller nods - finally free of the tension.

DONNA (cont'd)

...you do not have to say anything but it may harm your defence--

MILLER

There's still a young girl upstairs... maybe you could go and persuade her to come down?

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY

Lalla is sitting on the bed exactly as before. She looks terrified.

Donna enters.

DONNA

It's okay, it's okay. I've come to help you. What's your name?

LALLA

I don't want to go.

DONNA

It's okay, you're safe.

LALLA

The lady looks after me.

DONNA

We'll find someone else to take care of you.

Lalla looks very reluctant to move.

DONNA (cont'd)

Will you come?

LALLA

(embarrassed - she looks down at herself)

My... it hurts to walk.

Donna reaches out and holds her hand to help her get up.

DONNA

Come on, sweetheart let's get you dressed - you're safe now.

INT. SZABO'S HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

The first women and girls are being led out to waiting police minibuses - they're under arrest.

Donna helps Lalla down the stairs.

At the bottom she leads Lalla straight out -they walk past Miller - who's being processed by another OFFICER.

He watches as they pass, Donna - focussed on Lalla - deliberately does not look at him.

EXT. SZABO'S HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. DAY

Police cars and vans block the drive.

Szabo is escorted into a police car. She looks over and sees...

... Donna watches as Miller is put into the back of another patrol car.

A couple of the minders are marched out to one of the waiting cars.

Uniform cops are left guarding the front entrance as the cavalcade pulls away.

T.V. NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Police raided a multi-million pound property in the Edgbaston area of Birmingham, today. Several arrests were made and a number of women, believed to have been illegally trafficked into the country, were freed...it's thought that a serving

police officer was among those
arrested...

EXT. BIRMINGHAM ESTABLISHER. DUSK

Heat haze ripples. Activity everywhere you look.

Trains run across the Bordesley viaduct in the background.

Beneath it the rooftops of Digbeth shimmer. The CEE GEE sign
is prominent - Zilov's yard overrun by uniformed police.

T.V. NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

I'm told that he's been taken to
Curzon Lane police station in
central Birmingham where specialist
detectives are interviewing him
tonight.

An express train weaves slowly out of Birmingham towards the
south.

At one of the carriage windows, staring back blankly at the
city is Caz.

The train disappears into the distance, accelerating away.

THE END