

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A muscular HOSTAGE (24) in boxer shorts is bound to a wooden chair. He twists a leg back and forth, the duct tape has worn from prolonged trying. It snaps. He wriggles the other leg, using his free foot to push the tape towards his ankle. He squeezes his foot through the loop.

He stands, hunched with the chair taped around his torso. He leaps onto his back, the chair smashes to pieces under his bulk. He stands upright. A saw hangs from the wall, he rubs the tape binding his hands against it.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

An internal door is BASHED repeatedly, it gives way. The Hostage falls through to the kitchen holding a sledgehammer.

The Hostage tries the back door. Locked. He swings the hammer against the glass panes. He desperately climbs through the jagged-edged opening, slicing his body on the glass.

EXT. FARMHOUSE YARD - CONTINUOUS

The HOSTAGE scans a large garden surrounded by barbed fencing. Security cameras dotted around. He sprints across the open ground to a gate.

He pulls the handle. CLICK. A concealed switch triggers a device on the fence. A shotgun BLAST obliterates his head.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - NIGHT

A stakeout. Overweight Detective RAYMOND ARCHER (50) looks through binoculars. Rugged Detective ALEX SCHOFIELD (37) holds a phone to his ear.

SCHOFIELD

(into phone)

For Christ's sake Linda! What do you want from me? I missed one night. I'm a Detective, I don't get to choose what time people get killed!

(pause)

I'll make it up to them tomorrow. Thinking of taking them--

(pause)

What do you mean? It's my turn.

(pause)

Oh right! So as long as it suits you to change the plans, that's fine! But when I got to go investigate some poor twat dumped in the river, that's no excuse? That's... that's what you're saying?... Hello?... Linda?

Schofield looks at the phone screen. Call ended.

SCHOFIELD  
(at phone screen)  
Bitch!  
(to Archer)  
You believe that? Tom the toff is throwing some birthday party for his sister, so apparently, that means I don't get to see my kids.

Archer doesn't react, continues looking through binoculars.

SCHOFIELD (CONT'D)  
What the hell is that? The girls don't even know his family. It's bullshit! You know I'm really thinking of getting a court order. What do you think?

Schofield waits for a response.

SCHOFIELD (CONT'D)  
Archer?  
(nudges Archer)  
Archer!

Archer switches on his hearing aids, looks at Schofield.

ARCHER  
What?

SCHOFIELD  
The fuck? You just put me on mute?

ARCHER  
(dismissive)  
Shit Schofield, I'm fed up to death listening to you whining. Just pull out your tampon and grow a dick for crying out loud.

Archer resumes binocular watch.

SCHOFIELD

Oh, thanks a bunch. That's just what I needed that, yeah.

ARCHER

Glad to help.

Schofield scans a high rise block of flats outside.

SCHOFIELD

Anything?

ARCHER

Not a peep.

SCHOFIELD

Waste of time, told you that. No way this is our guy.

ARCHER

What makes you so sure?

SCHOFIELD

He's a street thug. Doesn't fit. These murders are too sophisticated for him.

ARCHER

Chief said the tip-off was from a reliable informant.

SCHOFIELD

Twenty quid says I'm right.

EXT. BACKSTREET - NIGHT

Rain falls steadily. Jay (21) bounces on the spot to keep warm, hands buried in puffer jacket pockets.

JAY

(to himself)

Fuck sake man!

A FIGURE in a Camo jacket watches from a dark alleyway. Jay pulls out a phone and dials. It goes to ANSWERPHONE.

ANSWERPHONE

(through phone)

The number you have dialled is currently unavailable--

Jay hangs up, shakes his head. Dials another number.

A can CLATTERS in the alleyway. Jay squints down the alley, glimpsing something by an inset doorway. MELVIN answers.

MELVIN  
(through phone)  
Wah'gwan?

JAY  
Melvin. The fuck you at, man? Freezing  
my bollocks off here! I'm on the  
corner.

MELVIN  
(through phone)  
Eh?

JAY  
Didn't you just text me?

MELVIN  
(through phone)  
Not me bro.

Jay looks back down the alleyway, suspicious.

JAY  
No worries. Later.

Jay hangs up. He pulls a gun from his waistband and points it down the alley. He edges slowly towards the inset doorway.

A black cat runs out from the doorway, startling Jay. He puts the gun away.

WHACK! Jay is hit from behind. He lies unconscious, blood trickling across his face.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jay is naked, bound to a chair with a gag in his mouth. Dried blood caked to his head. He comes to.

Jay scans the room. Complex data compiles on a computer monitor. The walls are decked with power tools and gardening equipment. A video camera on a tripod faces him.

Jay's breathing rate increases. He struggles in the chair, the bindings don't budge.

A door at the top of a wooden staircase CREAKS opens. A figure descends into the basement.

The monitor light illuminates his features as he approaches Jay. This is RICKY (35), a man who means business.

Ricky's face breaks into a crazed grin. He moves to a desk and pours a glass of Scotch whisky, takes a sip. Jay's eyes dart around the room. Ricky speaks in a Cockney twang.

RICKY  
Mm! You a single malt man?  
(beat)  
More a vodka guy, eh?

Ricky lights a cigarette. He bends down face to face with Jay and blows a stream of smoke into his eyes. He unties the gag.

JAY  
Yo man, what the fuck!? What is this?

Ricky grabs a car battery charger and sets it beside the video camera.

JAY (CONT'D)  
You with Andre's crew? Cos I didn't  
have nuttin to do with that shit man!

Ricky attaches the charger leads to Jay's nipples.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Argh! What you doing? What is that?

Jay receives a sharp slap across the face.

RICKY  
Stop. Talking.

Ricky gets behind the camera and slips on a balaclava followed by a pair of reflective sunglasses.

JAY  
Please, man!

Ricky puts a finger to his lips, shush.

RICKY  
Say cheese.

The camera starts recording. Ricky switches on the battery charger. Jay SCREAMS.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Jay's SCREAMING continues through a laptop. Schofield and Archer watch as Analyst WRIGHT plays the recording. Superintendent KIMBER paces the room.

KIMBER  
Turn it off.

SCHOFIELD  
What time was it released?

WRIGHT  
The video started circulating on  
Soical Media around ten pm last night.

SCHOFIELD  
Any ID on the victim?

KIMBER  
Some gangbanger from the Attlee  
estate, goes by the name Jay.

SCHOFIELD  
(to Archer)  
What did I tell you? We're sat the  
other side of town like a pair of  
mopes while he's picking up more  
victims. He's playing us.

ARCHER  
Ah, come on. You're getting paranoid.  
How the hell's he selecting these  
victims. A gangbanger now? There's no  
pattern.

SCHOFIELD  
I guarantee whoever this Jay is, he's  
gotten away with something big. Seems  
to be the only pattern.

Wright looks to Kimber.

KIMBER  
(to Wright)  
Show them.

Wright clicks on a website, Schofield and Archer inspect it.

SCHOFIELD  
What are we looking at?

WRIGHT

A few of the comments on Social media mentioned a website name. Nothing came up on our initial search, so we did a bit more digging on the deep web. Looks like this is it.

The website displays a table of 40 names, the top 6 entries are filled in. The remainder of the list shows the first letter of each name only with the rest blanked out.

SCHOFIELD

Wait. Those names. That's the other victims. Jay Okawa, that the latest guy?

KIMBER

Looks that way.

ARCHER

What are the entries blanked out underneath, more victims?

SCHOFIELD

More like future targets.

(to Kimber)

Right? He's documenting what he's done and what he's going to do.

ARCHER

Ho-ly fuck!

Kimber rubs his face, exhales. Schofield points to a list of descending numbers to the right of the names.

SCHOFIELD

What are these numbers here next to the names, what do they mean?

WRIGHT

They're points. It's a scoreboard.

SCHOFIELD

Scoreboard? Of what?

WRIGHT

Votes. The website asks users to submit victims for consideration. People who deserve to die. It's like a blind vote, nobody can see who anybody else has nominated. Here's the

submission form.

Wright clicks onto another screen. It shows a standard web entry form.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

You fill in their details. Name, where they live and then a summary of what it is they've done and got away with. The notion apparently is to provide justice where law enforcement has failed to do so. Each entry is then judged on its merits to determine if it passes the threshold--

SCHOFIELD

Threshold?

WRIGHT

Yeah, of whether they deserve to die or not. There's a whole list of rules, in essence it comes down to the level of trauma inflicted on the victims.

SCHOFIELD

So like murderers, paedophiles, that sort of thing?

WRIGHT

Yeah, plus violent rapes or any crimes really involving extreme violence and harm caused. The severity of the crimes, and the number of different crimes committed by that person, assigns them a base ranking score. That base number is then multiplied by the number of public nominations for the same person to give their total score. That's the scoreboard.

KIMBER

And the bastard's working his way through it, top to bottom.

SCHOFIELD

Is there any way to see who these other names are, the ones he hasn't got to yet?



WRIGHT

(shakes head)

Everything's majorly encrypted, the guy know's what he's doing. He's using sophisticated VPN software and if that wasn't difficult enough to get a trace on, he keeps moving the website. Must have some sort of program set up to automatically relocate it to a new web address periodically.

KIMBER

How can we shut it down?

WRIGHT

Like I said, he keeps moving it anyway, shut one address down and it will just pop up somewhere else. We've got a team working on trying to intercept the data traffic but with these deep web onion sites, it can take months, years even, to get any kind of breakthrough. I wouldn't hold your breath.

SCHOFIELD

(to Archer)

Well... at least now we know how he's picking his victims.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Ricky munches on toast, reading a newspaper. A headline states "Vigilante Killer releases new twisted video".

JAY (O.S.)

(shouting)

Help! Somebody help me! I've been kidnapped.

Ricky dips a sausage in yolk and nonchalantly chomps away.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jay tries hard to free his bindings. Ricky enters the basement holding a sausage and a bottle of water.

RICKY

I shouldn't bother if I was you mate. Cable ties. Rope. Duct tape. Unless you're Houdini, you ain't getting out

of that. I don't make mistakes.  
(under his breath)  
Twice.

Ricky puts the water bottle to Jay's mouth and lets him drink.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Snossage?

Ricky waggles the sausage in front of Jay's lips. Jay shakes his head.

RICKY (CONT'D)  
Suit yourself.

Ricky scoffs the sausage and takes a seat at the computer screen. He types away.

JAY  
Yo, come on man... Let me go. I won't  
say shit. I swear.

Ricky continues typing.

JAY (CONT'D)  
I haven't even done anything!

Ricky stops and considers Jay. He opens a drawer and pulls out a printed photograph. He wheels himself across the room in the computer chair.

Ricky holds up the photo and points to a black teenage male.

RICKY  
You know this fella?

Jay shrugs. Ricky clenches his jaw. He moves to the wall, deliberating the various tools on offer.

Ricky selects a hammer and walks purposefully back towards Jay.

JAY  
What you doing? No, wait! Okay, okay!  
I know him!

Ricky stops. He calmly re-takes his seat. Lightly tapping the hammer on Jay's knee. Jay looks down at the hammer.

JAY (CONT'D)

Mikey.

RICKY

Mikey what?

JAY

I don't know man. Just Mikey.

RICKY

Goodwin. Michael Goodwin.

Jay can't hold eye contact. Ricky manoeuvres his head into Jay's eye line.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Starting to realise why you're here now, eh big boy?

Jay looks back at Ricky anxiously.

JAY

Look man, I don't know what you think happened but--

RICKY

--Oh, I already know what happened, thanks. You fucking killed him, didn't ya? Yeah. Over a drug debt. Fifty quid weren't it? You and your scummy little buddies decided to teach him a lesson. Sound about right? I miss anything out? No? Champion!

Jay looks to the floor. Ricky wheels back to the computer. Continues typing.

JAY

Listen, I'm sorry about your friend, alright? It wasn't supposed to go down like that.

RICKY

Friend? He wasn't my fucking friend, sunshine. Do I look like I hang around with junkies?

JAY

What?

RICKY

Never met the cunt. Can't say I'd want  
the pleasure, be honest with ya.  
Sounds like a right prick.

JAY

(confused)

So, what's this about? Why are you  
doing this?

Ricky smiles.

RICKY

You still don't know who I am do you?  
Don't watch the news much then? Don't  
worry, you'll find out soon enough.

Ricky pours a glass of whisky.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A glass of whisky on the bar. Schofield downs it. Archer sups  
a pint of lager. Schofield waves his glass at the BARTENDER.

SCHOFIELD

Same again.

The Bartender takes the glass. Schofield's head bobs around.

ARCHER

Slow down Alex.

SCHOFIELD

What are you, my father?

ARCHER

You need stop moping over Linda. Move  
on. You're no fun to be around lately.

SCHOFIELD

I'm over it. She can do what she  
likes. What do I care? Slut.

ARCHER

Yeah, you sound over it.

SCHOFIELD

Anyway, forget about her. You're  
changing the subject again.

ARCHER

Already told you, the answer's no.  
Besides, Chief would never go for it.

SCHOFIELD

He will. I'll... I'll call him right  
now.

Shofield prods at his phone, closing one eye to see the  
screen. Archer grabs it from him.

ARCHER

Gimme that. I don't know why you're so  
obsessed with this guy. You ask me,  
he's doing us all a favour.

SCHOFIELD

You fucking kidding me? The dude's a  
psycho! Acting like some digital-age,  
Charles Bronson motherfucker.

ARCHER

Yeah well, let's just say I can  
understand why he's developing a bit  
of a cult following.

SCHOFIELD

And you don't think that's dangerous?

ARCHER

There's a lot of people out there Alex  
who think this country's gone soft.  
You can see their point. Damn kids  
these days are growing up with no  
respect for the law. You got these  
arseholes walking around thinking  
they're untouchable. There's a few I  
wouldn't mind giving the electric  
shock treatment to, I can tell you.

SCHOFIELD

That's sick. You're a sick man Ray.

ARCHER

I'm an old man. And I'm not sure I got  
it in me to care enough about a bunch  
of criminals getting what they  
deserve. Let them kill each other I  
say. Amen.

A couple of heavily made-up middle-aged Women enter the bar.

Schofield eyes them. Archer shakes his head.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I'm going to hit the road. You want a lift or you going to stay and make a fool of yourself?

SCHOFIELD

Na, I'm going to stay a bit.

Archer puts on his jacket and tosses Schofield's phone back.

SCHOFIELD (CONT'D)

Think about what I said.

Archer exits. The two Women approach the Bar. Schofield gives them a smile.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ricky sets up the camera. Jay is bound in the chair.

RICKY

Right then. What I need you to do now is, tell the camera what a naughty little boy you've been. Alright?

JAY

What do you mean? I don't know what you want me to say.

RICKY

I want you, to confess your sins mate. I want you to admit, what you did to poor little Mikey.

JAY

I didn't do shit to Mikey! Told you that. Yeah, alright, I was there. But I didn't kill him. Fuck, I didn't even touch him. I thought we were just going there to shit him up.

RICKY

You're lying.

JAY

I'm not, I swear. It wasn't me.

RICKY

Well I have it on good authority that

it was you sunshine. I've got eyes and ears everywhere see. Word on the street says, you. Are. The man.

JAY

Look. I may have led a few people to think I did it, but that was just for my rep. You can't have people thinking you're soft in this game. Someone asked about it and... I don't know, I just thought, fuck it. Say it was me.

Ricky ponders Jay's words. He takes a seat in front of him.

RICKY

Hmm. What am I to believe, eh?

(beat)

So. If it wasn't you. Who was it?

JAY

Shit man. I'm no rat.

RICKY

I see.

Ricky pats Jay on the shoulder and leaves.

JAY

(calling)

Yo bruv, where you going?

INT. SCHOFIELD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Schofield and a Woman from the bar asleep in bed. A phone VIBRATES.

Schofield stirs, hungover. He fumbles for the phone, answers.

SCHOFIELD

Yeah?

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Archer sits at a desk on the phone.

ARCHER

Still alive then?

INTERCUT - SCHOFIELD/ARCHER

SCHOFIELD  
(groans)  
I guess so.

ARCHER  
You pull one of those hotties last  
night?

Schofield turns to look at the Woman. Her attractiveness  
having deteriorated markedly from last night.

SCHOFIELD  
Hard to tell. What are you calling me  
for anyway? It's my day off.

ARCHER  
Just wondered how your day was going  
with the kids.

SCHOFIELD  
Not picking them up 'til twelve.

ARCHER  
(checks watch)  
It's half past one!

Schofield bolts upright, looks at the time on his phone.

SCHOFIELD  
Fuck!

Schofield hangs up and turns to the Woman.

SCHOFIELD  
Hey...  
(thinking)  
Lady.

Archer looks at his phone.

ARCHER  
Idiot.

EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Plummy TOM (40) mows the front lawn. A car revs hard down the  
street, stopping outside the house. Tom stops the mower.  
Schofield gets out, dishevelled.



TOM

Afternoon Alex. Nice of you to show.

SCHOFIELD

Tom. How was your sister's party? The Queen make an appearance?

TOM

Huh?

LINDA emerges from the house, scowling.

LINDA

What the hell time do you call this?

SCHOFIELD

Sorry, got caught up with work.

Linda approaches, sniffs Schofield.

LINDA

Working at the bar were you? You stink of booze.

SCHOFIELD

Linda, let's not do this, yeah? I'm here now, just tell the girls to come out.

TOM

Should you really be driving in your condition.

SCHOFIELD

Tom! I swear to god, butt out!

(to Linda)

I haven't been drinking, it's just my clothes from last night. Haven't had time to change that's all.

Linda tuts and heads back to the house.

LINDA

(calling)

Girls. Your father's here.

Schofield sniffs at his jacket, he catches Tom eyeing him. Tom resumes mowing.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Jay moves uncomfortably in the chair, stretching his neck. The door opens, Ricky drags a pathetic WILLIAM (30) down the staircase. William is tied up, wearing nothing but underpants and a sack over his head.

JAY

Damn! Who the fuck is that?

RICKY

This is number seven. You were supposed to be number six. I checked out your little story. Seems like you might have been telling the truth for once. So now you gone and fucked up my order. Thanks for that.

JAY

See, I told you. So, come on, you gonna let me go now or what?

Ricky leaves William on the ground and drags Jay to the corner of the room in the chair.

RICKY

Well. You still haven't told me who did do it yet, have ya?

JAY

Fuck's sake man. I ain't no snitch.

RICKY

Well, that's very honourable of you. Very honourable.

Ricky runs a rope through a ceiling beam. He ties William's wrists to one end and hauls him to his feet, he secures the rope in place.

Ricky adjusts the tripod camera to get William in shot.

JAY

What are you doing to him?

RICKY

I'm going to need you to keep quiet.  
(looking through camera)  
Perfect!

Ricky approaches William and removes the sack from his head.

William sobs, Ricky pats him on the cheek.

RICKY

There, there. Nearly over now. Don't mind him.

(gestures to Jay)

He's just here to watch. Now you remember what we talked about, yeah?

William nods.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Good boy. Cos' you don't want me to put you back in the box now do ya?

William shakes his head furiously.

RICKY (CONT'D)

No. Not very nice in the box is it mate? Never mind eh.

(claps hands together)

Right then. Let's get this show on the road!

Ricky gets behind the camera, slips on the balaclava and reflective glasses. He presses record and points at William.

WILLIAM

My... my name's William Price. I live at fifty-two, Saint James Court. Two years ago, I broke into a house on Maple drive and forced myself on a young woman living there. I... I raped her and beat her with a brick. Over and over. I then stabbed her in the stomach and left her for dead. She was left with severe brain damage and is incapable of living a normal life due to my heinous act of self gratification.

Jay screws up his face in disgust, Ricky meanwhile moves away from the camera to the wall.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I am sorry for what I have done. I do not ask for forgiveness, I am undeserving of being granted it. I make this confession so that my crime can be put on the record, and to provide some sense of closure for the

victim and her family. May the Devil  
torture my soul for eternity.

Ricky swings a garden scythe into William's back, piercing  
right through his stomach. Blood splatters Jay's face.

JAY  
Oh shit! Fuck me!

William gurgles blood from his mouth. Ricky tugs the scythe  
sideways, bit by bit slicing all the way out through  
William's side. Jay WRETCHES at the sight.

William's legs hang to his torso by a thread, his guts empty  
onto the floor. The gurgling stops, he's dead.

Ricky walks to the camera and switches it off. He crouches  
besides a panicked Jay and looks at the bloody scene.

RICKY  
Well that made a right fucking mess  
didn't it? Hmm, didn't really think  
that through.  
(beat)  
So. You ready to tell me who killed  
Mikey now?  
(sniffs)  
You smell shit?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Schofield's daughters, AMY (9) and CHLOE (7), play on the  
swings. Schofield nurses his hangover on a bench, sipping  
coffee. Amy runs to him.

AMY  
Daddy, can me and Chloe get an ice-  
cream from the van.

Schofield digs out some change.

SCHOFIELD  
Here you go.

AMY  
Thank you.

Amy heads towards an ice-cream van.

SCHOFIELD  
Amy! Don't leave your sister on her

own, take her with you.

An ELDERLY LADY carrying shopping takes a seat on the bench.

ELDERLY LADY

Oof. You don't mind me sitting here I hope. Just need to rest my legs.

SCHOFIELD

No. Not at all.

(looking at shopping bags)

Don't suppose you got any painkillers in there?

INT. POLICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Archer reads a magazine. Wright enters.

WRIGHT

There you are. Better come see this.

ARCHER

I'm on break. Got to interview someone in custody in ten minutes.

WRIGHT

I think that can wait.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Archer and Wright watch William's execution on a laptop. Archer squirms.

ARCHER

Je-sus. It's getting worse. What happened to the other guy, whats-his-name, Jay? Has there been a video of him since the electric shock thing.

WRIGHT

Doesn't appear to be, he's jumped straight to this. But listen.

Wright plays back the end of the recording, Jay can be heard in the background.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Hear that?

ARCHER

Someone else is there. You think

that's Jay?

WRIGHT

Could be.

ARCHER

So why hasn't he killed him yet? Why go to the next guy? He's changing the pattern.

WRIGHT

I don't know, but check this out.

Wright navigates to the website. William's name appears at number 7 in the list. Number 6 is now blanked out entirely.

ARCHER

He's taken his name off.

WRIGHT

(points at screen)

And read the bit at the top.

ARCHER

(reading from screen)

Tune in to the live feed tomorrow at nine pm for more gore.

Archer shakes his head, bashes his fist on the desk.

ARCHER

Motherfucker!

Archer storms out of the room, slamming the door.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Schofield walks with Amy and Chloe eating their ice-cream. His phone BEEPS. He checks the message.

INT. MELVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MELVIN (24) smokes a joint as he plays a computer game. Hip-Hop music blares from a speaker.

An intercom BUZZES. Melvin pauses the game.

INT. MELVIN'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Melvin presses a button on the intercom.

MELVIN

Yo?

He releases it and waits for a response. Presses it again.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

Who's that?

No response. Melvin looks through the peephole of the apartment door. Nothing.

INT. MELVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Melvin enters. He swings the door closed behind him. Revealed behind the door is a Figure, wearing a balaclava and reflective glasses.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Attractive Detective LISA CARSON (34) sits nervously at a desk. Schofield enters reading a newspaper, takes a seat. Carson approaches.

CARSON

Uh, Detective Schofield?

SCHOFIELD

(glancing up)

Yeah.

CARSON

Hi, I'm Lisa... Lisa Carson.

SCHOFIELD

(shrugs)

Can I help you with something?

CARSON

Um... I'm your new partner.  
Superintendent Kimber assigned me.

SCHOFIELD

What?

INT. KIMBER'S OFFICE - DAY

Schofield barges into the office. Kimber looks up.

KIMBER

Come in, why don't you? Don't worry  
about knocking.

SCHOFIELD  
(gesturing through door)  
Who the fuck's that? My new partner?

KIMBER  
Don't you check your phone? Been  
trying to call you, I've left three  
messages.

Schofield pulls out his phone. Checks it.

SCHOFIELD  
Obviously not. What's going on?

KIMBER  
Close the door. Take a seat.

Schofield closes the door and sits down.

KIMBER (CONT'D)  
Archer's been suspended.

SCHOFIELD  
What? What for?

KIMBER  
A suspect Archer was interrogating  
died in custody last night. We don't  
know the full details, an  
investigation is underway. But it  
doesn't look good. Apparently the guy  
had some very severe head injuries,  
Archer's all but admitted he lost  
control in there.

(beat)  
I know you two are close but, you're  
not to contact him while the  
investigation is ongoing. Nobody is,  
Chief's orders. Got it?

Shell-shocked Schofield nods.

KIMBER (CONT'D)  
Miss Carson is an ample replacement.  
She's been looking for a transfer here  
for a while. She's a great Detective,  
comes highly recommended.

SCHOFIELD  
You think it's a good idea putting a  
rookie on a case like this? Why don't



you put her with Anderson and I'll partner up with Greggs?

KIMBER

It's not up for debate Schofield. The clock's ticking. We can't have bodies being dropped on a nightly basis for prime time viewing. You need to find this guy and find him fast!

(pointing)

There's the door.

Schofield is pissed.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

Carson waits patiently. Schofield walks in MUTTERING, he takes a seat and sifts through paperwork.

CARSON

Is there anything I can help with?

SCHOFIELD

Look, no offence but by the time I bring you up to speed on the case, I may as well do it myself. Though, I'll take a coffee if you're looking for something to do. Milk, two sugars.

CARSON

Uh, actually I'm not here to make tea and coffee. And I'm already up to speed on the case. I was up all night reading the files.

SCHOFIELD

I see... well at least you're keen I suppose. Alright here.

(passes folder to Carson)

Logs of all registration plates picked up on CCTV in areas close to the last two abductions.

(passes another folder)

Witness statements describing suspicious looking individuals in the days leading up to the abductions. Go nuts.

Carson takes a seat and reads the files.

SCHOFIELD (CONT'D)  
Gonna be some thirsty work me-thinks.

Carson side-eyes Schofield. She leaves in a huff.

SCHOFIELD (CONT'D)  
(calls after Carson)  
Two sugars.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jay is clothed in ill fitting hand-me-downs. He sits on a mattress, handcuffed to a pole in the corner. Melvin is naked, strapped in the chair with his hands bound in front. Ricky hangs clear tarpaulin from the ceiling around Melvin.

MELVIN  
Fucking rat.

JAY  
Go fuck yourself bruv.

RICKY  
Now, now ladies. Play nice.

MELVIN  
Fuck you, man. This is some bullshit!  
I swear, when I got outta here, I'm  
gonna fuck you up!

Ricky smiles, he pours a glass of whisky and lights a cigarette. He pulls up a chair in front of Melvin.

RICKY  
Do you know the only reason you're not  
in jail right now? I mean, every  
fucker on the estate knows it was you  
who done it, as it goes. Fear. That's  
what you people live off. Can't say I  
blame 'em for not speaking up, it's  
not like the cops give a fuck anyway.

JAY  
Yo, get the fuck out my face--

RICKY  
--Another junkie dead. A black one at  
that. So what! Right? Now if it was...  
some white straight A, public  
schoolgirl with her head smashed in  
like a boiled egg! Oh, fucks would be

given then. You'd be sucking big  
Jamal's dick in Pentonville right now,  
too bloody right.

Ricky stares deep into Melvin's eyes, forcefully nodding.  
Melvin yawns mockingly.

RICKY (CONT'D)

You see, the whole criminal justice  
system is fucked! Paedophiles,  
rapists, murderers. All walking  
around, living their lives without a  
care in the world. It's just a numbers  
game for the coppers these days.  
Politics. Nobody gives a damn about  
real justice any more. Except me!

MELVIN

Yeah? And who the fuck are you?

RICKY

I'm your fucking karma mate. Yeah.  
You're about to get,  
(lightly slapping Melvin's face)  
exactly what you deserve.  
(beat)  
Speaking of which.

Ricky checks his watch, he moves behind the camera and makes  
adjustments. He moves to the computer and types.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT

Schofield, Carson, Kimber and Wright gather around a laptop.

SCHOFIELD

What time you got?

CARSON

Eight fifty-nine.

WRIGHT

Shit. Look.

On the computer screen, number 6 on the list now says Melvin  
Coombes.

SCHOFIELD

He's changed the name. Wasn't that Jay  
before?

CARSON  
Something's happening.

On the laptop, a live feed appears of Melvin in Ricky's basement.

INTERCUT - POLICE OFFICE/BASEMENT

Ricky has a balaclava and reflective glasses on. He circles Melvin, twirling a baseball bat. He nudges Melvin in the back and points at the camera.

MELVIN  
Fuck you! I ain't confessing shit.

Ricky sighs.

MELVIN (CONT'D)  
You can suck my--

Ricky swings the bat into Melvin's mouth.

Carson puts a hand to her mouth. Wright winces.

SCHOFIELD  
Ooh! That's got to hurt.

Melvin spits blood, teeth fall out of his mouth. Ricky bends down and points at the camera. Melvin scowls.

MELVIN  
I'mma kill you. You're fucking dead!

Ricky lowers his head. He moves to the wall.

CARSON  
Where's he gone?

Ricky returns holding garden shears. He sets it over Melvin's toes.

MELVIN  
Yo, what you doing? Get that off me.

SNIP. Melvin SCREAMS.

Carson looks away.

KIMBER  
Jesus!

Ricky points at the camera again.

MELVIN

You fucking psycho! Let me go man, let  
me fucking go!

Ricky puts the shears over Melvin's fingers. SNIP. Four  
fingers fall to the floor. Melvin HOWLS.

KIMBER

I can't watch this. The sick bastard.

SCHOFIELD

He just wants him to confess.

CARSON

I agree. I don't think he actually  
wants to torture him. Just wants him  
to tell the truth.

Ricky slaps Melvin and points his face at the camera.

MELVIN

You motherfucker... motherfucker.

Ricky sets the shears on Melvin's groin.

WRIGHT

Oh no! Not the jewels.

MELVIN

No no no no no no no! Alright! I  
killed him!  
(beat)  
I killed Mikey!

Ricky gestures for Melvin to continue.

MELVIN

Mikey... Michael Goodwin. I killed  
him. Alright?

Ricky signals a thumbs up. Ricky retrieves the baseball bat  
from near Jay. Jay looks to Ricky, sighs and looks away.

Ricky whispers into Melvin' ear.

MELVIN

(scoffs)  
Yeah, I got some last words. You're a  
wanker!

Ricky lets out a short CHUCKLE. He swings the bat into Melvin's face, nose busted. Swings again, a gaping wound. Blood splatters up the tarpaulin.

Wright holds his head in his hands, Kimber turns away. Schofield and Carson pull disgusted faces.

Ricky swings the bat over and over into Melvin's skull. Each hit taking chunks out of his face. An eyeball comes loose from the socket and hangs out. Jay closes his eyes. Ricky keeps going until there is no head left to hit.

Ricky moves to the camera and turns it off.

The Laptop feed ends. Schofield and Carson look to one another.

SCHOFIELD  
Welcome to homicide.

BLEEP. A notification appears on the laptop.

CARSON  
What's that?

WRIGHT  
(reading from screen)  
Click here for a preview of what's to come.

The Detectives eye one another.

KIMBER  
Open it.

Wright clicks the link. A web page appears with 12 live night-vision feeds. Each feed shows a prisoner within a cramped box coffin.

SCHOFIELD  
Holy shit! He's already captured them.