

JMG Stories

DARK TRAILS

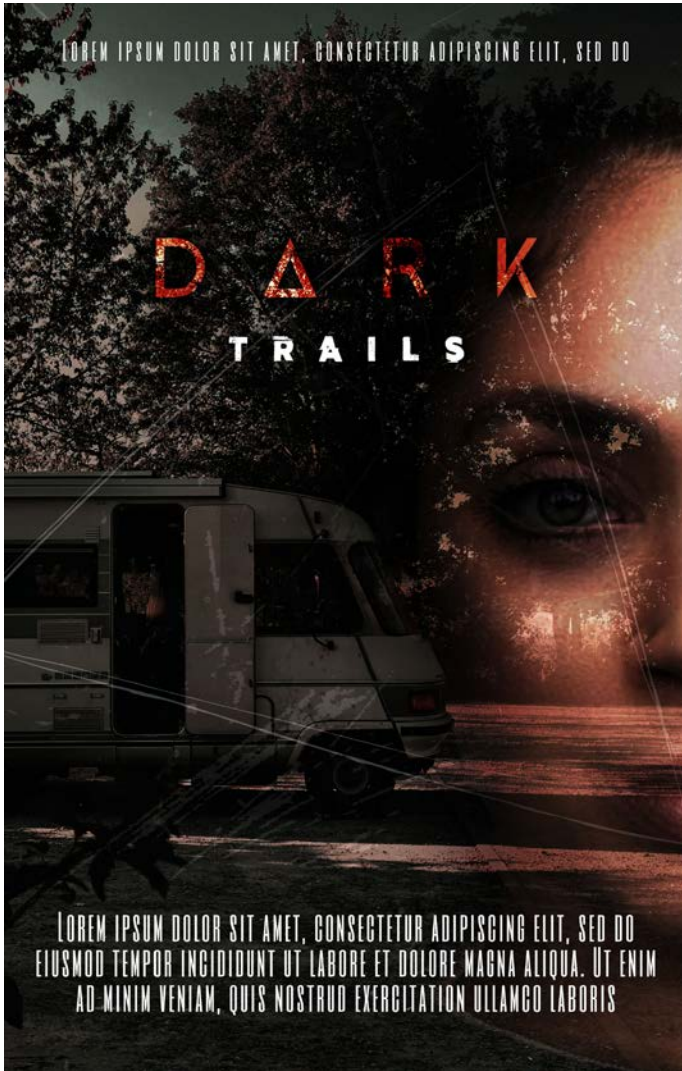
LOREM IPSUM DOLOR SIT AMET, CONSECTETUR ADIPISCING ELIT, SED DO
EIUSMOD TEMPOR INCIDIDUNT UT LABORE ET DOLORE MAGNA ALIQUA. UT ENIM
AD MINIM VENIAM, QUIS NOSTRUD EXERCITATION ULLAMCO LABORIS

Written by: Laine Slater

DARK TRAILS

— *Some things should not be allowed to stay in the dark* —

Created by: **JMG Stories** | Written by: **Laine Slater**



— ” —

...finally we catch a break that can lead us to the sick bastards behind these horrific sites, and you say I should sit back and watch, as some Welsh smalltown policemen squander the opportunity? Fuck that! I'm going to Wales...

*Catherine «Tina» West
Dark Web specialist, UK Police,
London*

Genre: *Crime/Drama*

Format: *4 ep of 60 mins each*

Targetgroup: *Fans of Scandinavian Crime series*

Potential buyers: *Viaplay (Nent Group), Netflix, BBC, NRK, SVT, DR and more*

At Pitch-level end Q2 2021

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DARK TRAILS

Dark Trails is a cat and mouse story that spans the distance of Wales, to South East England, to France. A race to save a kidnapped child and attempt to put a stop to a shady human trafficking ring.

An hour long, four-episode miniseries for crime show lovers, which will keep you looking over your shoulder after watching.

Last year, approximately 7,000 children were reported missing in the UK. Around 6,500 of these were thought to be related to sexual exploitation. These are only the ones that actually get reported...

The UK has a history of missing child cases. Most are found. But the ones that aren't, are lost on the dark trail...

Tina West is an IT-specialist in a UK police task force focused on the ever-increasing number of sites offering content for paedophiles on the dark web. Their job is to uncover child trafficking customers, suppliers and dark web users.

Tina is growing increasingly frustrated and despaired by seeing helpless children being victims of human trafficking and abuse, as they are being auctioned out on various dark web services.

Despite their hard work, they can never seem to find the source. And due to the low statistic of children that are taken, it goes largely unnoticed. When the body of a little boy washes up ashore in Wales, Tina recognizes him from one of the

websites she is investigating. This means the kidnapping happened very recently and very close to her London branch. Much to the refusal of her superiors, Tina decides it is time to get out from behind the computer screen and get involved.

She enlists the help of Greg Kilnn, who's in charge of the investigation of the child. Tina becomes a catalyst in waking a slumbering need to make a difference in the previously disillusioned police-officer. Their investigation leads them both directly to one of the biggest human trafficking rings in Europe. And their associates.

Tina is now looking for Ralph, a low-level child trafficker, and just one of the smallest cogs in this sick machine that traffics children from all over western England into Europe through the use of specially altered mobile homes.

This means any camping site, any caravan park, anywhere, could house a predator...

When Ralph kidnaps the child of an up-and-coming politician, in order to replace the dead child, Britain is put on high alert. Now the child has to be taken to Europe, fast.

Together, Tina and Greg have to track down Ralph, and the child he has in his grasp.

But the organization knows of Tina's plans, and they don't like loose ends, even if that means killing Tina, Greg, or one of their own.

DARK TRAILS

Written by: Laine Slater | Created by: JMG Stories

EXT. CUMBRIA - WOODS - EVENING

We soar over tree tops and lakes, untouched areas of Britain's forests. We eventually land in a clearing.

It's a cool, summer evening. The only source of light out here in the sticks, is the warm glow inside a large, quite expensive looking camper van. The trees groan like a symphony.

INT. CUMBRIA - RALPH'S CAMPER - BACK - CONTINUOUS

RALPH (62) skinny, unkempt, sullen, sits on one of this two sofa beds. The camper is a state. Empty takeaway wrappers, an ashtray full of European cigarettes, empty bottles of various booze.

He drinks from a small cheap bottle of whiskey. He breathes out fumes and licks his lips. He checks his watch.

Almost 10pm.

Headlights shine through the windows, making Ralph shield his eyes. They're here.

EXT. CUMBRIA - RALPH'S CAMPER - OUTSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Ralph opens the door, to reveal a black car, shrouded in the darkness of the woods. The headlights are pointed at the camper van, giving us a better look of Ralph's face. His cheeks are sunken and pockmarked. The whites of his eyes are not so much white, rather an off yellow. He peers over to the car. He can't see inside, and neither can we.

The car door opens, and out steps a LITTLE BOY (8), frightened, wearing an orange top and shorts. We hear some rough voices say something to him.

He looks back into the car warily and walks over to Ralph. He's holding a dirty fire-engine toy.

The boy looks of Middle-Eastern decent, possibly Syrian. This is confirmed when he speaks in Farsi.

LITTLE BOY
(in Farsi)
Where is my mummy?

Ralph stares down at him, then looks up, as the sound of the car engine starts up again. The car turns around, then drives off. Ralph watches after it. Again, they are in darkness.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)
(in Farsi)
I'm hungry.

Ralph opens the door a little wider, and motions for the boy to walk in. The boy hesitates. Ralph doesn't like to wait. He grabs the boy by the arm and drags him in.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Ow! OW! OW!

The door snaps shut as the boy starts to scream.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: Dark Trails

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

LONDON, UK

In a large office, wall to wall filing cabinets and a nice desk, we meet:

TINA WEST (26), mixed race, cold eyes, strong arms and sensible hair. She sits on a comfy looking armchair. Next to her is a red suitcase.

THERAPIST (O.S.)
How many hours do you work?

TINA
40-50 a week.

THERAPIST (O.S.)
Do you not think that's a bit excessive?

TINA
Not in this line of work.

A FEMALE THERAPIST leans forward and gives her a hard look.

THERAPIST
But that's why you're here, isn't it? Your line of work.

Tina sighs. She clearly doesn't want to be here.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
We've been meeting every Thursday for the last month. Things will go faster if you try.

TINA
(pause)
I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON CITY - NIGHT

London is in a constant state of bustle. Traffic that never lets up, hordes of people (despite the time) pushing past each other, too many to even attempt to count. We focus on an office block.

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is large, with a lot of high tech computers and gear. There's around 10 employees, all packing away for the day. These people work late. We focus on Tina.

Tina is obsessing over something on her computer. Her nose is almost touching the screen. She has a strong American accent.

STACY SHAW (30), tall, pretty, clearly a lot less serious than Tina, walks past, stops, then approaches Tina.

STACY

Tina, give the screen some personal space. You're going to need glasses if you keep that up.

TINA

I'll get contacts.

STACY

We're going to have a couple drinks down the road. You fancy coming?

Tina finally looks away from the screen and up at her.

TINA

Nope, Mark's made dinner, I'll be going home in half an hour.

STACY

Okay. You found anything?

TINA

Yeah, some new photos have just been uploaded. They've been sent through about 20 VPNs beforehand, so there's no way I'm going to find the original.

STACY

There still might be a trail to pick up on before it gets dark. Do you want me to work on it on Monday?

TINA

I should try now. Shouldn't take too long.

STACY

(sighs)

Don't get too worked up, Tina.
You're going to burst a blood
vessel.

TINA

I've got plenty left.

Stacy laughs and walks off to meet a group of colleagues waiting by the door. They leave Tina to her work.

Tina taps away at her keyboard, she's clearly an expert at reading the complicated, nonsensical computer code before her.

On another computer screen, pops up several photos. They look, without being too explicit, to be abused children. Tina looks at them all.

TINA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Where are you?

We close on one picture. A young boy, Middle-Eastern decent, unconscious, on some sort of sofa bed.

CUT TO:

INT. CUMBRIA - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

This living room is small but well lived in. Pacing the length of the room is HAYA (36), Syrian born, slim, distraught. TWO LITTLE GIRLS, aged around 5-8, sit on the sofa, both crying silently.

The sound of the front door opening stops her in her tracks. She stares at the door into the hallway.

In steps KARAM (39), tall, thick hair, and equally in an emotional state. They both speak in Farsi.

HAYA

Did you find him?

Karam goes to speak, but spots the children.

KARAM

Upstairs kids, to your room.

They wait until the kids walk out and march up the stairs.

HAYA

Well?

KARAM

*No. Not sign of him at his friends,
not up and down the high street
either.*

Haya wails, clearly having a breakdown.

HAYA

(panicked)

*So what do we do? Where do we go?
He's been missing since last night!*

KARAM

We keep looking.

HAYA

We need to call the police!

KARAM

*If we speak to the police, they
won't care about him! They'll just
deport us. We have to think of the
kids.*

HAYA

We have to think of our boy!

KARAM

*If they deport us, then we'll never
find him!*

HAYA

*This isn't happening. Oh my god,
what do we do?*

KARAM

*We get a group out to look for him.
We will find him Haya.*

Haya falls to her knees, inconsolable. Karam lands on his knees too and holds her in his arms.

KARAM (CONT'D)

We will find him. We will. We will.

Karam says this, but his face tells us that he's losing hope. He starts to weep. We see behind them, on the fireplace, a picture of a boy, beaming.

This boy looks a lot like the boy in the picture that was on Tina's computer. It looks like the boy that walked into Ralph's camper.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDLANDS - RALPH'S CAMPER - DRIVING SEAT - NIGHT

Ralph is driving along a motorway. His phone goes off and he reaches for it, swerving slightly on the road, which makes some angry drivers sound their horns. Ralph is jittery, nervous.

EXT. MIDLANDS - MOTORWAY SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ralph's camper van pulls onto a side road, one which is covered by tall trees. He is in the dark, with occasionally the beams of other drive's headlights illuminating him.

INT. MIDLANDS - RALPH'S CAMPER - BACK - CONTINUOUS

Ralph picks up his phone. A text from an unknown number.

TAKE TO THE DROP OFF POINT. YOU HAVE 14 HOURS.

Ralph looks at the time. It's 10PM.

A sound from the back of the van makes Ralph look up. He licks his lips, a nervous tic that we will see a lot of.

Ralph moves into the back area of the van. There we see the little boy laying on one of the sofa beds, asleep, but starting to wake. It seems by his movements and the weak sounds he is making, that he is drugged.

Ralph picks up a small felt case and opens it. Inside is some medical-type equipment. He takes a syringe out and stabs it into a vial. The boy starts to stir even more. His eyes open and he starts to panic.

Ralph quickly and clumsily fills the syringe and sticks the child with it. In a matter of seconds, the boy is unconscious.

EXT. MIDLANDS - MOTORWAY - SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ralph's camper pulls out, joining back with the motorway, and quickly becoming lost among the hundreds of cars.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

THERAPIST

How does your line of work effect
your home life?

TINA

My home life is fine.

THERAPIST
Do you have a boyfriend?

TINA
Yeah.

THERAPIST
How does he feel about your
workload?

TINA
He thinks I put too much pressure
on myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - TINA'S FLATS - NIGHT

Tina, dressed in a light coat, enters a block of flats and starts to climb the stairs. Maybe she doesn't like elevators, maybe she likes to keep in shape, maybe she just doesn't want to come home.

Maybe all three.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tina comes in and sighs. From the hallway alone you can tell this is a very expensive flat.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Off come the coat and the shoes. Tina looks exhausted. The flat is dim, light coming from the living room. She steps inside and-

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SURPRISE!!

A surprise birthday party. Or at least there was one, hours ago.

A banner haphazardly hung up across one wall. Alcohol and party food all in a nice spread on the dining table.

The room is empty. Tina groans and hits herself.

TINA
(under her breath)
Shit!

MARK (O.S.)
That's one word for it.

Tina turns towards the kitchen to see MARK (30), very handsome, kind eyes, a small party hat perched on top of his head. He gives her a small smile and walks into the living room and sits on a chair. He starts picking at the party food.

MARK (CONT'D)
It was better when everyone was here and the food was warm.

TINA
I'm so sorry babe, I completely forgot, I was so busy at work.

MARK
Tina, how can you forget? It's your birthday!

TINA
I know Mark, I know, I'm honestly so sorry.

MARK
(sighs)
I knew this would happen.

TINA
Mark, I feel awful.

MARK
That's why I pushed the party forward a couple of hours.

Mark smirks. Tina raises as eyebrow.

EVERYONE
(shouting)
SURPRISE!

Tina jumps out of her skin as a small group of people appear from the kitchen, all wearing party hats.

Tina laughs out of shock.

MARK
Happy birthday gorgeous.

TINA
You cheeky-

Tina starts hitting him playfully, Mark takes it and laughs. Instantly, the party is in full swing.

Amongst the several partygoers, we see Stacy and a few of Tina's work colleagues. Stacy walks up to her, looking very smug.

STACY

You are so predictable Tina! I knew you wouldn't come with us after work, and I knew you'd be staying there way longer than "half an hour". So we just popped over here and set this all up!

TINA

Very clever Stace. This was a genuine surprise.

STACY

It was a surprise for us too! You never told us it was your birthday. Lucky you've got such a lovely boyfriend to let us know, eh?

Tina looks at Mark as he chats away to a group of people.

TINA

Yeah, he's alright.

Mark catches her eye and winks. Tina smiles and turns back to Stacy.

TINA (CONT'D)

I suppose we should get pissed then eh?

STACY

Oh Tina, darling. To hear those words coming out of your mouth.

They join the others. Tina looks happy. She accepts a drink and takes a gulp.

CUT TO:

INT. MIDLANDS - RALPH'S CAMPER - DRIVING SEAT - NIGHT

Ralph isn't happy. He picks up his glass bottle and takes a gulp.

He rubs his eyes and checks the time. 11AM.

RALPH

(under his breath)

13 hours... 13 hours... 13 hours...

EXT. WEST MIDLANDS - MONTAGE - NIGHT

Ralph drives through countless towns and villages. Along endless motorways. We float over the camper as it drives on, and on, and on...

The time ticks away.

12AM

1AM.

2AM.

Finally, he starts to look for a place to rest.

EXT. WALES - BEACH - NIGHT

WALES, UK

Ralph's camper pulls up along a road with a large beach running parallel to it. We see the road signs are in English, as well as Welsh. It pulls to a stop, and sits in the warm summer night air.

INT. WALES - RALPH'S CAMPER - DRIVING SEAT - CONTINUOUS

Ralph sits in the seat and goes limp. He's exhausted. He finishes off his bottle, then climbs into the back.

INT. WALES - RALPH'S CAMPER - BACK - CONTINUOUS

Ralph staggers towards the empty sofa bed and collapses onto it. He lays there for a moment, then looks towards his prisoner. The boy lays still.

Very still.

Ralph sits up and reaches over to touch him. He gives him a poke. Ralph goes rigid. He stands up and moves over to him. Puts a hand on the boy's chest.

RALPH
(whispering)
No. No, no, no, no, no!

He holds his head to his chest, then his mouth. Ralph stands and puts his hands on his head, horrified. Speechless.

The boy is dead.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDOND - TINA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tina and her friends drinks and sing along to songs, she kisses Mark and talks in his ear, we can't hear because of the music. She is drunk and loving it.

Suddenly someone comes out with a birthday cake. Tina laughs as the crowd starts to sing "Happy Birthday".

EVERYONE
Happy birthday to you!

CUT TO:

EXT. WALES - BEACH - PIER - NIGHT

In the dark, Ralph carries a child sized object, wrapped in tarpaulin. He staggers and drops it. He quickly picks it back up and continues on.

The sea looks calm and serene. The moonlight reflects white light on the water.

EVERYONE
(V/O)
Happy birthday to you!

Ralph reaches the end of the pier, and looks out at waters. He licks his lips and looks around for signs of anyone watching. There's no one.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tina smiles at everyone sheepishly.

EVERYONE
Happy birthday dear Tina!

CUT TO:

EXT. WALES - BEACH - PIER - NIGHT

Ralph drops the body off the edge of the pier. It splashes into the water.

EVERYONE
(V/O)
Happy birthday to youuu!

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tina blows out her candles, and everybody cheers.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

THERAPIST

Why do you put so much pressure on yourself?

TINA

There's monsters out there.

THERAPIST

You really believe that?

TINA

It's hard not to when your job is to look for them.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALES - BEACH - PIER - NIGHT

Under the water, basked in weak moonlight, the tarpaulin falls away from the body of the child. We watch as the little boy starts to sink to the bottom of the sea and into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. WALES - GREG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

GREG (62), heavy set, but not exactly obese, grey hair and stubble, sits bolt upright in his bed, sweating and gasping for air. After a moment, he calms himself down. He has a strong Welsh accent.

GREG

(to himself)

Jesus...

INT. WALES - GREG'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

WALES, UK

Greg, wearing a tatty dressing gown, stands by his kitchen counter and makes some toast. The kitchen is very small and cosy, clearly the house of an older couple. He finishes buttering the toast and makes his way into the living room.

INT. WALES - GREG'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is much like the kitchen, very old fashioned and quite homely. Pictures of Greg and what can assumed to be his wife and daughter, are placed on the mantle and windowsills.

Greg sits down on a single armchair and opens up the laptop sitting on a coffee table. Greg munches on his toast and taps on the keyboard with a single finger, as most men in their 60's do.

He opens up a Facebook type website, and taps on his wife's profile. Her name is Marie Bevan. He looks through a few of her photos. They all seem quite old. He clicks on the message icon, where a string of messages are unread by her.

Greg starts to write a message.

Just checking in.

Spent my day off in front of the TV, but back to work today. Had another one of those dreams, but I've been doing the breathing exercises you taught me, and it worked.

Will check in again in a few days.

I hope to see you soon.

I love and miss you tremendously.

Greg

xxx

He sends it and eats the last of his toast and then puts the laptop down. The screensaver is also of Greg with his family.

Greg stands up and walks into his bedroom to get dressed for work.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Tina walks out of her bedroom, dressed for work. She gets some bread out and pops it in the toaster. Mark follows her in, looking a lot less ready for anything.

MARK

Morning.

TINA

Morning!

MARK

How do you feel?

TINA

Rough, English beer does *not* agree with me. I need to get back to the office.

MARK

On a Saturday?

TINA

You know I do Saturdays.

MARK

I know you don't *have* to do Saturdays. You choose to.

Tina gives him a look.

TINA

And?

MARK

And I was thinking we could spend the day together, we could go get breakfast.

As Mark says this, Tina's toast pings up. She grabs it and waves it at him.

TINA

All set.

Mark looks upset. Tina sees this but says nothing.

MARK

Did you speak to your mum?

TINA

Not yet, the time difference is like, 3 in the morning over there. She wouldn't appreciate that.

MARK

We should invite her over here. You haven't seen her in years.

TINA

She understands. I'm following in her footsteps. Kinda.

MARK

You're taskforce is more important than the DEA.

TINA

The DEA is a lot more exciting than sitting behind a desk and trying to catch the Boogymen. Well, Boogymen.

MARK

Your mum is proud of you.

TINA

My mom thinks I work too much, and makes sure I know it whenever I pick up the phone to her.

Mark smiles and gets a good look at her.

MARK

Look at you. 26 years old. Getting old.

TINA

Oh shush. You're ancient compared to me.

MARK

(playfully)
Oi now!

Mark walks up behind her as she butters her toast. Tina giggles as he kisses her neck.

TINA

I better get going.

Mark pauses then kisses her neck one more time.

TINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

MARK

(quietly)
I know.

TINA

We'll go out for breakfast tomorrow. And lunch.

MARK

But not dinner?

TINA

Oh Jesus no, that would be insane.

Mark laughs, and lets her go.

MARK

I'll see you tonight.

TINA

I might be back late, love you!

Tina has a backpack slung round her shoulder and is out the kitchen and out the door before Mark gets a chance to respond.

MARK

(to himself)

Love you.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON CITY - MORNING

Tina is in her element. A powerhouse, stern faced and professionally bad-ass. She walks through the massive crowds of London, the people parting for her as if she emits an energy that demands respect.

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

THERAPIST

Tell me about your family.

TINA

My mom met my dad when she was studying in London. When it was time for her to go back to Chicago, my dad kinda, tagged along. My dad didn't stick around. He left me with my name though.

THERAPIST

Tina?

TINA

No, Catherine. I just go by the name Tina.

THERAPIST

Why?

Tina shrugs.

TINA

Mom liked Tina Turner. Me too. So much that when I was little I wanted to be called Tina, I guess it just kinda stuck. I saw Tina Turner live actually, in Chicago, before I left.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Tina walks up a deserted hallway and unlocks a door with a sign next to it.

UK ONLINE CHILD PROTECTION TASKFORCE

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - MORNING

Tina walks into an empty office. Rows of computers, and a small tea making station, it looks like most other offices.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

TINA

My mom raised me in Chicago, but I always wanted to spend some time in the UK.

THERAPIST

Did you ever try to contact your dad?

TINA

There's no point. He disappeared suddenly. No note, nothing. I only needed my mom.

THERAPIST

Do you think that's why you went into criminology? Because that's what your mum did?

TINA

My mom worked in Drug Enforcement. She had to break into meth dens and crack houses and pull out whatever scumbags lived there. On 13 separate occasions, she had to pull out children, kids my age at the time. Kids that had their childhood ripped away from them. Kids need protecting. So I work to protect them.

THERAPIST

Do you feel like you protect children?

TINA
 (pause)
 I think I could do more.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - MORNING

She sits down at her desk and logs onto the computer. She gets to work.

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - EVENING

The windows now show a dark London. Pictures of abused children get printed out of a large printer/scanner. Tina looks down at them.

She puts each separate photo in a different folder, all marked and categorised. She leaves them in a neat stack on a table next to an office.

The sign on the door reads: Henry Cox, Senior Manager.

Tina packs up her things and leaves. She turns the lights out, leaving us in darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - MORNING

Greg walks into a nearly empty office. He looks around, and sighs. He sits down at his desk and logs into his battered work computer. He gets to playing minesweeper.

ALFIE (32), Indian, skinny, dressed in smart detective clothes but still somehow scruffy looking, wanders over. Alfie speaks in a common Welsh accent.

ALFIE
 Morning Greg.

GREG
 Morning Alf, how's tricks?

ALFIE
 A dementia patient got lost yesterday. Found her down by the seafront, playing on the 2 pence machines.

Greg barks out a laugh.

GREG
 Where did she get the money?

Alfie shrugs.

ALFIE
Now that's the real mystery.

Alfie perches on the corner of Greg's desk.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
What did you get up to yesterday then?

GREG
Sweet naff all mate.

ALFIE
Hmm. I'm going out for lunch, you want something?

Greg shakes his head and absentmindedly touches his stomach.

GREG
Nah. See you in a bit mate.

ALFIE
See ya.

Alfie wanders off, but then comes back.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
I forgot to say, we're all going to the pub after work. We were wondering if you'd like to join.

GREG
I haven't drank in 8 years.

ALFIE
I know, but you could still come! Have a few cranberry juices, play some pool.

GREG
I'll think about it, thanks.

ALFIE
No worries!

Alfie leaves, and Greg gets back to his game. We focus on yet another picture of Greg and his absent wife and daughter.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - KICKBOXING GYM - EVENING

Tina walks into a large hall, the walls are lined various equipment and dotted around are a few other MEMBERS, all punching at sandbags, skipping, etc.

Tina has her backpack, but is now dressed in loose fitting clothes. She walks directly towards a free punching bag, she's clearly a regular here.

She sets down her bag, and gets to punching. A strong right hook.

WHACK!

CUT TO:

INT. WALES - GREG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WHACK!

Greg hits his pillow to make it more comfortable and lays his head back down. He can't sleep. His stomach growls. Greg turns over in bed and closes his eyes.

A moment passes. He sighs and gets up.

INT. WALES - GREG'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Greg leans against his kitchen table and peels an orange. We see on his table, but only if you have a keen eye, a book on dieting. As he eats, he stares into space.

This is the life of a man who has no passion for much anymore.

He gets up, bins the orange peel, and walks back to the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tina walks into the living room from the kitchen, eating an apple. The lights are off, her backpack thrown on the sofa. Tina stands for a moment in the dark. She seems to be reluctant in going to bed.

Eventually she does.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tina sneaks into the bedroom. Mark is snoring very softly, laying in bed with his back to her. Tina quietly undresses into a baggy top and climbs into bed.

She lays there, with her eyes open. There is a lot on her mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALES - BEACH - DAWN

The sun is weak, but growing stronger by the minute. Despite it being summer, dew and a light mist covers the stony beach.

An OLD MAN with a sheepdog stroll across the beach. The dog bounds around, with far more energy than him. As they make their way along, we see something floating in the low tide.

The old man stops and peers over, and the dog wanders towards it. For a moment, the man is still. Then he turns around and starts walking back.

He glances over his shoulder, then quickens his pace.

CUT TO:

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - MORNING

Greg walks into the station, to find it with a lot more bustle than usual. He looks around as he walks to his desk. A BUSY WOMAN comes up to him.

BUSY WOMAN

There you are.

GREG

What's happening?

BUSY WOMAN

Did no one call you?

GREG

No, I was driving.

BUSY WOMAN

They've found a body on the beach.

GREG

Oh Christ.

Greg goes into police mode. He speed walks through the station, and straight to his desk. Alfie is already there with a report.

ALFIE

I tried to call you.

GREG

I know, I know, what do we have so far?

ALFIE

Dog walker found it at 5 this morning, looks like it was caught in a current, could have been floating around for a good couple days, from the looks of it. We're trying to find the parents.

GREG

Parents?

ALFIE

(pause)

It's a kid. A little boy.

This makes Greg sit down. He puts his hand to his temple.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

They've taped it all off, and forensics are on their way now.

GREG

Alright. Let's get down there.

Greg bounces up and starts walking, Alfie following close behind. His demeanour has changed, this is something we haven't seen in him before.

Purpose.

EXT. WALES - BEACH - DAY

Greg stands on the stones, Alfie next to him. The breeze ruffles their hair. They watch as several of the FORENSICS TEAM, dressed in hazmat suits, lift up the body as gently as possible.

Behind them, police tape, keeping the public back. We focus on the few elderly people that are loitering around, peering over. Some are filming on their phones. Alfie glances back at them.

ALFIE

Nosey old sods. Worse than kids, ain't they?

GREG

Well, this doesn't happen here.

ALFIE

I bet you had stuff like this all the time when you worked in Cardiff.

GREG

(pause)

Not exactly like this.

The little boy's body is taken up the beach to a waiting ambulance, we can see it still has the bright orange top on. They cover the child with a plastic sheet as it gets closer to the crowd.

Greg treads over to DARREN (40's), a short and stout policeman. He watches as the ambulance doors swing close.

GREG (CONT'D)

Darren.

DARREN

Y'alright Bevan?

GREG

What a turn up eh?

DARREN

(grunt)

Too right.

GREG

Has forensics had a look yet?

DARREN

Yeah they're just finishing up now.

GREG

What did they find?

DARREN

Not much. Anything that would tell us anything was washed away by the sea water. Corrosive ain't it?

GREG

Have you spoken to the coastguard?

Alfie starts to jot the next part of the conversation down on a notepad.

DARREN

Yeah, they're sending over the most recent current charts. Once the coroner figures out how long the poor blighter was in there, we should be able to figure out where he came from.

GREG

What coroner is it going to?

DARREN

The one up north, the one that...

Darren trails off awkwardly. Greg gruffly coughs then pushes the conversation forward. Alfie looks enquiringly at them both.

GREG

Yeah, I know it. Was there any obvious marks on the body?

Darren shakes his head.

DARREN

None that was reported. The sea has been calm the past couple days, so it shouldn't have had too much trauma after death. That'll make things easier.

Alfie's phone rings. He answers it.

ALFIE

(on phone)

Alright? Yeah? Right, okay, thanks.

He hangs up and looks at Greg and Darren.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

The news is on their way.

GREG

Oh, bloody hell.

DARREN

Don't worry, I'll speak to them.

GREG

Alright. I'm going to go up to the coroner's office.

(to Alfie)

Get back to the station and start writing all this up. I'll send a report up after.

ALFIE

Right boss.

GREG

Thanks Darren.

DARREN

No worries.

Greg makes his way back to his car. The ambulance pulls out and drives past. No need for the siren.

CUT TO:

INT. WALES - RALPH'S CAMPER - DRIVING SEAT - EARLY MORNING

Ralph is tired, scared. The sun is just starting to rise, spilling light on the roads before him. He gets a text alert.

His camper trundles to a halt.

Ralph stares at his phone, almost too scared to pick it up. Slowly he reaches out and grabs it.

On the phone, the new text reads:

GET RID OF ALL EVIDENCE. MAKE SURE IT'S NOT FOUND.

YOU HAVE 48 HOURS TO SECURE A NEW CARGO. CONFIRM WHEN YOU HAVE IT. DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE AGAIN.

Ralph drops the phone on the seat next to him and leans back, head in hands.

EXT. WALES - MOTORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ralph climbs out the camper and takes in the already strong sunlight. He lights up a cigarette with shaky hands and looks up at the sign he has stopped at.

Happy Hills Caravan Park

4 miles

Ralph stares at the sign, then spits a thick yellow glob of saliva onto the ground and stamps out his fag. He climbs back in, and continues onwards.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - MEETING ROOM - MORNING

Tina walks into the meeting room, a heavy pile of papers in her arms. Stacy pulls out a chair for her, and Tina sits down, nodding to her gratefully.

At the front of the room, by a projection screen, stands HENRY COX (30's), expensive hair cut, styled beard. Young for a senior manager of such an important taskforce. Perhaps too young.

HENRY

Okay, what do we have?

HARRY, a male colleague, speaks.

HARRY

14 new websites have been established in the past four weeks. Most of them clones of other websites we are already aware of, but this shows that the creators know that we're on their case.

(MORE)

HARRY ((CONT"D))

We should be expecting the older websites to be closed down very soon.

HENRY

Okay, anything else?

STACY

We made our own clones of the sites and monitored anyone who access them through our websites. I sent you over the records of the latest visitors, at least half of them we have found the identity to. It's ready to be signed off and sent to the MET.

HENRY

How many were in London?

STACY

About five out of the 200. The majority were in the south east.

HENRY

As per usual. Okay, Jan?

JAN, looks up from her laptop.

JAN

We have gained access to information from a Norwegian taskforce, called Dark Room. They actively go out and release information on suspects that access these websites. They recently have arrested over 100 people for either owning or sharing indecent pictures. I'm cross referencing them as we speak. So far nothing has matched to our records.

Tina goes to speak but is interrupted by Henry.

HENRY

Okay good stuff, I'm going to be out for the rest of the morning, so keep up the good work and I'll speak to the rest of you around 2pm.

Henry leaves as everyone else stands up and gets back to work. Tina sighs and picks up her stack of papers.

TINA

He really couldn't be doing any less could he?

STACY

He's got a lot on his plate. Or he will do during his 2 hour lunch break.

Tina laughs, but still looks quite disgruntled.

TINA

We could be doing so much more.

STACY

Wanna come for lunch?

TINA

No, I want to get cracking on with these new sites.

Stacy nods, but looks concerned. Tina makes her way back to her desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALES - CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Greg is led into the coroner's office. The CORONER (60's), tall, slim, spectacles chats to him as they walk through.

CORONER

Nasty business this. Haven't had a body this young come through since...

The coroner trails off. Greg seems anxious to keep to the subject at hand.

GREG

So what have you found?

They continue walking into the examination room.

INT. WALES - CORONER'S EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They walk into a sterile grey room. In the middle of the room is a table, and on that, is the body of the child. The corpse is covered in a white blanket, up to it's chest. The time in the water seems to have done quite a bit of damage to it.

The coroner takes out a pen and points at it.

CORONER

He's about 8 years old. Middle Eastern decent. Where are the parents?

GREG

We don't know. Going by the fact that no one has reported him missing means he's probably here illegally. This kid probably went through all kinds of shit to get away from where he came from.

CORONER

Jesus.

Greg just looks at the child.

GREG

So it was a drowning?

CORONER

I need to do more tests, but yeah, it seems like it. He could have got dragged out with the tide. Maybe he was on a boat trying to get over here and got caught in a storm.

GREG

Okay. Can you let me know once you have the results back?

CORONER

As soon as I know, you'll know.

GREG

Thanks.

Greg doesn't take his eyes off the child throughout this whole conversation. He nods the Coroner thanks and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Tina is, again, hard at work. Stacy's work spot is opposite, and she is also tapping away furiously. Up in the corner of the room, the news is playing on a flat screen, albeit on mute.

Stacy glances up and makes a face.

STACY

Oh, bless their heart.

TINA

Hm?

STACY

The tele.

Tina pulls her eyes away from her screen and looks to the TV. A news report is covering an incident on a beach in Wales.

Tina frowns.

The TV shows mobile phone footage of a child's body being taken from the sea. A body with an orange top.

TINA
Holy crap.

STACY
What?

TINA
One second.

Tina stands up, pauses the TV then speed walks over to the manager's office. She knocks 3 times fast and opens the door.

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - MANAGER'S OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

Tina enters.

Behind the desk, sits Henry, who looks up as she comes in.

HENRY
I'd rather you wait for me to
invite you in.

TINA
Yeah, sorry, can you come look at
this?

Henry stands, looking irritable. From this interaction alone, we see that they do not particularly like each other. Henry follows Tina, who has already walked out.

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tina turns up the volume for the television. She and Henry watch the new broadcast.

EXT. WALES - BEACH - DAY

We see camera footage spliced with mobile phone footage of a quiet Welsh beach.

NEWS REPORTER
(V/O)
Earlier this morning, the town of
Cefn Haven woke up to find a grisly
sight on their shores.

It changes to the same footage of the child's body being recovered from the water.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

(V/O)

The body of a child was found at 6am this morning by a passing dog walker. The body is thought to have been in the water for a couple of days, and is suspected to have travelled down from the northern area of Wales. PC Darren Marsh had this to say.

We cut to Darren, standing just up from the stony beach, keeping his cool as multiple cameras and mics are shoved into his face.

DARREN

We cannot say much for now, but we can confirm a child's body was recovered from the water. Judging by the state of the body, we are treating this as an accident.

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tina moves to her desk while Henry keeps looking at the television.

HENRY

It's a bit out of our field, and country.

TINA

Now look at this.

Tina gets something up on her computer. It's a picture of the little boy, wearing the same orange top. Henry peers at it.

HENRY

Which one is this?

TINA

He came up on the new website two days ago. It's the same child.

HENRY

It's the same top.

TINA

No, look at his skin tone, the hair, it's definitely the same child.

HENRY

There's no way we can know that.

TINA

Then let's find out! We can call them up and speak to them. This means that whoever took that child could still be in the area!

HENRY

We are here to gather the data and not engage, that's all.

TINA

(loudly)

But we could help them!

The office is quiet now, all attention on them. Henry glances around the room and shoots a look to Tina.

HENRY

(nods head towards office)

My office please.

Tina closes her eyes briefly, annoyed. With her outburst or Henry, we can only guess. Stacy gives her a look of encouragement as she and Henry walk into his office.

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - MANAGER'S OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

Henry walks in and slumps down in his chair. Tina starts to pace as soon as she enters.

HENRY

Door, please.

Tina closes the door, starts to pace, stops, and instead just stands, foot tapping, clearly agitated.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Tina, you can't speak to me like that in front of everyone. This isn't the first time I've had to say this.

TINA

Yeah, I know. I know. I'm sorry.

HENRY

It's not the first time I've had to tell you about how we work here. We cannot get involved in the inner workings of this business. That is for the police to deal with.

TINA

So we can inform the police of the connection?

HENRY

(pause)

We can go through the proper network to inform them of the similarities yes.

TINA

Oh, c'mon Henry, that takes days. If we are to tell them, we need to do it now, otherwise there's no point! Any good it could have done would be long gone!

HENRY

Tina-

TINA (CONT'D)

Henry-

They both look down and take a breath to regain their composure. Tina's quicker on the draw.

TINA (CONT'D)

This photo was posted while I was on the site. That child was taken either the day before, or on that day. While we spent the weekend getting drunk and eating takeaways, that little boy was taken from his parents and dumped into the sea. We can't do nothing with this information.

HENRY

We don't know it's the same child for sure. We can't do anything else. We have rules here.

TINA

Fuck the rules!

HENRY

(pause)

I think you are mistaking this taskforce for an American cop show.

Tina looks deeply offended.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I think you should take the rest of the day off. And tomorrow. I also think you should have another meeting with our therapist.

(pause)

I don't want to have to have a conversation like this again, Tina.

Tina opens her mouth to speak, but thinks against it. She turns on her heel and leaves. She closes the office door a bit harder than normal.

INT. LONDON - TASKFORCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stacy looks up at Tina, concerned. Tina looks like she's going to explode.

STACY

Tina-

TINA

It's fine. I'm gonna go out for lunch.

STACY

I'll come with you.

TINA

No, it's fine. I'll see you in a bit.

Tina packs up her stuff and walks for the door. Her eyes narrow, she looks fierce, then-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - KICKBOXING GYM - EVENING

- Tina is smacking a punching bag around. She's alone, and dressed in shorts and a loose top, red gloves strapped to her hands. She moves like a dancer, but her hits on the bag are making it swing about madly.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

THERAPIST

You do kickboxing?

TINA

Yeah. I started when I was still in the US. Keeps me in shape.

THERAPIST

Do you feel like it could also help you feel like you have more control over things?

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - KICKBOXING GYM - EVENING

PUNCH! PUNCH! KICK!

The bag swings back and back towards her. She dodges it easily and-

KICK!

- kicks it from behind, making it swing up the other way. As it comes down-

PUNCH! PUNCH!

- it's descent slows. A few more jabs and suddenly she turns around and takes a breather.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

TINA

It's more to release anger.

THERAPIST

Do you need to release anger often?

TINA

(laughs)

Oh, yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - KICKBOXING GYM - EVENING

She still looks angry, but the punching bag got the most of the fury. Tina takes a swig of a water bottle, and walks off to the showers.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Mark is cooking dinner, the table in the living room set up for two. Tina comes in, dressed in her work clothes.

MARK (O.S.)

Hey! How was work?

TINA

Fine.

Tina falls onto the sofa. Her mind is racing, completely distracted.

MARK (O.S.)

Hungry?

TINA

Fine.

Mark pops his head into the room.

MARK

What?

TINA

Sorry, what did you say?

MARK

I made dinner.

TINA

Oh right, sorry. Um, I'm not hungry right now.

MARK

Did you eat already?

TINA

No, I'm just not hungry.

Mark comes into the room.

MARK

You need to eat babe.

TINA

Yeah, I know. It's just...

MARK

What's happened?

TINA

Just work stuff. You know.

MARK

No not really, you don't tell me anything, Tina. You never talk about work. I can see how much it drains you, you don't take time off, you work on Saturdays. You barely eat. You're burning yourself out.

TINA

I know. I'm sorry, I am.

MARK

I worry about you, babe.

TINA

Don't worry. I'm fine.

MARK

Listen, why don't we watch a film or something tonight? Eat dinner, spend some time together.

Tina seems to swallow her worries and smiles at Mark.

TINA

Yeah. That sounds great.

Mark looks delighted.

MARK

Yeah? Okay great! You pick a film
and I'll serve dinner.

Mark goes back to the kitchen. Tina's smile falters slightly
after a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tina and Mark lay on the sofa, watching a film on the
television. Tina is lazily flicking through her phone. Mark's
head rests on Tina's thighs. He notices the phone.

MARK

What you looking at?

TINA

Trying to figure out who that actor
is.

MARK

That old fat actor?

TINA

Yeah.

We see Tina is not looking for the old fat actor, but instead
an old fat detective. Tina is searching up information on the
case of the dead child. She focuses on a picture of Bevan and
frowns.

This old coot?

She searches his name and several articles come up.

*Officer Greg Bevan one of many officers injured during drug
raids in Cardiff.*

*Queen's Gallantry Medal honoured to Welsh Sergeant for rescue
of man from burning warehouse.*

*Detective "nearly killed" in car crash that claims two
others.*

Tina stares at Bevan's picture.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Mark is getting dressed, while Tina, uncharacteristically, is still laying in bed.

MARK

You realise it's a work day?

TINA

Yup. I'm pulling a sickie.

Mark makes a face. He's halfway between amused and shocked.

MARK

You are not. Tina. Seriously?

TINA

Yep. I'm bad, aren't I?

Mark climbs onto the bed and briefly kisses her.

MARK

You are terrible.

TINA

Well, like you said. I burn myself out. I'm going to take a me day. Do what I want today.

MARK

Hmm. Maybe I should do the same.

TINA

Nah, you get to work. I want some alone time.

MARK

That's fine. Wow, I'm actually shocked. Look at you!

Tina stretches out in the bed.

TINA

Look at me!

MARK

What you gonna do?

TINA

Watch some films, call my mom. Eat ice cream like an animal.

Mark looks very pleased. He's finally getting through to her.

MARK

I'm proud of you babe. You stay here in bed till I get back, yeah?

TINA

Yes sir!

Tina gives him a flirty salute. Mark gives her one more kiss, puts on his jacket, and goes to leave the room.

He stops and looks at her.

MARK

This is going to do you good. I'm really glad you're doing this.

TINA

Me too. I love you.

MARK

I love you.

Mark leaves. Tina closes her eyes. We hear Mark leaving the flat. When the front door closes, Tina's eyes open.

She sits up.

CUT TO:

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - MORNING

Greg sits on his desk, absent-mindedly eating a banana. He's pouring over some papers. Alfie sits next to him on a slightly smaller desk.

ALFIE

I've never had so many calls come through. People complaining about kids swimming unsupervised, or just racists shouting about immigrants. Idiots.

GREG

Always nutters, people that want to be famous, or both. I don't understand why we haven't had any reports of a boat with any others though. If this child was coming over here illegally, where's the rest of them?

ALFIE

Something will come up soon. Have you spoke to the coroner about the follow up tests?

GREG

No. I'll call them up later.

Alfie gets a call. Greg and him share a glance and he answers it.

ALFIE
Cefn Haven Police Station, this is
Sergeant Alfie Michaels here.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tina sits on the foot of the bed, phone to her ear and laptop
on her lap.

TINA
Hello, this is Tina West from the
UKOCP branch in London. I may have
some information vital in the case
of the body found washed up on the
beach.

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

ALFIE
Okay, well if you'd like to tell me
what it is, I can get it filed.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TINA
No, sorry, could I actually speak
to Detective Greg Bevan?

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

ALFIE
You want to speak to Detective
Bevan directly?

Greg raises his eyebrows at Alfie.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TINA
Yes, if that's okay.

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Alfie looks at Greg as if to ask "well?".

GREG
Pass it over. What's her name?

ALFIE
Tina, from the UKOCP.

Greg gives Alfie a look.

GREG

The what?

Alfie shrugs in return. Greg takes the phone.

GREG (CONT'D)

Detective Bevan. Who's speaking?

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tina stands up from her sofa.

TINA

Detective Bevan! Hello, this is Tina West, from the UK Online Child Protection Taskforce in London. I have some information on the case of the child that washed up on your beach.

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Greg looks at Alfie and covers the phone with his hand.

GREG

(whispers to Alfie)

Is she American?

Alfie nods, frowning.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TINA

I think you might be interested.

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

GREG

Um, yeah, go for it.

Greg picks up a note pad and a pen and leans back into his chair.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tina jumps up and starts pacing, clearly very excited.

TINA

Okay, so I specialise in preventing child abuse through the dark web and tracing it back to where it is based.

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

GREG

Right.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TINA

And I've found a picture on the website that's dressed in the same clothes that the child was wearing when you found him. The picture looks like it was taken inside a small area with a pull-out bed-

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

GREG

(interrupting)

Sorry wait, hang on. You think the kid was kidnapped?

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tina stops pacing.

TINA

Uh, yeah, yes.

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

GREG

I mean...

Greg blows air out through his teeth.

GREG (CONT'D)

It doesn't seem likely that this may be the case. The body has no bruising or damage to it that would be associated with a kidnapping. Not to mention we have never had any reporting's of kidnapping or human trafficking here, ever.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tina frowns.

TINA

But that doesn't mean anything!
Kidnappings happen all over the
country, this may just be the first
you've found.

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

GREG

That's very true. But we have had
reports of immigrants trying to
access routes to the UK through the
Welsh coast. I can't exactly tell
you much but we think we know where
this child came from. Thank you for
your call, but I can assure you,
this is just an accidental death.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TINA

Then where are his parents? Why
haven't they come forward?

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

GREG

They are most likely dead, along
with whoever else was on the boat,
or alone in a country they don't
know with no way of finding the
child. I honestly don't know. But
the fact of the matter is, this
isn't a big conspiracy. This was
most likely an accident. We will
cover every angle when we are given
evidence that points to that.
Thanks for calling.

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TINA

Wait!

It's too late. He hung up. Tina throws the phone on the bed
and sits on the foot of it, fuming.

INT. WALES - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Greg on the other hand, gives the phone back to Alfie, leans
back in his chair, and thinks.

ALFIE

She thought it was a kidnapping?

GREG

Yeah. But take no notice. Sounds like this Tina spends too much time on some dodgy sites. That sort of work will make anyone paranoid.

CUT TO:

EXT. CUMBRIA - POLICE STATION - OUTSIDE - EVENING

The police station looks quite empty. Two figures walk up the path and into the station. One of them looks to be supporting the other.

INT. CUMBRIA - POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Haya and Karam walk into the police station. The lobby is just as empty, just one POLICE OFFICER behind the front desk. And an old battered TV in a bracket in the top corner of the room.

Haya is puffy eyed and keeps her head down. Haram looks exhausted. They walk up to the front desk, where the Officer eyes them suspiciously.

POLICE OFFICER

Can I help you?

KARAM

(broken English)

Please help us. Our son. He is gone. He missing.

POLICE OFFICER

You've lost your son?

KARAM

We do not know where he is.

Haya starts to sob again. The Officer realises what they're trying to say.

POLICE OFFICER

Are you reporting a missing person?

Haya sobs harder. Karam nods grimly, tears forming in his eyes. The Officer looks shocked for a moment, but then picks up a phone.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Bring someone to the front desk immediately.

As officers rush to their aid, we stop focusing on them, and instead something else.

We drift over the heads of the commotion of the distressed parents, we see the television showing a news program. We move closer to see an MP, speaking in the House of Commons.

This is BRIAN TOGG (54), tall, spectacles, thinning hair. The sound is off but we can see that he is speaking loud and confidently, many of the other MPs are watching him, entranced.

BRIAN TOGG

- I say bring them in, give them homes, and give them a new chance of life, something they could never achieve in the place they have escaped from-

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We hear Mark coming through the front door. Tina is sitting amongst several papers and her laptop, she's so engrossed in her work she doesn't realise Mark's back until he comes through the door. She looks up, startled and embarrassed.

TINA

Oh. Shit, sorry, I didn't hear you come in.

She makes a bad job of trying to hide what she's doing. Mark sighs.

MARK

How long did you last?

TINA

This is just a side project I'm doing.

MARK

You said you wouldn't bring your work home with you.

TINA

This isn't work! This is something else.

Mark picks up a piece of paper and glances at it, before putting it back down.

MARK

Looks a lot like work.

TINA

No, this is different! Right, so a body of a boy washed up on the beach in a little town in Wales two days ago-

MARK

(interrupting)

I don't want to hear about this stuff Tina! It's horrible! It's depressing!

TINA

I know it is! That's why I'm trying to help these kids!

MARK

But you never give yourself a break! You surround yourself with this miserable stuff so much you're becoming miserable yourself! You barely eat, you barely sleep! The only way you can even get to bed at night is to exhaust yourself at that bloody kickboxing club!

TINA

How do you know-

MARK

Well where else could you be? I know you're not having an affair because you wouldn't be able to fit it into your busy schedule!

With that, Mark collapses onto an armchair.

TINA

I would never cheat on you.

MARK

That doesn't make you a good girlfriend! You're so wrapped up in your own shit, you have no idea what I'm going through. I feel like I'm losing you Tina. And I don't think you care that much if I do.

Tina looks down at the work around her. You can see it in her face that she's making a decision. But before she can Mark stands up again.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm going to bed. Let's talk tomorrow.

Mark leaves without another word. Tina watches him. She's alone again. She gives herself a moment to feel like shit.

Then she gets back to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALES - FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Ralph's camper sways slightly. He seems to be rooting through the back of it, we hear him muttering to himself.

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

THERAPIST

You were given these sessions to help with your frustration and stress with work. Do you feel like they help?

EXT. WALES - FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Suddenly the door swings open and he climbs out, holding some cushions, a blanket and something red and plastic in his hand. He stumbles in the dark to a clearing, where a small pile of twigs and dry leaves have been collected.

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

TINA

Um. I guess.

EXT. WALES - FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Ralph dumps the evidence on this pile, then returns to the camper. We see the red plastic item is the little boy's fire-engine.

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

THERAPIST

What do you think could help you further?

TINA

You're not going to like it.

EXT. WALES - FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Ralph appears again, holding a bottle of lighter fluid. He starts to squirt the liquid all over the pile of things. After emptying the bottle, Ralph fiddles with a lighter, then sparks it.

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

THERAPIST

Tell me.

TINA

To take action.

EXT. WALES - FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

He lights the pile on fire. His face looks awful in the light, almost calm, but horrifically scarred. He falls to his knees in front of the flames, and starts to sob.

The fire-engine slowly starts to melt.

CUT TO:

EXT. DREAM - UNDERWATER - CAR - NIGHT

Greg is breathing heavily. The sound of the car interior is strangely muted. There's blood dribbling from a cut on his head. He looks out the car window, his eyes unfocused and confused. Nothing but black outside.

Greg turns to the seat next to him, and sees MARIE, his wife, ghostly pale in the darkness of the car, unconscious or dead, it's hard to tell.

He looks in the seat behind her, to see his daughter, JEN (10), in a similar state, her head laying on her shoulder, a little blood trickling from her mouth.

Greg starts to panic. He bangs at the window, trying to break it.

GREG

Marie? Jen? Wake up sweetheart!
Wake up!

Greg starts to shake at his wife, to no avail. He starts banging against the window again.

BANG

BANG

BANG

Greg shouts in fear and panic. One last smack against the window breaks it, and black water fills the car interior alarmingly fast.

Now under water, Greg turns back to his wife to see-

The little boy. The only person now in the car with Greg is the little drowned boy.

Greg screams, and hundreds of bubbles come from his mouth.

INT. WALES - GREG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg wakes up in bed, bolt upright, sweating bullets. He's having a panic attack.

We stay with him for an uncomfortable amount of time before he's able to calm himself down.

INT. WALES - GREG'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Greg sits at the kitchen table, in a dressing gown. He has his phone to his ear. Finally...

GREG

Hello? Is this the coroner's office?

CORONER (O.S.)

(through phone)

Yes? Sorry, who is this?

GREG

Hello, this is Detective Greg Bevan.

CORONER (O.S.)

(through phone)

Oh hello.

GREG

Yeah, sorry about the late call. I was just wondering if you had any more information on the body found at the beach.

CORONER (O.S.)

(through phone)

Yes actually. I was planning on calling first thing in the morning. But now is as good as any time. I'm sorry Detective, but we found something.

GREG

What?

CORONER (O.S.)

(through phone)

Well it's more, the lack of something.

(MORE)

CORONER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We found no water in the body's lungs. Meaning the child didn't die of drowning.

GREG
 (pause)
 He didn't drown?

CORONER (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 This points to the body being dumped in the water *after* the cause of death.

GREG
 Do you know the cause of death?

CORONER (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 We think we do. We're still figuring out what it is, but drug traces were found in the body's system. Enough to kill them.

Greg's hand goes limp, the phone forgotten. Greg gives himself a moment to take this in.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - TINA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Tina is sitting up in bed, while Mark sleeps. She glances at him, waiting for him to wake up. Mark stirs.

TINA
 Hey.

Mark looks up at her with bleary eyes.

MARK
 Oh, morning.

TINA
 Morning.

MARK
 Everything okay?

TINA
 (a deep breath)
 I think I need to take some time off.

MARK
 Yeah? Yeah. That's a great idea.

TINA
I think I should go back to Chicago
for a while.

MARK
Chicago? Oh... right.

TINA
Yeah.

MARK
I mean, I don't think I could
come...

TINA
I-
(pause)
I think it's best if I go alone
anyway.

MARK
(pause)
Are we breaking up?

TINA
No! No, no, no, not at all sweetie!
I just need some time to myself, to
see my mom, my friends. Reconnect
with... everything.

MARK
Do you think this is the best idea?
It's not like we've been fine
recently.

TINA
We're fine! We are Mark.

Mark looks at her. Tina sighs.

TINA (CONT'D)
I just need to get away from this
place, this job. You understand
right?

MARK
(pause)
I think you should do what you
think would help. If that means
taking a few weeks out...

TINA
I'm sorry Mark.

MARK
Do you still love me?

Tina kisses him tenderly.

TINA
Of course I still love you. Do you
still love me?

MARK
Never stopped.

Tina and Mark embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - MORNING

THERAPIST
So you're planning on taking a
couple of weeks off work. That's
great. What made you decide on
that?

TINA
I feel like taking a step back will
do me good.

THERAPIST
What will you doing?

TINA
(pause)
Making a difference.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - THERAPIST OFFICE - OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Tina steps out of the therapist's office, closes the door,
then leans against the door. Her suitcase in her hand.

INT. LONDON - TRAIN STATION - DAY

Tina walks through a busy train station, carrying her
suitcase, but clearly not enough for a two week trip abroad.
She looks up at the train times.

We focus on one:

CARDIFF

CUT TO:

INT. WALES - HAPPY HILLS - MORNING

TINA (V.O.)
The world is filled with monsters.

Ralph is sitting on a fold out chair, sunglasses, book in hand, enjoying the sunshine. He's even washed. His face has been shaved, his hair no longer matted and in his eyes. He looks almost like a sweet old man.

Next to him, is a tin of sweets. We see that despite the book, Ralph is not reading. He is looking around him. He looking at the families, and children, that are walking passed.

One LITTLE BOY, rides past on a bicycle. He stops to look at Ralph.

Ralph smiles. He reaches over to the tin and offers it to the boy.

The boy tentatively moves over to him, at all times keeping his eyes on Ralph.

Ralph shakes the tin, tempting him closer. The boy takes a sweet out of the tin.

Ralph smiles.

The boy runs back to his bike. He smiles and waves at Ralph. Ralph smiles and waves back.

TINA (V.O.)
*Most of them, you can see them for
what they are.*

As the boy sets back off, Ralph's smile disappears.

He takes out a sweet for himself and eats it.

TINA (V.O.)
But some, you can't.

– Dark Trails –
CHARACTER BIOS

DARK TRAILS

Catherine “Tina” West

Age: 26

Role: IT Specialist

Personal

Catherine “Tina” West was born to Mary and Dylan West. Dylan Leonard West was a lecturer in London, where he met Mary. They shortly returned to America and started a family.

5 years after Catherine was born, Dylan left America and travelled back to England. Mary and Catherine never heard from him again. All that is left of her father’s legacy is Catherine’s nickname, Tina. Dylan was apparently a big Tina Turner fan.

Mary West worked as a cop in America for 24 years before retiring. Growing up seeing this work ethic inspired Tina to do the same. She went to the same university where her parents met and achieved a degree in Professional Policing. Tina then went on to work for a special branch in London focusing on catching and monitoring paedophiles on the dark web. Tina was always interested in action in the police force, but like a lot of people, she eventually fell into a job she is not as passionate about, the role of an IT-Specialist.

The fact that Tina is mixed race has had no effect on her career, in fact, it has made her even tougher. Tina is an avid kickboxer, something that will help her throughout this story.

Relationships

Tina has a natural distrust of men, due to her father. This makes things hard for her to make and maintain relationships with the opposite sex. Despite this, Tina has a boyfriend, Mark, but she is far more interested in her job than starting a family with him. How could I bring a child into this world when it’s filled with such evil? Tina is unable to trust Mark in this story, not just because of his constant worrying, but because he doesn’t even believe that she can make a difference in this case. Tina is not a child, and Mark can either accept that, or he can find someone else.

When Tina meets Greg, she cannot help but feel a father-daughter relationship between them. He is of the age of her father, and after discovering the people he had lost in his past, a bond is formed between them.

Tina is a great partner to Greg. She has the drive, he has the connections, she has the knowledge, he has the validity, she knows the path, and Greg holds the key. Tina learns that she can teach an old dog new tricks, and Greg learns that wisdom doesn’t necessarily come with age.

DARK TRAILS

Greg Bevan

Age: 62

Role: Police Detective

Personal

Greg is a large, but not unhealthy, man. Years of pottering around, finding lost animals and giving out speeding tickets, has extinguished the once burning passion he has for protecting his town. Greg originally worked in Cardiff, where he led a fast-paced police career, but after meeting Marie, Greg moved into a small holiday town. Greg was happy with the chance of a break, at least for a while. Boredom became drinking, until he fell deep into the bottle.

But this changed when Greg's daughter died. A car crash into a river with a drunk Greg at the wheel, she drowned. Marie had a mental break down, and out of resentment and depression, she left Greg. No matter how boring his new life was, he knew he could come home to his family, but now, without Marie and Scarlett, he is stumbling in the dark.

In the present day, Greg is burnt out and counting down the days towards retirement. The word of a child drowning in his town gave Greg something to concentrate on, but as he picked at this thread, it unravels, and now he has a case, a real case with real consequences. With the help of Tina, Greg can relight the spark that he once had. And possibly save some lives in the process. Greg is old school. He is sceptical to new digital

advances and appreciates rank and rules. But behind his stagnation and scepticism, we sense the contours of a great policeman. He appears sympathetic, someone you want to help get back on the horse. A task Tina, unknowingly, takes on.

Relationships

Tina is around the age Greg's deceased daughter would have been if she had been around today. This is something Greg holds onto when working with Tina. This reinforces the father-daughter relationship that develops between them. Tina is passionate about helping people, something Greg once had. They are a great team, the old-fashioned shoot first asks questions later side of Greg, coupled with the efficient researching and clue hunting side of Tina, plus the biting way of speaking of Tina, along with Greg's soft but stern Welsh accent will reinforce their odd, but effective, match up.

Despite originally clashing, when working together, Greg and Tina become very tight friends. And they will need this in years to come when they start working together on more and more cases.

DARK TRAILS

Ralph

Age: 62

Role: Human Trafficker

Personal

Ralph is one of the many degenerates that plague this world. After being blackmailed into kidnapping children, which eventually became a paid job, Ralph has been stalking the popular holidaying areas and deprived areas of England, looking for children.

It's a sickening job, even for the vilest of people, which is why Ralph turns to drinking. Maybe this is why he accidentally overdosed the first child? Either way, this was a better way out than what was in store for him.

What's in store for Ralph is death unless he can get his payload into the right hands before he's caught. Ralph is desperate, alone, at has nothing else to lose, and there's nothing more dangerous than a man like that.

Relationships

Ralph has none, nor does he deserve one.

DARK TRAILS

Mark

Mark has been with Tina for 4 years. Since then, he has come to terms with how Tina is, her busy work schedule, her stand offish attitude when it comes to making a family, and her family problems. But when Tina decides to leave for a dangerous case, this puts stress on their relationship unlike any kind. It will take a lot of work from both Tina and Mark to set this right. Question is: Will Tina put in that work?

Stacy

Stacy is Tina's work colleague and the only person in the office that actually gets on with her, not because Tina is a pain, just because Stacy knows that Tina could do a lot better. Stacy is going to be key in helping Tina play double life in Wales while keeping their bosses off their backs.

Haya

Haya is the mother of the child that was found washed up on the beach. Unlike many other desperate people before, Haya spoke up and reported their child going missing. It is thanks to Haya that Greg was able to confirm the child's death was related to the human trafficking operation going on in the United Kingdom.

Yara Ali

Yara is a new up and coming politician. Syrian born, she has become quite a target for hate groups, especially due to her attempts to help the refugees of war that are making lives for themselves here in Wales. Maybe this is why her child was kidnapped? Or maybe it was a much simpler reason, which raises even more questions...

Brian Togg

Brian Togg is well known in Parliament. He seems to have taken a liking to Yara and her family, and always enjoys spending time together with them. Possibly for the public eye, possibly to help further each other's careers, they are politicians after all. But Brian has a secret, and he is happy to have people killed in order to keep it.

– *Dark Trails* –
EPISODE OUTLINES

– Episode Outlines –
DARK TRAILS

Episode 1

Wales, UK

We open on a dank, dark, and almost derelict camping spot. The only thing of note that sits here is a large mobile home, and inside, Ralph. Ralph looks to be in a bad spot, drinking from his cheap bottle of whiskey, chain smoking cheap European cigarettes, he's waiting for someone. That's when there's a knock at his door.

Outside, watching an unidentified car drive away, is a little boy. He can't be more than 8 years old. He seems to be of Middle-Eastern descent, which is confirmed when he speaks in Farsi.

Where is my mummy?

Ralph opens the door, and the little boy walks inside. We see that Ralph has a very strange symbol tattooed on his ankle.

London, UK

Tina West is an IT-specialist in a UK police task force focused on the ever-increasing number of sites offering content for paedophiles on the dark web. Their job is to uncover child trafficking customers, suppliers and dark web users. These websites are extremely well protected, and while users are occasionally caught, the organizations that run the services are rarely uncovered.

Tina is at work in the London-office. She accesses a website that seems to be auctioning children, for abuse to be livestreamed online. As Tina scours the site, she comes across a picture that had recently been uploaded. We close on this picture as there a FLASH-

-and we're back with Ralph, who's taking pictures of

the little boy, who seems to be in a deep sleep. He's been drugged.

In another area of Wales, we see a frightened Syrian mother, who's arguing with her husband. Their other children weep softly in front of them. Their child is missing, but if they go to the police, they will very probably be deported, losing all hope of finding him. While arguing, a local politician is talking on the television. This woman will be come into our story soon.

Ralph is on the road; we see him pass through several towns. He makes a stop, and does his routine check on his cargo. But that's when he realizes... The little boy has died. Ralph has dosed him way too high and the poor child has slipped away. Ralph has messed up big time, and in the heat of the moment, Ralph panics. He takes the body and throws him off a pier, climbs back into his motorhome, then he drives like hell.

4 days pass, and a passing dog walker sees something washed up on the coast, a few miles away from where Ralph was. It's the body of a little boy.

Welsh police officer, Greg Bevan, wakes up to his alarm. As he gets ready, he calls his wife and gets the answer phone. He tells her about his day before, and his plans.

Greg taps on "Marie Mobile" and puts it on speakerphone. He places the phone down as he makes his toast. It automatically goes to an answer phone message.

MARIE: (through phone) Hi it's Marie, I'm busy right now so please leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. Bye, bye, bye!

BEEP

GREG: Hi sweetheart, just wanted to let you know what I've been up to. Had the day off yesterday so went

– Episode Outlines –
DARK TRAILS

and played some golf with Barry. You can imagine how that went. (he chuckles) I'm getting better though I swear, though I reckon I might need some new golf clubs. Um... on duty today, but I'm free Saturday, so I'll swing over and visit you and Scarlett in the morning. Okay, I'll speak to you later. Love you, and give my love to Scarlett. Okay. Bye.

Greg hangs up and starts buttering his toast. He takes a bite out of it and chews thoughtfully. The phone rings. Greg glances at the screen and holds it to his ear.

GREG: Hello? Alright Howard, how's things? (pause) A what? (pause) Jesus Christ. Yeah, I'll be right there.

Greg makes his way down to the beach, where a police investigation is being set up. He meets with Officer Howard, who catches him up on what they know. An unidentified child, possibly of Middle Eastern decent was found by a dog walker early this morning. Judging by the state of the body, it has been in the waters for a few days at least. It seems to have been an accidental drowning, as many holiday makers have been swimming the past few weeks. But why has no one reported it?

The case makes headlines. A child found washed up on a beach, no idea who he is or where his family is. Tina sees the media coverage, and mentions it to her colleague Stacy.

TINA: Stace, you see this?

STACY: Yeah. Poor lil thing.

TINA: But look at the clothes.

Tina pulls up a picture, the same one she was looking at the week before. The distinctive orange top matches up with the grainy picture of the child's body on the beach.

STACY: Oh shit. (a pause) Oh shit!

TINA: That's him, isn't it? It's the same child?

Stacy looks at Tina, and her eyes says it all. This is one of

the children that was taken by human traffickers.

Tina speaks to her superiors, and tells them about her suspicions that the child from the website is the same child that has washed up in Wales. She wants to go to Wales, to try and help. Her superiors believe there is no other evidence of this, than Tina thinking the clothes look the same. They tell her that the local police should handle the matter. It is most likely just another accident. Tina is used to being shot down by her superiors, and she's had enough.

MR COX: This is not our business, and that means it isn't yours either. Get back to work.

Tina looks like she's about to respond, likely angrily. But she doesn't. She turns around and walks out of the office. Her eyes narrow and her face looks fierce and-

INT. - KICKBOXING TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

-Tina is smacking a punching bag around. She's alone, and dressed in shorts and a loose top, red gloves strapped to her hands. She moves like a dancer, but her hits on the bag are making it swing about madly.

PUNCH PUNCH KICK

The bag swings back and back towards her. She dodges it easily and- KICK

-kicks it from behind, making it swing up the other way. As it comes down- PUNCH PUNCH

-slows its descent. A few more jabs and suddenly she turns around and takes a breather. She still looks angry, but the punching bag got the most of the fury. Tina takes a swig of a water bottle, and walks off to the showers.

Tina is frustrated. She's unable to really and truly make a difference, and it's starting to open old wounds with her boyfriend, Mark. She comes home from kickboxing. Mark's made dinner, but she's not

– Episode Outlines –
DARK TRAILS

hungry. He asks her what the problem is, but she's not budging. This is a regular occurrence in this house, and it is starting to wear them both down.

Tina researches the case of the washed-up child. She finds the name of the detective in charge. Greg Bevan. This old coot is in charge of the case? Tina has to do something. At least tell this Bevan bloke what she knows...

In this episode we see a lot of comparisons of Tina and Greg, and how similar they are when it comes to their restlessness with their jobs, their struggles with keeping relationships, and their loss of their mother/daughter.

Ralph is holding up in his motorhome, somewhere in Wales. He receives another text.

FIND A REPLACEMENT. TAKE IT TO THESE COORDINATES IN 4 DAYS TIME. DO NOT FUCK UP AGAIN.

Ralph is tired. Still shaken from his monumental screw up. After reading the text, he removes any traces of the child from his mobile home and burns them outside in an old rusty barrel. He has another swig of his bottle, then gets in his motorhome, and starts driving.

Ralph drives through the night. By morning time, he pulls up in a quite bustling caravan park. He makes his way through to a more secluded area, and sets up camp. He takes a shower, shaves, and puts on some more respectable clothes. This is a regular thing for him. Ralph takes a walk.

An arcade. Ralph takes a walk through. He comes across a young, possibly Middle-Eastern boy, playing on a motorbike game. Ralph catches his eye, and the boy smiles and waves at him. Ralph smiles and waves back. Perfect.

Episode 2

We open on Ralph again. He's watching out the window of his motorhome. This vehicle is sleek and shiny on the outside, but inside, it's a state. Old food, empty bottle of all manner of booze. A literal pit. Ralph watches a group of young kids run past his window. We see the windows are blacked out, no one can see inside. Ralph eats some stale pizza crusts and washes it down with some brandy. He stands up and stretches. Showtime.

Greg is at the office, calls from all over are coming in about the kid's death. Eyewitness accounts of kids swimming too far out to sea with no parental supervision, people complaining that Syrian refugees are coming to Wales by the boat load. Greg isn't swayed by them. But then he gets another call. From a woman in London.

HOWARD: Another one for you, boss.

GREG: Ugh, do I have to?

HOWARD: This is from someone in London, the UKPPS.

Greg gives Howard a look.

GREG: The what?

He shrugs in return. Greg takes the phone.

GREG: Detective Bevan. Who's speaking?

***INT. TINA'S FLAT – LIVING ROOM –
CONTINUOUS***

Tina stands up from her sofa.

TINA: Detective Bevan! Hello, this is Tina West, from the UK Protected Persons Service. I have some information on the case of the child you have there, I think you might be interested.

– Episode Outlines –
DARK TRAILS

GREG: Um, yeah, go for it.

TINA: Okay, so my job is to monitor and archive all material that we find on dark web websites that have connections to human trafficking of children in the UK.

GREG: Right.

TINA: And I've found a picture on the website that's dressed in the same clothes that the child was wearing when you found him. The picture looks like it was taken inside a small area with a pull-out bed-

GREG: Sorry wait, hang on. You think the kid was kidnapped? TINA: Uh, yeah, yes.

GREG: I mean...

Greg blow air out through his teeth.

GREG: It doesn't seem likely that this may be the case. We have never had any reporting's of kidnapping or human trafficking here, ever. Thank you for your call, but this is just an accidental death.

TINA: Then where are his parents? Why haven't they come forward?

GREG: I honestly don't know. But the fact of the matter is, this isn't a big conspiracy. This was most likely an accident. Thanks for calling.

TINA: Wait-

It's too late. He hung up. Tina throws the phone on the bed and sits, fuming. Greg on the other hand, leans back in his chair, and thinks.

Unable to get Tina's theory out of his head, Greg speaks to the coroner about the child and arrange an autopsy.

CORONER: Here he is.

Greg looks down at this frail little boy. Slightly blue, naked, apart from a thin white sheet covering him from

the waist down. Greg takes a moment to feel absolutely horrible. This poor, poor child.

GREG: So. A drowning? CORONER: No.

Greg looks up.

GREG: No?

The Coroner shakes her head. She picks up a clipboard and refers to it.

CORONER: There was no water in the boy's lungs. Whatever killed him, it was before he ended up in the sea.

GREG: So, what killed him? The Coroner shrugs.

CORONER: No injuries on the body, not any from after death anyway. The sea can really cause a lot of damage to the body. But as for cause of death. I don't know. Maybe poisoning, suffocation, drug overdose. Until the blood reports come back, we can't know.

GREG: You think it could be a drug overdose?

CORONER: It's a possibility. If we knew where he came from, that could shed some light on things.

The police get a call, it's from the boy's parents. They have sacrificed them and their other kid's freedom in order to try and help with the case. Greg speaks to them. They tell him he was taken while they were being smuggled into the country.

The coroner calls again. The blood report is back, he had large traces of drugs in his system. Clearly this was not an accident. This means the child was destined to be taken somewhere. Tina was right. This was a victim of human trafficking.

Ralph is panicked, stressed, and desperate. He continues to stalk the child, and plans his next moves. He stakes out the site, learns the exits, where the staff go, and pin points all the cameras.

– Episode Outlines –
DARK TRAILS

Greg calls Tina, and tells her he also now thinks that this was a kidnapping gone wrong. He asks her for help. Tina makes a decision.

Tina speaks to her boss, and books several days off for mental health reasons. She's given the time off, but she speaks to Stacy, and informs her of her plans. Stacy promises to keep her secret and help her where she can.

Tina then lies to her Mark, telling him she is going to visit her mother. Mark is worried about Tina, and they discuss the fact that they were going to start trying for a baby. They have a heart to heart, and Tina tells him the reasons why she wouldn't want to have kids. She sees so much horrible stuff that happens to kids, how could she bring another life into a world like this?

Tina packs up and travels to Wales. Tina and Greg meet.

Tina stands face to face with Greg. Greg passes her height by a clear foot. They shake hands, and Greg's large hand envelops Tina's small one like it would a child.

GREG: Pleasure, Ms. West. TINA: Likewise, Mr. Bevan. Greg looks up to the station. GREG: Shall we go in?

TINA: I'm actually starving hungry. You know somewhere we can eat? Greg smiles.

GREG: I know the perfect place.

They start working on possible routes for traffickers to take children to Europe. Tina knows from her research that the organizations behind this are likely based in central Europe. Consequently, the children that are taken need to be transported to the European mainland somehow, and they start looking into likely routes and means, that will go via Wales. They list a number of potential options; private cars, private boats, trucks carrying goods to and from the continent and so on.

They visit the site where the first child was taken.

Tina stops, then suddenly spins around.

TINA: Wait.

Tina runs up to a large mobile home. She skirts around it, looking at the vehicle up and down.

TINA: How much room do you think these things have?

GREG: Well. They have to have room for a about 20–40 gallons of water. Plus, more room for electrics, fuel, all sorts.

TINA: And if that was repurposed?

GREG: Well, it could carry. (pause) A person. A child. Christ, even several.

TINA: That's how they're doing it. They're hiding them in the motorhomes. If they drugged him so they didn't make a noise, police, border patrol, anyone could search through one of these and come up with nothing.

GREG: So, they're using motorhomes to traffic them into Europe. But that means, anyone could be doing it. How many motorhomes cross the border every day? Couple hundred?

TINA: At least. Greg rubs his chin. GREG: Bloody hell.

Tina goes to study the photos of a number of children from the dark web site, and discovers several of them appear to be lying on furniture that could well be inside caravans and motorhomes. The theory holds water. This means that in one of the biggest caravanning countries in Europe, anyone of them could be a kidnapper.

Greg calls Tina's superiors, (as Tina will undoubtedly lose her job if they knew where she was and what she's doing) and tell them "his" theory. It's not enough to put out a national alert. They need more proof.

– Episode Outlines –
DARK TRAILS

We follow the holidays of a well-known up and coming local Syrian-Welsh politician, Yara Ali and her family. She is on a break from campaigning for more rights for immigrants. She, her husband, and two children, two boys, and another family, the father, Brian Togg, another high positioned politician, spend time camping and enjoying the scenery. The youngest boy wants to go to the arcade. He does.

So does Ralph.

Tina calls her boyfriend, and she has to continue lying to him about her location. He is getting suspicious, even more so when he hears Greg's voice.

Little Tommy enters the caravan, out of breath and flustered.

TOMMY: Mum, I can't find Scott.

Yara stands. It's like she has been prepared for this, as all mothers are at the first sign of the worst.

YARA: Where did you see him last?

TOMMY: (ranting) He was on the motorbike game but I can't find him mum, I'm sorry he just disappeared, I was meant to look after him and now he's disappeared, I'm sorry mum, I'm sorry.

Tommy's father comforts him as Yara launches herself out of the caravan and runs towards the arcade.

INT. ARCADE – CONTINUOUS

Yara runs through the arcade, kids running around and past her. She's desperate, looking all around, panicked. She reaches the motorbike games. Kids are on them, unaware of the terrified mother behind them.

YARA: Scotty! Scotty!

Yara spins around, no sign of Scott. Then a flash of baby blue. His hat. Yara runs over to it. A small baby blue hat sits on the ground. Yara picks it up. It's undoubtedly

Scott's. Yara screams. That's when people notice her. Yara screams and screams.

INT. RALPH'S MOTORHOME – CONTINUOUS

Even Ralph can hear the screams, as he drives out of the caravan park, and off down the road towards England.

Episode 3

The news coverage of the kidnapping is immense. It's all over papers, all over the TV. Everyone is looking out for the missing child. And Ralph's employers know this. Ralph receives a text.

BOY IS TOO DANGEROUS TO KEEP HOLD OF. KILL HIM.

Ralph cannot kill another child. He is becoming more unstable, and it seems like the sender behind the phone can tell this. If Ralph messes up again, it may lead them to the organization.

Another text.

GET HIM TO THE DROP OFF POINT IN 48 HOURS OR GET RID OF HIM.

Ralph is desperate. He needs to get to Dover, the drop off point, as soon as possible. He starts driving, fast.

Tina and Greg get on the case of researching the areas where missing children were reported, they then cross reference that with the pictures seen on human trafficking websites. No results.

Gregg brings up his talk with the parents of the dead boy, and them being illegal immigrants. They then realize that the children trafficked through Britain, aren't reported missing because they target children that belong to illegal immigrants, where they are either ignored or not reported due to their lack of civilian status.

– Episode Outlines –

DARK TRAILS

But this time there's been a mistake, they took someone that people will notice. The country noticed.

Tina's boyfriend sees the news about the kidnapping, and puts together where Tina actually is. He calls her and they argue. He gives Tina an ultimatum. But Tina can't stop now. She has to find the child.

Tina tells Greg how she does not want a child. And Greg reveals that he lost his wife and daughter. This brings them closer together and solidifies their relationship as partners.

Ralph drugs the child, and takes pictures of the child for the website. He receives a text.

WE CAN'T POST THE PICTURES. EVERYONE IS LOOKING FOR HIM. GET RID OF HIM.

Ralph knows this is bad news for him. Two children dead because of him?

Ralph texts them that he can get the child there on time. He just needs another chance. One more text.

GET TO THE FERRY IN 24 HOURS. DO NOT GET CAUGHT.

Tina scours the traffic cameras along the points leading south. She finds several number plates from motorhomes that could have been altered to keep children in, and then Greg runs them through the known points of oversea travelling to Europe.

Several have been going back and forth to Europe more than once the last few months. They discover one of these was reported stolen, and they deduce that this is the car that has the child in it. Tina also finds a picture from security cameras on board one of the ferries, and registration of someone called Ralph from the ticket purchase.

This ferry is not the most commonly known ferry in Dover. The security is a lot laxer because of this. The

numberplate on Ralph's motorhome is registered on more than just this one ferry, and even pops up in data from the Tunnel. It is clear he is not using one defined route and they have to search all the possible ways to cross to Europe to save the child.

Yara Ali and her family sit in the police station, with her friend and fellow politician Brian Togg. Brian comes outside the station, and gives an emotional and heartfelt speech, that's broadcast to the country.

Ralph is a couple of hours away from the Ferry now. He texts his employer.

I AM A FEW HOURS AWAY FROM THE FERRY.

A text back.

WILL POST THE PICTURES ON SITE NOW. PRICE OF THE CHILD HAS BECOME VERY HIGH. MAKE SURE YOU GET ON THE FERRY.

Tina and Greg are on the road. Tina is called by Stacy, at work. A picture of the kidnapped boy has been posted on the website. Tina speaks to her superiors and they seem more concerned that she has broken protocol and gotten involved in such a case.

They tell her to stand down and to let the police do their job. Tina is told they are searching for Ralph in Portsmouth and Poole, as these are the closest ports to Wales that lead into France, but Greg and Tina think he will be escaping through Dover in order to get to France quicker.

The police release pictures of Ralph and now everyone is looking out for him. Tina and Greg head for Dover.

EXT. PETROL STATION - PUMPS – EARLY MORNING

Ralph parks up and climbs out. He hasn't slept in over 24 hours. He gruffly plugs the petrol pump into the motorhome and looks around. Early morning mist lays

– Episode Outlines –
DARK TRAILS

thick around the country side in

Kent. The area is deserted. He fills it about halfway and returns the pump. Ralph walks into the petrol station.

*INT. PETROL STATION – INSIDE –
CONTINUOUS*

Ralph pulls out a grubby wallet as he approaches the counter. A YOUNG GIRL stands behind it, reading a paper.

RALPH: Pump 4.

YOUNG GIRL: No worries.

The Young Girl looks up and freezes. Ralph looks at her. A very long silence follows, thick as the mist outside.

Ralph looks down. His face stares up at him. On every newspaper. Ralph looks at the girl. She bolts for the staff room to the far right of the building. Ralph is too quick for her. He grabs at her wrists and it's a difficult struggle before she can get free of him.

She gets so close to the staff room, she almost made it. But Ralph wraps his arms around her chest and neck. She yells out, those yells become screams, then become muffled as his dirty hands get around her mouth.

INT. RALPH'S MOTORHOME – CONTINUOUS

We watch from the side window of the motorhome and through the windows of the petrol station as Ralph and the Young Girl grapple and fight. They fall out of sight, and more an unbearable 20 seconds we see nothing. Then Ralph stands back up. He looks down at his feet. Then, he walks back out. He climbs back into the motorhome. He drives.

Episode 4

The police rush to the petrol station, but Ralph is long gone. News of the murder travels fast. A murder.

Ralph is seen on the cameras. Ralph gets another text.

GET ON FERRY NOW.

GO TO BOOTH 9.

USE THE CALLING CARD.

ONCE ON FERRY KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN.

Ralph pulls up his car to Dover port. Almost there.

Tina and Greg keep driving to the ferry. Tina gets another call from Stacy. She has seen Ralph's motorhome in line to dock a certain ferry. They know where to go. Greg calls the police to inform them. Let's hope they get here on time.

TINA: Come on!

GREG: Listen, he can't get onto the ferry without going through security. His face is plastered on every newspaper, on every television! He's going to be stopped at the security. I know it.

*EXT. DOVER PORT – SECURITY BOOTHS –
MOMENTS LATER*

Ralph pulls up at booth 9. A LAZY SECURITY GUARD slides the door open and braces at the cold of the outside. Ralph winds down his window. At first the security guard gapes at Ralph. He clearly recognizes him. Ralph hastily hands him a black business card. The guard looks at it.

It's sleek with a matte finish. The writing on it is in a shiny silver detail. It reads a 6-digit number. The guard flips it, and on the back has a distinct symbol. We recognize this symbol from the tattoo that Ralph has on his ankle. The guard nods, suddenly scared and a little ashamed. He waves him through without a word. Ralph drives on.

This goes a lot deeper than previously thought.

Ralph parks up the motor home on the ferry. Tina

– Episode Outlines –
DARK TRAILS

and Greg arrive at the port.

They tell the security the ferry needs to stop, but to no avail. The ferry sets off. In a moment of madness, Tina makes a big risk...

TINA: (shouting) NO! No, we have to get on there!

STAFF: It's leaving, the ramp is going up!

He was right, the ramp was slowly, but very surely, rising. Tina stops fighting, and the staff let her go. She watches it as the ramp rises and the ferry starts to chug away. Tina makes a decision. She runs. She forces past the staff, and runs for the ramp.

GREG: (shouting) Tina are you mad?!

Tina jumps. She's not going to make it. She can't.

She lands on the ramp.

STAFF: She's going to get herself killed! Call the captain, stop this ferry! Tina takes one look back at Greg, before disappearing into the cargo deck.

Tina makes her way to the top of the ferry. That is where she finds Ralph, hiding out. Ralph bolts, and Tina knows where he's going. He's been caught. That means the child has to die.

Tina follows him down into the cargo decks. Tina starts looking for the motorhome.

Tina and Ralph play a cat and mouse game through the trucks and cars that are parked up in the underneath of the ferry.

Tina finds the motorhome, and breaks into it. But where is the boy? That is when Ralph turns up in the door of the motorhome. And he has a knife.

The boat stops and starts to turn back around. Tina has to keep Ralph busy until the police can get on board...

Tina and Ralph fight. Tina's kickboxing training pulls off in this climactic moment. Ralph is weak and tired, and Tina is able to get the knife off him. Tina tries to convince Ralph to turn himself in. This is where we really start to understand who Ralph is, he's been doing this for years, he's at the end of his line. He just wants to stop.

Tina keeps him talking, until they start to turn the ferry around. That's when we see the police. Greg finally got them to listen. Ralph sees the police and runs to stand up on the side of the ferry. He threatens to jump. Tina tries to talk him down.

Just as Ralph is about to step off, bam. Ralph is shot in the head. Where did the shooter go? Are they on the boat, or on the mainland? Was it the police?

The ferry redocks and police come aboard and comes to Tina's aid. Tina is frantic, because she has not found the missing child. She is tearing the inside of motorhome apart but cannot find any trace of him. She stops to think a second and runs outside and opens the motorhome's trunk. It is empty and she is frozen, standing there staring into the empty space, thinking the child is gone.

That is when she sees some screw marks on the railings that are used to fit some storage-containers into the back of the trunk. She jumps into the trunk and starts pulling at the rails, and suddenly they come lose and reveal a specially made room with a little bed, and on it is the little boy.

Back in England, we see on the news that there are calls for more communication between countries where there is evidence of oversea human trafficking. Tina and Greg meet again in Wales. Tina tells him that her boyfriend broke up with her, but she saved a child's life, so she thinks it's a pretty good trade. Also, Stacy has dug up something we may find interesting, and apparently, it's a doozy.

– *Episode Outlines* –
DARK TRAILS

Greg tells her that despite him about to retire, he wants to get into human trafficking prevention. Tina says she was fired, but she's been offered a job on a project, something called Dark Trails. Maybe Greg can get a job there too.

Brian Togg is in his office, he's just got off the phone with Yara, congratulating her on getting her son back. He gets another call. We hear him discuss how Ralph could have mistakenly taken a child that has now put him in the limelight. Brian cannot be connected to any of this. He tells the person on the phone that they need to find a new trafficker. Also, someone called Stacy seems to be asking a lot of worrying questions. Make sure she is taken care of. Brian hangs up.

Unknown, France

A man is sent an email. Attached are several pictures he has downloaded from the dark web.

WE KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE. WE KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE ON YOUR COMPUTER. YOU WILL BE DELIVERED A PACKAGE. YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW. GET TO WORK.

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