

TEASER

**INT. POLICE CAR - INNER LONDON. NIGHT**

A police woman, ARIANNE DeLuca, (36), drives all over the road in a wild panic. She has a bloody lip and manic eyes.

Petite but no less formidable for it - Arianne is usually a force to be reckoned with. Today, something haunts her.

A young man, KALIM (18), is in the back-seat. A cut on his head bleeds profusely, like he's been beaten.

He's handcuffed and frustrated tears stream down his cheeks.

KALIM

I didn't do anything! You know it! He had the knife!

Kalim writhes as Arianne swerves and he kicks the back of her chair in agitation.

The in-car CB radio crackles.

MAXWELL (V.O.)

Arianne, what the hell, come back here!

Arianne urgently shuts off the radio. She grips the steering wheel, even more frazzled than before.

KALIM

Why are you doing this? I'm innocent!

Arianne doesn't see she's just run a red light. She looks back at Kalim, enraged.

ARIANNE

Shut up! Jesus - let me think!

Kalim thrashes in fury, until a flash of light makes his face fill with terror.

Arianne whips just in time to see headlights steaming towards them. She gasps just as--

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. DELUCA FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY**

--a mug shatters against a vinyl floor. A man's foot flinches.

TION (O.S.)

Shit.

SUPER: "Three months later..."

TION DeLuca (36), purses his lips and glances towards the back of his flat, nervous of the noise.

It's a boxy, bland white flat that lacks any homely features. Everything is packed in boxes, oddly none of the rooms have any curtains.

Tion, Italian, reserved and easy to back down in a fight. A calm influence. A perfect foil to his feisty wife, Arianne.

He's flustered, he awkwardly dumps another mug on the counter as he puts a just boiled kettle back onto it's stand.

Nearby, a TV turns on, it fills the room with the sound of obnoxious cartoons.

Tion glances over the counter into the LOUNGE where his son, DILLON (8), is kneeled too close to the TV screen.

INTERCUT:

**INT. DELUCA FLAT. LOUNGE. DAY - INTERCUT**

Dillon, dressed in Spiderman pyjamas, slurps cereal from a colourful bowl.

TION

Dillon, turn that down. Mama's sleeping.

Dillon curls his lip as he leans to turn down the volume.

**INT. DELUCA FLAT. MAIN BEDROOM. DAY - INTERCUT**

The room is barely furnished with half-empty boxes stacked all around. A well-worn box of valium sits on the bedside table.

Arianne tries to sleep, she's wrapped in a duvet cocoon.

DILLON (O.S.)

Mama should wake up now, it's almost time for school.

Arianne hears Tion and Dillon move around in the next room and glares towards the kitchen.

She rolls away and tries to dull the noise with her duvet.

TION (O.S.)  
Mama works nights now, bambi, we need  
to let her rest.

Arianne closes her eyes but the sunlight streaming in causes her to open them again.

She looks irritated, uses her hand to block the light, before rolls onto her back with a sigh.

**INT. DELUCA FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY - INTERCUT**

Dillon hops up off the floor and runs into the kitchen, where he wraps his arms around Tion's legs.

DILLON  
Why?

Tion anxiously scoops Dillon up and sweeps pieces of broken mug away with his foot.

TION  
(copying Dillon)  
Why? Why?

Dillon scrunches his face and juts out his tongue. Tion laughs as he kisses Dillon's cheek and puts him down again.

TION (cont'd)  
Go get dressed.

Tion wipes the grime off his hands and heads into...

END INTERCUT

**INT. DELUCA FLAT. MAIN BEDROOM. DAY**

Tion sees Arianne nested within the blankets and grins as he launches himself onto the bed beside her.

Arianne groans and buries herself further under the covers as Tion snuggles up to her.

Arianne looks slightly disturbed as he pulls her closer.

TION  
How did you do this every morning?

ARIANNE

You get used to it...

Tion nestles his face into Arianne and gives a satisfied sigh. She shivers and then hides her head under the covers.

Tion laughs and tucks his head under with her, he puts his forehead against hers.

ARIANNE (cont'd)

You smell like toothpaste.

Tion smiles and plants several chaste kisses on her lips.

ARIANNE (cont'd)

You sure you're okay to get Dillon from his club tonight?

TION

Yes, of course. You have a long night, you need to get rested.

Arianne smirks at his concern.

ARIANNE

It's not like I've never pulled all-nighters before.

TION

I know, but this is different. Will you be home for dinner?

Arianne tenses as he traces a finger over the contours of her face.

ARIANNE

No, I've got to go in early for the induction.

Tion notices her discomfort and gets an empathetic look.

TION

It's not too late to change your mind--

ARIANNE

--let's not, Tee.

Arianne sits up, she subtly places a pillow between them. Tion sits up, he's become more serious.

TION

I just don't understand it. For as long as I know you, you want to be a Detective. You took exams--

ARIANNE

--stop.

Arianne hugs her knees, pulls the covers closer around her.

TION

You know it wasn't your fault - you  
can't derail your whole life--

Arianne holds up her hand and stops him in his tracks.

ARIANNE

--Tion! This is what I want - I'm not  
having this fight again.

Tion raises his hands in defeat and huffs. He taps his head  
against the headboard to force down a retort.

Footsteps thunder up as Dillon run into the room. Now dressed,  
he belly-flops onto the bed - oblivious to the tension.

DILLON

Ready!

Tion forces a smile, he growls like a beast as he grabs Dillon  
into a bear hug.

Dillon shrieks and wriggles as Tion holds him up by his  
stomach and swooshes him around like Superman.

Arianne lifts her hands, afraid Dillon will fall on her, and  
so Tion puts the boy back down.

TION

Say bye to Mama.

Dillon scrambles to Arianne, who flinches as she hugs her son.

DILLON

Bye, Mama!

Tion rolls off the bed and ushers Dillon out of the room.

TION

Go get your school bag.

He turns and his face drops, he leans against the door frame.

TION (cont'd)

I guess I'll see you in the morning.

Arianne nods and covers herself with the duvet again.

Tion hovers for her to say something to him. When she doesn't,  
he sucks his teeth and leaves the room.

TION (O.S.)  
Come on then, let's go!

Arianne rolls onto her side and squeezes her eyes shut.

**INT. LONDON. INNER CITY. NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE**

A backstreet, a fight between young men. Arianne is caught in the middle and tries to defuse the situation.

A police man, MAXWELL Cotton (40s), restrains one man.

Maxwell, jack-the-lad, a jokester but he usually knows when to be serious. He's always had a killer crush on Arianne.

Arianne pulls Kalim out of the grip of another man, the man throws a punch but she dodges it, WHEN--

--he grabs for Kalim again and yanks him back into the fight.

An elbow hits Arianne and she stumbles backwards, she hold her nose... everything SLOWS DOWN.

Arianne becomes giddy, she clenches her eyes shut as she tries to ride out the wave of dizziness.

When Arianne looks up again, Kalim is stood alone - he's battered and bloody.

He smiles with a mouth full of blood, glass shards rain down from the sky--

**INT. DELUCA FLAT. BEDROOM. DAY - BACK TO REALITY**

--Arianne startles awake.

She opens her eyes and bolts upright. Arianne hugs her knees and buries her head in her hands.

As she calms down, Arianne looks outside to a clear blue sky. She checks her watch, it's now 10.25am.

There is an ugly scar on her inner right forearm. A pink line with four distinct dots on either side.

Arianne studies it, she flexes her hand and grimaces in pain.

She kicks off the covers, runs her hands through her hair and forces herself out of bed as she heads into...

**INT. DELUCA FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY**

Arianne picks up the kettle and fills it with water.

The phone rings and Arianne eyes it distastefully, she makes no moves to answer it.

Arianne places the kettle on its cradle and flicks the switch. She stares into space.

A beep as the answerphone cuts in.

ANSWER PHONE (V.O.)

We're sorry, there is no-one to accept your call right now. Please leave a message after the tone.

A beep, a beat...

MAXWELL (V.O.)

...Hi, Arianne, it's Max...

**INT. LONDON. INNER CITY. NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Arianne is loaded into an ambulance and Maxwell climbs in and takes her hand.

He looks at her mangled arm and pales. The back doors of the ambulance are slammed shut.

A siren--

END FLASHBACK

**INT. DELUCA FLAT. KITCHEN. DAY - BACK TO SCENE**

--Arianne freezes, she stares over the counter like a rabbit in the headlights before she ducks down onto the ground.

MAXWELL (V.O.)

I'm just calling to... uh...

Arianne stays perfectly still, as if worried he will see her.

MAXWELL (V.O.) (cont'd)

You haven't returned any of my calls and I... Jenny said you start your new job today?

Arianne pushes her back against the counter and yelps when her finger catches a shard of broken porcelain.

MAXWELL (V.O.) (cont'd)

...I wish you'd change your mind about this...

Arianne flicks the shard from her finger in shock.

MAXWELL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
...it's just not the same without you  
here... and I... we miss you. Please  
give me a call when you can--

Blood flows from the tiny cut and Arianne wipes it urgently.

MAXWELL (V.O.) (cont'd)  
--you owe me that much...

A beep... Arianne looks haunted. She stares at the blood on  
her finger and bursts into tears.