

"UNFORGOTTEN"

by

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Episode 1

Recce Draft  
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- 1 INT. CHURCH. LEIGH ON SEA - DAY (TITLE SEQUENCE) 1  
 Close on a wriggling baby held in strong but gentle hands, one of which now cups water to pour over the baby's forehead. The quiet murmur of ceremonial words, and then the rude sound of a large church door opening and heavy footsteps approaching on cold flagstones.
- 2 EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH. CROYDON - DAY (TITLE SEQUENCE) 2  
 We are behind a woman, on the touch line, watching a football match, as her gaze is pulled left, to two people, in suits, a man and a woman, walking quickly towards her.
- 3 INT. SWIMMING POOL. THE CITY - DAY (TITLE SEQUENCE) 3  
 A man swimming under water, shadows appearing as he nears one end. His P.O.V. as he breaks the surface, breathless, to see two pairs of sensible shoed feet standing at the pool side, a woman's and a man's.
- 4 INT. HOUSE. ELY. DAY (TITLE SEQUENCE) 4  
 From behind, a man at a window, looking out as two figures walk quickly up a garden path, blurred by the net curtains. A hiatus, perhaps they have the wrong address....  
 ....and then a heavy insistent knock on the front door.
- Black. Titles. 'Unforgotten'.** \*
- 5 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY 1 5 \*
- A bedroom, a double bed, one side made up, one side covers drawn back, and through a door, we see a woman, D.C.I. CASSIE STUART (46) in an ensuite bathroom, talking handsfree on a mobile as she finishes applying eyeliner. She is mainly listening, and the conversation is coming to an end. We see
- CASSIE \*  
 ...yeah,...yup...fine,\*  
 ....okay I can be there in\*  
 twenty....see you then.\*
- And she clicks off, does a quick brush of her hair, pulls on a coat, grabs a hand bag and walks out of the bathroom, through the bedroom, and out of the room. \*
- 5A INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 1 5A

CASSIE walking in to a kitchen diner where a man in his late seventies (her dad, MARTIN, 76) sits, reading the paper and drinking coffee (we should spot a Thesaurus, dictionary and book of quotes, which are ever present on the kitchen table. The morning radio plays quietly on the radio in the back ground. \*

CASSIE

Dad I'm off.

MARTIN

Smell alright to me.

CASSIE

(eyes to the sky, same awful joke every day)

What you got on today?

MARTIN

Oh, you know, busy busy...  
(nodding at the crossword on a section of the paper)  
...losing your touch here, love...

CASSIE

(grins)

...I had to take a work call, still wipe the floor with you any day mate.

MARTIN

I'll finish it for you.

CASSIE

Yeah I did all the hard ones - see you later old man.

And she kisses affectionately him on the cheek and walks out. Stay on him a few seconds..

..and immediately she is out of the door, he sags, some deep sadness seems to wash over him. Whatever he presented to his daughter, is not who he is.

5B

EXT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE BUILDING SITE - DAY 1

5B \* \*

CASSIE driving towards a building site, a missing tooth in the otherwise regular smile of a fairly un-extraordinary row of Victorian red brick houses. The area could be any part of undeveloped, un-gentrified London. For now let's say it is Willesden. \*

\* \* \* \*

6 EXT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE BUILDING SITE - DAY 1

6

CASSIE pulling up outside. A middle aged man, D.S. SUNIL 'SUNNY' KHAN. 46, with an open friendly face, is leaning up against his car, nursing a coffee, already dressed in a white forensic suit. He has tired eyes (from the way they talk, we know these two are pretty tight)

\*

CASSIE  
(getting out)  
Morning.

SUNNY  
Guv.

CASSIE  
(clocking the eyes,  
locking her car)  
Late one?

SUNNY  
Oh yeah, all nighter at Whisky  
Miss.

CASSIE  
(grins as she pulls on  
her forensic suit)  
It's *Mist*, I think you'll find Mr  
Coolio.

SUNNY  
Whevs.

SUNNY takes a weary slug of his coffee, then -

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
You're a woman aren't you.

CASSIE  
(zipping up)  
Apparently.

SUNNY  
What is it with girls and crying,  
for absolutely no reason.

CASSIE  
Which one?

SUNNY  
Asha, till one in the bloody  
morning.

CASSIE  
Fourteen now?

\*

SUNNY  
Thirteen.

CASSIE

(as they start to walk  
toward a now taped off  
area of the site)

I cried last week with my dad.

SUNNY

Why?

CASSIE

Dunno really, just felt like it.

SUNNY

(marvellous)

And what did he do?

CASSIE

Gave me a hug.

SUNNY

And that made you feel better?

CASSIE

Not really, no.

And he waits for more, but it doesn't come.

SUNNY

Well thanks for that, you've been  
a real help.

And they are climbing down now towards a white police tent  
covering what must have been the cellar of the now  
demolished house (it is a rectangular space twelve feet  
below the general level of the rest of the site, about  
twenty five feet by fifteen) \*

Various professionals are already on site, a photographer,  
a forensic team, a couple of uniform, and a pathologist  
(SEAN RAWLINS) who is on his haunches, gently easing earth  
away from a human skeleton, maybe six inches beneath the  
base of the cellar (most of which is still covered in the  
concrete the builders were in the process of digging up). \*

CASSIE

(to the pathologist)

Morning..

And RAWLINS turns

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(extending a hand)

...D.C.I. Cass Stuart.

RAWLINS

(stands and walks round  
to shakes her hand)

(MORE)

RAWLINS (CONT'D)

Hi there, Sean Rawlins, how you  
doing.

CASSIE

Good, thanks.

And she looks down at the remains. A beat as she takes it all in.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Who found it?

RAWLINS

(nods at two Polish  
workers)

These guys.

She looks up, smiles at them.

RAWLINS (CONT'D)

They were digging up the floor,  
and the thigh bone appeared when  
they drilled through that bit of  
concrete. I cleared the rest.

She nods, gets down on her haunches to look at it more closely.

RAWLINS (CONT'D)

A male I think. And the bones are  
in good nick so young. A young  
adult.

CASSIE

What was the building that was  
here?

SUNNY

According to a neighbour I spoke to, it'd had quite a few incarnations over the years. A private house, a British Rail records office, flats, a hostel, a DHSS - those are the ones he can remember.

CASSIE

So how old was it?

SUNNY

Late Victorian he reckoned.

CASSIE

(to Rawlins)

So this is either a very shallow grave, or if the body was put here before the cellar was built a very deep one?

\*

\*

RAWLINS

Except we don't know what the ground level was when it went in the ground.

CASSIE

Right.

RAWLINS

And bones can move too, with sedimentary action, changing water tables, other factors.

CASSIE

But your gut feeling. Are we talking... Richard the Third or ..five years ago.

RAWLINS

(shrugs)

We could be talking five thousand years ago.

CASSIE

Seriously?

RAWLINS

Bones can survive in certain sorts of soil incredibly well. If it's salty or chalky they can perish in a couple of years.

CASSIE

But we do know he died very young.

RAWLINS

By *modern* standards. The life expectancy of a Mesolithic man was less than twenty.

CASSIE

Right. And any signs of trauma anywhere?

RAWLINS

Not from what I can see so far.

She looks around the space. Then stands.

CASSIE

Okay. So obviously we'll need to excavate the whole site, see if there's anything else under here, but how soon before we can get him out?

## RAWLINS

Well we obviously want to do that  
without damaging anything and  
that's not my expertise, we'll  
need an archaeologist.

\*  
\*  
\*

She nods, staring at the bones, lost in thought, and then  
finally she turns to RAWLINS with a smile.

\*  
\*  
\*

## CASSIE

Just make sure please, that  
everyone's aware until we know  
different, we treat this as a  
crime scene.

\*  
\*  
\*

And she turns back to look at the body, compassion in this  
woman's eyes.

## CASSIE (CONT'D)

And lets try and find out how he  
died. Whoever he was, I think we  
owe him that, at the very least.

7 EXT. ROAD - DAY 1

7

**Caption 'Leigh on Sea. Essex.'**

A high (drone shot?) on a car(something non-descript, a ten  
year old Ford) driving along a road skirting the mud flats  
of the Thames Estuary as it nears open water, the greys and  
greens of moss and oily mud, the driver is singing loudly  
along to the radio, as it plays One Direction's 'The Story  
of My Life'....

\*

8 INT. ROBERT GREAVES'S CAR - DAY 1

8

...and so we might be surprised to see, when we come inside  
the car, that ROBERT GREAVES is actually sixty seven, and  
wears a dog collar.

## ROBERT

....the story of my life, I give  
her hope, I spend her love, until  
she's broke inside.....

And then his mobile sounds. He looks at the hands free  
facility to see the number, and then lowers the volume.

## ROBERT (CONT'D)

Geoff.

## GEOFF (O.S.)

Robert, hi, just ringing to check  
you got my e-mail.

ROBERT

I did, I was going to respond  
this evening, got a manic day.

GEOFF (O.S)

I know it's tedious but it would  
just help me sell your case a bit  
to the Diocese.

ROBERT

Absolutely, just not sure the  
accounts are going to do that,  
how do you quantify the cost of  
buying a group of very lost women  
some hope...

GEOFF (O.S)

...well, I agree but.....

ROBERT

...but of course I will get them  
to you asap, I promise..

GEOFF (O.S)

...I mean if it were down to  
me.....

ROBERT

...oh.., Geoff, sorry, you're  
breaking up there...

And he clicks off and drives on, turning the volume up.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

....the story of my life...

9

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE. SOUTHEND - DAY 1

9

ROBERT walking across a grim grey housing estate in a very run down part of Southend. He heads toward a battered community hall, in the middle, and walks in.

10

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE. SOUTHEND - DAY 1

10

Inside a handful of rough looking women (a range of ages from early twenties to mid forties) are sitting at one end of the room, working with a woman who is teaching fairly basic reading and writing. ROBERT raises a hand in greeting.

ROBERT

Morning all.

But they all seem too engrossed (or exhausted) to respond much, as he walks in to an office at the other end of the room.

11

INT. OFFICE. COMMUNITY CENTRE. SOUTHENND - DAY 1

11

A woman looks up and smiles warmly

SHEILA

Hi Bob, wasn't expecting you in  
today.

ROBERT

Not stopping, just wanted to pick  
up some bumph for an AGM, how  
they doing in there?

SHEILA

Good, nine's our best turnout for  
a couple of months.

ROBERT

Brilliant, well done you.

SHEILA

Did your daughter get hold of  
you?

ROBERT

(finds what he needs)  
Switched my mobile off, bishop's  
on the warpath again.

SHEILA

She said it wasn't urgent, just  
wedding stuff.

ROBERT

(wryly, exiting)  
Trust me, if it's the wedding,  
it's never not urgent, I'll call  
her...And then he stops, a thought, and he rifles in his pocket  
and pulls out a crumpled fiver.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(handing it to her)  
...here, buy 'em some nice  
biccies, always good for flagging  
spirits. Seeya.And he is out, and we stay on a smiling SHEILA, who is  
clearly, ever so slightly in love with ROBERT.**Montage**

12

EXT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE BUILDING SITE - DAY 1

12

The whole site under a large white tent.

Our pathologist RAWLINS watching as an archeologist (JOHN BURTON) starts to very carefully ease the first of the bones (the foot) out of the London earth.

\*

And he scoops the whole foot out, lots of claggy clay like earth holding the metatarsels and tarsels together, and places it in a special designed polystyrene lined box.

\*

12A EXT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION - DAY 1

12A \*

Establisher of the Bishop St Police Station. Central/West London.

\*

\*

13 INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION- DAY 1

13

Close on a computer screen, as we see the words 'Victorian photos of Arlingham Place' typed in to a search engine.

Pull back to see it is CASSIE in her office typing the words.

CUT TO:

CASSIE printing off the heading **27 Arlingham Place**, which she now attaches to a white board in the main office, and then underneath, she sticks on a sepia copy of a large Victorian detached building, with a horse and trap standing outside, and a family group (mother, father, two children) and three staff, a gardener, a cook, and a general housemaid, with the date 1896.

Already on the board are photos of

\*

The house in the 1930s, still a private residence, but the street outside now has a couple of cars on it.

\*

\*

The house in the fifties, a group of scrawny mucky kids playing football in the yard.

\*

\*

The house in the sixties and early seventies, when it was a school 'St Ninian's Infants', a bunch of little five to seven year olds playing in the playground at playtime.

\*

\*

\*

The house in the late seventies and eighties, a group of men and women variously standing and sitting on the front steps, staring slightly blankly at the camera with tired eyes. A new sign above the front porch reading 'Arlingham House'

\*

\*

\*

\*

And it's last incarnation, as a DHSS facility since 1992, a man sitting on a wall outside reading the Standard detailing black Wednesday in 1997.

\*

\*

\*

\*

14 INT. TENT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE BUILDING SITE - DAY 1 14  
 The skeleton more than half removed, the feet, legs, and pelvis safely packed in to boxes, JOHN the archeologist and RAWLINS moving on to the rib cage. \*

15 OMITTED 15 \*

16 INT. TENT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE BUILDING SITE - DAY 1 16  
 Edging the skull slowly out of the ground, and finally the ground gives it up with one last gentle pull.  
 Close on RAWLINS as the skull is placed in his hands by the archeologist. And we are on him as he looks at it closely, turns it around, and then we register just the slightest change in his expression.

17 INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION. CASSIE'S OFFICE - DAY 1 17  
 CASSIE at her desk now as her phone rings.  
 CASSIE  
 D.C.I. Stuart.  
 RAWLINS (O.S.)  
 Hi, it's Sean Rawlins.  
 CASSIE  
 Sean Hi, what's happening?  
 RAWLINS (O.S.)  
 There's something you should see.  
**End of part one**  
**Part two**

17A EXT. HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT. WESTMINSTER - DAY 1 17A \*  
 Establisher of Westminster \*

18 EXT. TERRACE. HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT - DAY 1 18  
**Caption 'Westminster'.**  
 A man, SIR PHILLIP CROSS (69) at a table on the terrace of the house of commons bar, drinking a glass of champagne, looking out over the Thames. The reds and greys of a central London of telephone boxes and buses.

PHILLIP is in very good nick for his age, and looks effortlessly entitled, so it is a surprise when he speaks, that it is with a fairly unreconstructed cockney accent.

GOUGH

Sir Phillip....

PHILLIP turns. Smiles as he/we see LIAM GOUGH (think a younger Hague) slightly harried looking younger man walking quickly toward him.

GOUGH (CONT'D)

...I'm so sorry, the vote went on for ever, how are you, very good to see you.

PHILLIP

(shaking his hand)

I'm good, how are you, glass of fizz?

GOUGH

Oh god, yes, long day, thank you.....

(sitting, smiles)

...so did the P.M ring you?

PHILLIP

(likes that)

Er, no, why, did he say he would?

GOUGH

(taking the glass)

Well he said he'd try, which I suppose is not always the same thing.

PHILLIP

(smiles)

Right.

GOUGH

But basically he just wanted to say that he's talked it though with the chancellor and to be honest, we all think it's a superb idea. Bottom line, we would really love to have you on board.

On PHILLIP, clearly very chuffed.

PHILLIP

Well that's...

(he grins)

...I genuinely think it's a good move for us all, Liam.

GOUGH  
(leaning in, quietly)  
And how does Lord Cross of  
Frognal sound?

PHILLIP  
(he laughs)  
You know that's not why I'm doing  
this.

GOUGH  
Oh you'll earn it, trust me...  
(he raises his glass)  
...to our new entrepreneur Czar,  
congratulations.

And PHILLIP raises his glass. Loves that.

19

INT. TENT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE BUILDING SITE - DAY 1

19

The skeleton laid out on a temporary table. The skull has been cleaned of mud and now we can see there is a clear and large fracture and depression at the rear of the skull.  
CASSIE studying the skull closely.

RAWLINS  
...it's about...three inches wide, most likely caused by a very heavy blow from a blunt instrument.

CASSIE  
Couldn't be from the drill?

RAWLINS  
(shakes his head)  
The bones at the point of fracture would be lighter, they wouldn't have had time to be discoloured by the soil.

She looks up at him.

CASSIE  
So are you saying you think this could have been the cause of death?

RAWLINS  
This is a very significant injury, it would have caused massive blood loss, profound brain injury...

And he looks up at her.

RAWLINS (CONT'D)  
 ...and yes, in all likelihood, I  
 think it would have caused death.

20 EXT. PHILLIP AND SHIRLEY CROSS' HOUSE. HOLLAND PARK - DAY 10 \*

A large stuccoed Holland Park villa, in which lives PHILLIP \*  
 CROSS and his wife SHIRLEY. Some miles from the Bethnal Green \*  
 slums where he grew up.

SHIRLEY (O.S.)  
 ...you told the kids?

21 INT. PHILLIP AND SHIRLEY CROSS' HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 1 21

SHIRLEY CROSS (61, also in very good nick for her age) is  
 in a vast very high spec kitchen, making a shepherd's pie,  
 a phone wedged in to her ear as she chops onions. (The  
 Georgian House has had an fashionable makeover, all slate  
 greys and Wasabis).

PHILLIP (O.S.)  
 ...spoke to Joshy, who was dead  
 chuffed, can't get hold of Bella,  
 think she's still in court...

SHIRLEY  
 ...well we'll celebrate tonight,  
 I'm making your favourite, what  
 time d'you wanna eat.....

22 INT. PHILLIP'S CAR - DAY 1 22

PHILLIP being driven across London in his limo.

PHILLIP  
 ...I'm at the Ummana thing early  
 doors and then he wants to meet  
 me so...eight thirty?

SHIRLEY (O.S)  
 Perfect.

PHILLIP  
 Can we have it with peas?

SHIRLEY (O.S)  
 'Course.

PHILLIP  
 Love you sweetheart.

SHIRLEY (O.S)  
 Love you too.

And he clicks off, and then redials.

PHILLIP

Hello, Belby, s'me again, give us  
a ring when you're free...got  
some good news, your old man's  
going up in the world.

And he clicks off, a tiny sense of sadness in his eyes.

22A EXT. TOWN HALL - DAY 1

22A \*

Establisher of the Town Hall.

\*

23 INT. TOWN HALL PLANNING DEPARTMENT - DAY 1

23

SUNNY sitting in the reception of an anonymous council  
planning dept.

TURNAM

D.S. Khan?

He looks up, to see a middle aged woman, with a fat bundle  
of files under her arms.

24 EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH. CROYDON - DAY 1

24

**Caption 'Effingham, Croydon'.**

The blue of a synthetic pitch under the grey of a concrete  
flyover.

A woman, LIZZIE WILTON (57) Luton accent, a small tightly  
formed bundle of energy, be-ringed fingers on one hand, is  
walking briskly from the touchline of an astro turf  
football pitch, toward a wheezing loping gangly black  
teenager coming towards her.

Behind him, a bunch of young kids in their mid teens, a  
mixture of black, Asian, and white, are sprinting half  
lengths of the pitch under the instruction of RAY WILTON (a  
63 year old black guy).

LIZZIE

...Brandon, get back out there  
now...

BRANDON

(looking slightly  
scared)

...I'm having an asthma attack  
miss...

LIZZIE

...you're not having anything,  
that is just your heart pumping  
oxygen around your body, as  
opposed to skunk fumes...

BRANDON

...I'm dying, I'm tellin' you...

CURTIS

...Brandon!!

And he turns to see a young grinning (black) team mate  
(CURTIS, 16) calling over to him.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

...come on man, we need you up  
front....

BRANDON

...I'm not good fam.....

CURTIS

...you just gotta get your wind,  
's'only ten minutes each way, come  
on man, you're our only striker,  
we need you....

A beat, then -

BRANDON

...if I croak Curtis, I'm tellin  
you...

And he is trotting back on to the pitch as his team mates give him a little round of ironic applause, which he acknowledges with a piss taking kiss of his shirt badge. CURTIS looks at LIZZIE and grins, she mouths a 'thank you', and then LIZZIE's husband RAY blows for the match to start and she goes back to her cool box of half time drinks and oranges.

CASSIE looking at a copy of what SUNNY was shown in the planning dept. Original architects elevations.

CASSIE

So...sorry, I'm being stupid,  
these are the plans for 27  
Arlingham Place?

SUNNY

(shakes his head)

These are the plans for the original - they built hundreds of buildings to this design - but all to exactly the same spec.

CASSIE

Right, got you.

Struggling to read the copperplate writing down the side of one elevation which details the cellar.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

My bloody eyes.

SUNNY

It's detailing the depth of the footings, but more importantly, it tells the builders that the cellar would have a three inch concrete and screed floor laid - as standard.

Very significant.

CASSIE

Right.

A beat, she considers.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Can you date concrete?

SUNNY

(smiles, great minds)

No, I just googled it.

CASSIE

Because in truth all this tells us is it had a concrete floor when it was built in....

(looking)

SUNNY

...1886.

CASSIE

....we have no way of knowing if the floor the builders broke up was the same one.

He nods. A beat. Knows where she is heading but is not convinced.

SUNNY

So you really think someone dug up the original, stuck a body under it, and then relaid a new one?

CASSIE

If it was good enough for Fred West....

SUNNY

...except we haven't found anything else. And disposing of a body is all about ease, guv....

CASSIE

(snapping, slightly irritably)

...yeah I do know that Sunny.

A beat.

SUNNY

(he shrugs)

Well, I think he was already there when the building went up.

And maybe, despite it all, CASSIE is thinking the same.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

And if he was...I'm not entirely sure what we would be doing investigating a suspicious death from at least a hundred and thirty years ago.

And we go out on CASSIE, and we know she knows he is right.

25A EXT. CHANGING ROOMS, SPORTS CENTRE. CROYDON - DUSK 1 25A \*

Establisher of the changing rooms. \*

26 INT. CHANGING ROOMS, SPORTS CENTRE. CROYDON - DUSK 1 26 \*

CURTIS bringing over a bag of sweaty football kit to where RAY is stuffing footballs in to a net holder, as the other kids raucously get changed.

RAY

Oh, thanks mate...

(conspiratorial)

....and hey, thanks for getting Brandon on side.

CURTIS

No worries.

And here is LIZZIE walking through the boys changing rooms, to lots of whoops of shock and faux embarrassment.

LIZZIE  
(unfazed, at one lad  
whooping louder than  
the others)  
...yeah yeah, seen it all before,  
Joseph, bigger and better an'  
all...  
(to Ray)  
...haven't I sweetheart...

RAY shaking his head in embarrassment, but LIZZIE is just laughing as she heads for a quiet corner.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
Curtis.

CURTIS tying his laces, turns.

CURTIS  
Alright miss.

LIZZIE  
Meant to give you this earlier...  
(handing him a DVD)  
...found it in a charity shop.

A DVD of 'Of Mice and Men' (1992 version)

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
You seen it?

CURTIS  
No.

LIZZIE  
When's the exam?

CURTIS  
24th.

LIZZIE  
Might be worth a squint, I dunno,  
always easier to remember quotes  
from a film than a book somehow -  
'I'll be back!!'

But he is not smiling at her terrible Arnold Schwarzenegger, he is frowning, something wrong.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
What?

A beat, then -

CURTIS

My mum sold the DVD player.

And he is not looking at her but she can see the shame in his eyes.

LIZZIE

Right...

(quietly, so none of the others can hear)

...she using again then?

A beat, then the faintest nod. A beat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Well.... how about you watch it round ours, I'm in Thursday?

He looks up.

CURTIS

Serious?

LIZZIE

(she shrugs)

I get to spend the evening with John Malkovitch, what's not to like?

A beat, CURTIS so unused to such care, a half smile forming.

CURTIS

I'd like that.

LIZZIE

Good. Six thirty then, play your cards right I might even get a pizza in.

He nods shyly, and then heads off.

CURTIS

Night Miss. And thanks.

And we are on her glow of simple pleasure at being able to help someone less fortunate than herself.

RAY

(affectionately)

Soft as a pudding you are.

And she turns to RAY watching her. And she smiles, grabs the kit bag off him, and walks out through the cat calling boys.

And we stay on RAY for a second, his eye drawn to a plaque above the doorway she has just walked out of.

And then he swings the bag of footballs over his shoulder, and follows his wife out, and as he goes we go slowly in on the brass plaque, which reads.

**In memory of Michael Ray Wilton, 1991-2006 beloved and only son of Elizabeth and Ray. Always in our hearts.**

26A EXT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - DUSK 1

26A \*

Establisher of Cassie's house and parked car.

\*

27 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - DUSK 1

27

CASSIE and dad, MARTIN, eating dinner.

MARTIN

You think he's wrong?

CASSIE

No. The logic suggests he's right.

MARTIN

What about the carbon dating thing?

CASSIE

Takes weeks. And anyway it would only really tell us if it was centuries old, or longer. If it was within the last...hundred or so, it's not really usefully accurate.

He nods. Digests.

MARTIN

But even if it told you *that*. That it was...put there some time in the last hundred years. That somebody *had*, at some point, pulled up the floor and buried the body under the concrete. What's your cut off point?

She looks at him, intuiting some agenda here.

CASSIE

No statute of limitations on murder.

MARTIN

So say you date it to ...I dunno - the thirties.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Are you really going to deploy  
your limited resources on a crime  
eighty years old?

CASSIE

(she shrugs)

Still somebody's son though isn't  
it. Might even have had his own  
kids. Who might still be alive if  
it was the thirties. A father  
they never knew.

MARTIN

(he shrugs)

I never knew my father. I got  
over it about seventy three years  
ago.

But she is not so sure.

CASSIE

I dunno. Is a crime less serious  
because time's passed. Is a...  
wrong less wrong because it was  
done fifty years ago? Or sixty?  
Or seventy?

A beat, then -

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I think if people are still alive  
that are affected by it, or even  
remember people that were  
affected, I think a society has a  
responsibility to take it  
seriously. To investigate. And  
then, if it's still possible, to  
punish the guilty. No matter how  
far back, no matter how old they  
are. Don't you?

Close on him. This is touching some nerve.

MARTIN

I dunno...

(standing)

...feels like history to me,  
ancient history.....

And he walks slowly over to the kettle.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

...tea?

CASSIE

Thanks.

But we know she is digesting his words.

27A EXT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DUSK 1

27A \*

The front of Eric and Claire's house at dusk. \*

28 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DUSK 1

28

**Caption 'Chawton, near Ely, Cambridgeshire'.** A man, ERIC SLATER, a sprightly 75, is zipping down a corridor in his wheel chair. He has a blue tooth phone piece attached to his ear.

ERIC

....you're gonna need to give me  
a better price than that big man,  
I'm ordering four crates....

And he spins in to a sitting room, where two men in their forties (his sons, LES and MATT), are sitting with a woman CLAIRE, 71, their mum, in a sitting room, drinking tea. LIVVY an eight year old girl sits on CLAIRE's lap, letting her granny stroke her hair.

ERIC (CONT'D)

....I'll call you back.  
(he clicks off)  
Thieving bastards.

CLAIRe

Eric!!

ERIC

(grins at the little  
girl)

Sorry sweetheart, grandpa's got a  
filthy mouth hasn't he.

MATT

You're haggling over fifty quid  
dad.

ERIC

Fifty quid's fifty quid mate.

CLAIRe

Fifty quid was what we were short  
of when we bought this place. Our  
friend Terry Miller lent it us in  
the end, but if he hadn't  
have....brought the cash round in  
pound notes as I remember.

ERIC

God yeah, forgotten that.

CLAIRe

(standing)

Right Liv, shall we see if we can  
find some choccie biccies...

LIVVY

Yeah...

CLAIRe

...and who wants another cuppa?

And they exit and ERIC looks at LES as if to say 'see'.

LES

You know long term memory's the  
last to go, dad. Ask her what she  
had for breakfast, or if she's  
taken her statins today, or her  
Omeprazole.

ERIC

I remember for her.

LES

And what about all the stuff she  
used to do for you. How's that  
going to work?

ERIC

We'll cope.

LES

But you're already *not* coping,  
I'm not being funny but...

(awkward)

...when was the last time you  
cleaned the lavs, dad?

MATT

Les....

LES

...sorry but they sort of smell a  
bit and.....

ERIC

(very firm)

We're not going in to sheltered  
housing Leslie! Now leave it.

And CLAIRE and LIVVY walk back in, and all smile brightly  
again.

CLAIRe

(with clean mugs)

Are Ron Bartlett and his wife  
coming to the party? It must be  
nearly their sapphire as well.

A beat.

LES

Ron died a couple of years ago  
mum. You remember.

Out on CLAIRE. Clearly shocked and distressed by this fairly significant memory failure..

29

EXT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DUSK 1

29

LES and MATT walking down the path as the door shuts behind them, to their respective cars.

The house is the last on an unremarkable street, that sits on the edge of open ground, fen land, yellows and greens, reeds and heathers. Mist gathering as the light fades.

MATT

How's business Les?

And LES swings round. Hears the intended implication.

LES

Get in the van Livvy please.

And LIVVY walks toward a battered Ford van, as LES turns to his brother.

LES (CONT'D)

You really believe this is me  
trying to get my hands on the  
house?

MATT

Just let them be, Les, they're  
happy here.

LES

And how would you know, it's me  
who's round here every week  
whilst you ponce off back to  
London.

Which wounds.

LES (CONT'D)

This is about keeping them safe,  
nothing more.

And he walks back to his van, whilst MATT watches him, unconvinced, before getting in to his 15 reg BMW.

And we go out on ERIC, a sad face at the window, watching his two sons squabble over him and their mum.

30

INT. TENT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE BUILDING SITE- EVENING 1

30

JOHN and now his assistant (KELLY), under arc lights, working the earth underneath where the grave was, slowly scraping away layers of compacted earth, which still bears the imprint of the skeleton, and then one of them finds something.

JOHN

Hang on...

Whatever he has found, is about a third of the way down where the thigh bone imprint is, KELLY shuffles along, and peers down.

KELLY

....it's going this way.

And she is scraping away with a scalpel until a shape is becoming clearer and clearer, and until it is possible to discern a form.

JOHN

Looks like..... a key?

And then it is free and he pulls it out. And we can see it is in fact a rusted pair of keys, on a ring.

**End of part two**

**Part three**

31

INT. FORENSIC ARCHEOLOGY LAB - NIGHT 1

31

CASSIE with the archeologists, KELLY and JOHN, in a laboratory, looking at the keys on a tray, cleaned up, and looking a lot more like keys.

CASSIE

So tell me if I'm wrong but....

She looks up at KELLY.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

..one of these at least...the  
shape and the bit at the  
end....this looks like a car key.

KELLY

(nods)

We think so too.

A smile forming on CASSIE's face, this is a massive breakthrough.

CASSIE

And how sure are we it belongs to  
the body.

KELLY

Where it was found - a few inches  
below the top of the femur, it's  
consistent with the key having  
been in a trouser pocket.

JOHN

So we did some very quick tests  
on the metal and we've found  
chromium and chromium oxide,  
which explains the retarded  
corrosion...basically we think  
it's stainless steel.

KELLY

Earliest common usage of which  
was around 1917. But if it *is* an  
ignition key, they weren't  
invented until 1949, and that was  
in America.

CASSIE

So this is...fifties, earliest?

KELLY

(nods)

If it *is* a car key.

CASSIE

(smiles)

Okay.

KELLY

So we're going to get it down to  
our lab in Wapping, they've got  
some very new technology down  
there which could show us a lot  
more than we can see.

CASSIE

Such as?

KELLY

They basically blast it with an X-  
Ray source called a synchroton,  
which, amongst many other things,  
can illuminate traces of tooling  
obscured by the corrosion.

CASSIE

You mean tooling like... a serial  
number?

KELLY  
 (she grins)  
 That would be kind of cool  
 wouldn't it?

CASSIE  
 Oh yeah, that would be *very* kind  
 of cool.

31A EXT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

31A \*

Robert's car parked outside house at night.

\*

32 INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. SOUTHEND - NIGHT 1 32

ROBERT, GRACE, ROBERT's wife, his daughter ELLIE (29) and her fiancee TOM (32) are eating dinner, by candlelight, at the simple scrubbed table of a small kitchen diner in a very unremarkable sixties semi. (This should be near-ish to Southend sea front.)

ROBERT  
 ...and Ellie looked at her  
 sister, narrowed her eyes and  
 said 'Caro, you are dead, D.E.D.  
 dead.'

Which elicits big laughter from everyone.

ELLIE  
 (to Tom)  
 Tragically I was twenty three at  
 the time.

And ELLIE pours some wine, as the laughter subsides, a sense of a slight shift.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
 So listen, we just wanted to  
 er....discuss something about the  
 wedding.

ROBERT  
 (grins)  
 Thirteen weeks and counting.

And she smiles, and flicks a look at TOM. Who looks slightly queasy.

TOM  
 So....we've been talking a lot  
 about it and...you know, we  
 wanted to ask how you guys would  
 feel if actually...it was not  
 ....exclusively a church  
 ceremony.

Which gets ROBERT's attention. He smiles, open, affable.

ROBERT

Not 'exclusively'? How do you mean exactly?

TOM

Well, obviously, as you know, I'm not religious....

ROBERT

(nods, smiles)

Of course.

TOM

...but the vows are still very important to me...

ROBERT

(grinning)

Good...

TOM

...and so we were just discussing the ...er...possibility of absolutely still having a church ceremony...but whether we should consider doing the actual.... marriage, the legal bit...in a register office.

A beat. And the stolen look between GRACE and ELLIE suggest that the mother has already been briefed about this.

TOM (CONT'D)

I think...we would just feel more comfortable...endorsing our vows in a non religious setting. And then having a blessing in church - which of course, as per, we would still love you to preside over.

There. Said it. All eyes to ROBERT who's smile has now slightly frozen.

ROBERT

Right. Okay. And sorry when you say 'we'...

He turns to ELLIE, smiles, steel now beneath the affable exterior.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

...why would you not want to get married in church Ellie?

ELLIE

Well...for Tom.

ROBERT

Right. Yes. Of course. But...if  
it was just... your decision?

ELLIE

Er ...well, yes, if it were *just*  
my decision...of course, yes, I'd  
get married in church.

A beat. And then he turns to TOM. Smiles again.

ROBERT

And you wouldn't do this to make  
my daughter happy?

On TOM. Skewered.

TOM

Well...I mean...yes of course if  
I felt she...*did* want that?

Throws it back to her. And her dad is looking at her.

ELLIE

Well anyway, it was just a  
thought.

ROBERT nods, smiles.

ROBERT

And an interesting one,  
certainly....but the church is  
going to look so lovely and  
surely you don't need the extra  
hassle of another ceremony....

He doesn't wait for the answer.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(standing)  
....I'll grab some more wine.

And as he walks out, ELLIE throws an eye to the sky at her  
mum, who just shakes her head. TOM looks very pissed off  
but very aware he has come up against a better man.

33

INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. SOUTHENDE - NIGHT B3

GRACE washing her tired old face in their tired old  
bathroom. She looks up at herself and we sense she does not  
like what she sees. Her husband walks in and grabs his  
tooth brush.

ROBERT

Nice evening wasn't it.

She turns away and walks past him into their spartan bedroom.

GRACE  
(flat)  
Yup.

ROBERT  
(a beat, he frowns)  
Grace?

And looks in to their bedroom where she is undressing.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Love? You alright?

GRACE  
I'm fine.

Okay, so she's clearly not. He walks in to their bedroom.

ROBERT  
Sorry, what's the matter?

GRACE  
Why should anything be the matter, Robert, you got what you wanted, like you always do, so how could anything be the matter.

Where did that come from?

ROBERT  
I got what *Ellie* wanted.

At which she snorts.

GRACE  
And how would you know what she wants, how would you know what any of us really want, I mean have you ever actually sat down and asked?

He looks shocked.

ROBERT  
Grace, I'm not sure what this is about but...

And she turns, a sudden fire in her eyes.

GRACE

...oh it's about drying my hair  
on fifteen year old towels,  
Robert, and not having had a  
holiday in six years because  
everything we've ever had you've  
given to other people, which is  
very kind and charitable and  
everything, but actually - I  
don't ever remember being fucking  
asked!!!! It's about *you*, getting  
your way, for forty years, and  
it's about me sometimes just  
getting a tiny bit fed up of it,

\*

And she flings the bedroom door open and walks out,  
slamming the door behind her, leaving ROBERT absolutely  
stunned, clearly this is all news to him.

\*

\*

**New day**

34

INT. RESTAURANT. OLD BAILEY - DAY 2

34

A young woman, ANABELLE 'BELLA' CROSS (32, middle class accent) eating with her dad PHILLIP CROSS, in a very upmarket restaurant somewhere in the city.

PHILLIP

...I mean I wouldn't *insist* you  
use the title at home, maybe bow  
once in while, doff your cap  
occasionally...

She smiles, slightly tightly, but we sense a coolness.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

...you think I'm an idiot don't  
you, for giving a toss.

BELLA

Whatever floats your boat dad.

PHILLIP

It makes me smile Belle. It's me  
saying that it doesn't matter  
where I come from, I can get it,  
what they have, if I want it.

And he is speaking just a little too loudly and a few suits, and a few floridly privileged faces look round.

BELLA

(quietly)

But why would you want it? Why  
would you want any of this?

PHILLIP

(smiles)

Hang on, you chose this gaff.

BELLA

It's next to my chambers, it's convenient, I don't *aspire* to this, to be like them. And even if I did, I learned every day at school for fourteen years, that it didn't matter how much money you had, or how you spoke, you could never *really* make the leap.

A beat, then he smiles softly.

PHILLIP

So what do you want, sweetpea? If you don't want all this, and you're embarrassed by your roots, by me...

She looks up, horrified.

BELLA

Dad, that is...

PHILLIP

...listen I embarrass myself sometimes, I'm just saying....

A beat, then she softens.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

...you've got a great job, you're making a difference, you're way smarter than me...  
...but I never really get the sense that..you're happy...

A beat. And he reaches across the table and takes her hand.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

....and that's all we want, your mum and me, we just want you to be happy.

Out on her, and her expression tells us her dad is, as ever, right on the money.

The key image up on a screen, three images next to one another of the same photo.

The one as it is (a vague key shaped object with no markings) one taken with an ordinary x ray, where faint markings can be seen running along the shaft of the key, and then the final one in which we can very clearly see the letters and numbers

**AH-1165-174**

KELLY

That cool enough?

CASSIE

Oh yeah, that's more than cool enough.

36

INT. VINTAGE CAR SHOWROOM - DAY 2

36

CASSIE in a car showroom with a print out of the X-RAY, which is being looked at by the dealer, JAMES. (outside, talking on his mobile, we will spot SUNNY).

JAMES

...actually we didn't get key ignition till 52 so that's your backstop date but you know what...

Studying the photos, then he nods.

JAMES (CONT'D)

...yeah we don't need to know that because this is very simple to date - MS stands for Morton Spyder....

CASSIE

Right.

JAMES

...and then the first numbers are the month and year it was manufactured, which is November 1965, and I suspect - but you would have to speak to the Morton archive centre - I suspect the following numbers are the number it came off the production line.

CASSIE

It was the 174th in November 1965?

JAMES

(nods)

Luckily for you there were a lot fewer cars then. You should be able to get the reg with this.

SUNNY

Guv?

She turns, SUNNY walking over, an almost begrudging smile on his face.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Just been speaking to a caretaker of the building from when it was a school...

(he smiles)

...the concrete was pulled up in the late sixties after a mains water feed burst - and definitely not relaid as long as he worked there, which was till 1978.

And she grins.

CASSIE

Sunny.....

(starting to walk out)

...yesterday my life was filled with pain...

SUNNY

(following)

Just give me a *rough* idea when you're going to stop finding that funny....

CASSIE

...oh, several years yet my friend...

And they are out.

36A EXT. LIZZIE AND RAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

36A \*

Establisher of Lizzie and Ray's house at night.

\*

37 INT. LIZZIE AND RAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

37

The credits of 'Of Mice and Men (1992)' rolling, as LIZZIE clears away various pizza boxes and glasses, and CURTIS helps. (*We will see many photos of their dead son (mixed race) dotted around the room, as variously a baby, a toddler, and lastly, a cheeky faced fourteen year old.*)

CURTIS

...all I'm saying is...not much has changed.

LIZZIE

Curtis everything has changed.

And you know why?

(MORE)

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
 You have education, which gives  
 you choices those poor buggers  
 could only dream of....

At which the door opens and RAY walks in from a late shift  
 on the underground.

RAY  
 (affectionately)  
 Blimey, you still here, ugly.

LIZZIE  
 Actually he's just off....  
 (turning back to Curtis)  
 ....he's got some revision to do  
 haven't you matey.

RAY flicks a look at his watch.

RAY  
 Come on then, big man, I'll spin  
 you round to your mum's.

CURTIS  
 Oh. Thanks Mr Wilton.

RAY  
 (to Lizzie)  
 Put the kettle on then.

CURTIS  
 Night, miss.

LIZZIE  
 Night, love.

And we go out on LIZZIE, mouthing a thank you at her lovely husband, as they exit.

38

INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

38

GRACE walking in, flicking on the light, and taking her coat off, as she spots something on the kitchen table. A note on top of some magazines. She reads the note.

*Sorry, got an 'Anchors' budget meeting, back at tennish.  
 Grabbed these from the travel agents this afternoon, have a  
 butcher's and lets discuss later. Love you. Rxx'*

\*

And she looks down to see a stack of holiday brochures. And we stay on her as her face softens. He's clearly trying.

39

INT. LIZZIE &amp; RAY'S CAR OUTSIDE CURTIS' BLOCK OF FLATS - 39 \*

NIGHT 2

CURTIS and RAY pulling up at the foot of a Croydon estate tower block. (We may clock a picture of MICHAEL hanging from the rear view mirror). He parks.

CURTIS

I know you'd never think of it like this but.... I reckon he was lucky, your son.

Which turns RAY's head.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Having you guys for fifteen years. That was special.

Which slightly hamfisted but utterly genuine expression of affection, slightly undoes RAY. He smiles as tears prick his eyes.

RAY

Believe me, not as half as lucky as we were, Curtis.

And out CURTIS gets.

CURTIS

Night, Sir.

RAY

Night, son.

And he watches as CURTIS walks off.

### **New day**

40

INT. MORTON ARCHIVE CENTRE - DAY 3

40

And we are in a small warehousing facility, rows and rows of corridors, each headed up by a legend announcing the corridor belongs to 'Aurora', 'Ariel', 'Ultra' etc.

And we are at the entrance to one corridor, headed 'Spyder', where CASSIE and SUNNY wait.

And half way down the row, a man is tracing his finger along a row of boxes until he comes to -

MEREDITH

November 65.

And we see half a dozen boxes with that heading, but only one with the numbers 150-180. And he pulls the box down, walks back out and plonks it on to a table.

CASSIE standing with him as he opens it and flicks through with his fingers till he finds number 174. And pulls out an old filing card.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Here we go, was a direct sale from  
the factory, 12th January 1966, reg  
775 UCC to a Stephen J White,  
Either of those any use?

\*

And he hands the card over to CASSIE, and she starts to read the words, is this their man?

CASSIE

Oh yeah...  
(she smiles)  
...just a little bit.

Her finger tracing, almost caressing the 48 year old words, it is quite an emotional moment, is this their man?

CASSIE CONT'D)

(looking up)  
Thank you, you've been incredibly  
helpful  
(to Sunny)  
We need to go.

And they are exiting. Fast.

#### **End of part three**

#### **Part four**

41

INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION. CID ROOM - DAY 3

41

CASSIE at a desk, typing in **Stephen J White** in to a missing persons database as SUNNY comes off the phone.

SUNNY

(walking over)  
DVLA have Mr White down as the only  
registered owner.

And on her screen a list of names come up. But very quickly we/they can see they do not match (Stephen James Whitby, Stephen John Whitman, Steven Whittle etc) and CASSIE and SUNNY both slightly die inside - they clearly thought they might have found him.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

How far does it go back?

CASSIE

Far enough, before the fifties -  
if anyone ever reported a Stephen  
J White missing, he'd be here.

A beat. She sags.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Okay so maybe he's not our victim, but if he's still alive he may be able to tell us if ...I dunno... he sold our victim his car without informing DVLA or... sold it to the man who sold it to the victim. If he's still alive, we're in with a shout.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

41A EXT. SEMI. NEASDON - DAY 3

41A \*

SUNNY's car parked outside a semi Neasdons.

\*

42 INT. SEMI. NEASDON - DAY 3

42

SUNNY sitting opposite a gray haired old lady in her seventies, who, we will learn, is MRS STEPHEN WHITE (MARY, 76).

SUNNY

Oh. I'm sorry to hear that Mrs White.

MARY

Oh he had a grand life, he was eighty eight when he died.

SUNNY

(arse)

A good innings.

WHITTLE

A very good innings.

And we sense SUNNY is chomping at the bit to get to the useful bit.

SUNNY

If I could just come back to the Spyder, we couldn't find any record of it being sold on after he bought it so....did your husband keep it, did you keep it or...

MARY

...keep it? No no, I thought you knew, it was stolen.

SUNNY

(fuck)

Stolen?

MARY

(nods)

Taken from right outside our  
house and never found, Christmas  
1975, broke his heart.

SUNNY

Right...

(back to the drawing  
board)

..stolen.

43

INT. PUB. EUSTON - NIGHT 3

43

SUNNY with CASSIE (he has obviously just briefed her). A long beat, then -

CASSIE

Okay....

(thinking thinking  
thinking)

....so lets assume then, for now,  
it was our victim that stole it.

SUNNY

Right...

CASSIE

So....

(thinking)

...lets go back to the factory  
records, lets get the chassis  
number, the engine number, even if  
the number plate was changed after  
it was stolen, we must be able to  
find it - these cars were  
collectibles even back then, so we  
try scrap merchants, classic car  
dealers, spare parts dealers...

(standing)

...a car like that doesn't just  
disappear off the face of the  
earth.

SUNNY

(he frowns)

But..... why? What use is  
finding the car now, it was  
stolen - it can't identify anyone  
there'll be no traceable... link.

And she nods, as if is about to rebut this, but then -

CASSIE

I don't know, but right now we've  
got bugger all else. So.

Good answer. And then she walks out.

**New day**

44 INT. SCRAP DEALER 1. WILLESDEN - DAY 4 44 \*

A grease monkey in a portacabin office who's filing system appears to be a load of cardboard boxes, looking at SUNNY like he is nuts and then just starting to laugh.

45 INT. SUNNY'S CAR - DAY 4 45 \*

SUNNY sitting in his parked car, eating a sandwich and trawling through a stack of classic car magazines. \*

46 INT. SCRAP DEALER 2. CHINGFORD - DAY 4 46 \*

Close on a piece of paper reading '775 UCC' A man flicking through a computer filing system referencing it. The office is clean and organised, but it matters little when he turns back to SUNNY and shakes his head. \*

47 INT. OFFICE. DAY 4 47

A woman shaking her head at SUNNY, from behind a computer.

48 INT. SCRAP DEALER 3. RUGBY - DAY 4 48 \*

A knackered looking SUNNY staring out of a window at mountains of old cars.

LASSITER (O.S)

775 UCC

\*

\*

And SUNNY spins round in some shock, to reveal a man in his mid fifties, in a back office, going through an old metal filing cupboard, one of half a dozen.

SUNNY

You have it? \*

And LASSITER pulls the index card out of the box.

LASSITER

No, but we did, according to this  
my dad bought it in 1977.

SUNNY

From?

LASSITER

(reading)

Islington Car Pound.

SUNNY  
 (astonished)  
 A police pound?

LASSITER  
 (nods)  
 An unclaimed vehicle.

Walks over with the card.

LASSITER (CONT'D)  
 Probably towed from the street  
 and then never claimed, fairly  
 common with stolen cars.

SUNNY  
 Why wouldn't it have been  
 returned to the owner?

LASSITER  
 Do you know when it was nicked?

SUNNY  
 75 and the owner was never  
 informed it was found.

LASSITER  
 (walking over, shrugs)  
 Human error maybe, no computers  
 back then, much harder to cross  
 reference things.

SUNNY  
 And what happened to it?

LASSITER  
 We kept it for spares till...  
 (reading)  
 ...91, then sold it to a Steve  
 Bennett. Total restoration job by  
 that stage. Got his address if  
 you want it?

**New day**

CASSIE and SUNNY walking across a muddy farm track a with a  
 man in his mid fifties. (MARK BENNETT)

BENNETT  
 (wryly)  
 ...it was one of dad's 'retirement'  
 projects...

And they are walking in to a corrugated iron roofed barn, in  
 which sit several old rusting bits of farm machinery, and a  
 vehicle under a tarpaulin.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

..'cept he didn't retire for  
another ten years years, and by  
then his health had started to  
go...

And he starts to pull off the tarpaulin.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

...he died two years ago and had  
barely started on it really. I've  
been meaning to sell it ever  
since...

And there it is, a rusting skeleton of the Spyder,  
registration 775 UCC, the car they have been looking for. \*

But it is really little more than a skeleton, no wheels, no  
seats, no bonnet, no boot, actually no internal parts at all,  
it is just a chassis and some of the body. On CASSIE's huge  
disappointment. In her fantasy, she had clearly hoped for  
something much more like a car.

CASSIE walking round, but there is clearly very little to  
actually look at. And then she stops. Pointless.

CASSIE

And this is it, this is all that's  
left.

BENNETT

(nods)

That was restorable.

A beat.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

What exactly is it you're looking  
for?

On CASSIE, and then she nods.

CASSIE

Well, to be honest Mr Bennett, I'm  
not really sure.

And then she stops, there is nothing for them here.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

But listen, thanks for your time, I  
appreciate it.

And she shakes his hand, and then, with SUNNY, turns and  
starts to walk wearily back to the car.

50

EXT. CURTIS' FLATS - CROYDON. DAY 5

50

LIZZIE waiting in a car outside a block of flats, as CURTIS walks down the stairs and toward her, with his school books (revision books, 'Of Mice and Men', 'Macbeth', Larkin etc)

As he walks we see a gang of young exclusively black guys calling him from the other side of the square. He raises a hand in acknowledgement, but does not accede to their request to come over, instead getting in LIZZIE's car.

51

INT. LIZZIE &amp; RAY'S CAR OUTSIDE CURTIS' BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY 5

She looks at him nervously.

LIZZIE

All set?

And she hands him a new Parker pen set.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Got you this.

He takes it, grateful.

CURTIS

(a half smile)

I already got pens.

LIZZIE

Yeah well, nice to have new ones  
isn't it. Not every day you sit  
your GCSEs.

And he is ignoring the youths, still calling over to him.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

If they respect you as much as they  
say they do, they should be happy  
for you.

A beat, then he nods and looks at his watch.

CURTIS

We'll be late.

And she nods and pulls away, past the gang, who look at her like she is a piece of shit on their shoe.

52

EXT. FARM. SURREY - DAY 5

52

CASSIE and SUNNY driving away down a muddy farm track, when -

CASSIE

Hang on, stop a second.

And he jams the brakes on, and she quickly opens the door and gets out. She is looking at something (for now we do not see what)

SUNNY  
(getting out)  
What?

MARK BENNETT heading toward a tractor in the yard.

CASSIE  
(shouting over)  
Sorry, Mr Bennett?

He turns.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
Can I just ask what's in this skip?

He turns and looks, and we now see what she is looking at, a skip, with some tarpaulin half on it, half held down by a couple of wheels (small wheels, rusted wire wheels - i.e. not farm vehicle wheels)

BENNETT  
A few years of accumulated crap,  
why?

CASSIE  
Could those be from the Spyder?  
(the wheels)

BENNETT  
(looking)  
Er...yeah, might be. I know my son  
stripped a few spares off after dad  
died.

CASSIE  
D'you mind if I have a look?

BENNETT  
Be my guest, I'll get him over...  
(shouting across a yard to  
a lad loading a truck)  
....Jamie?

And she and SUNNY walk over and look in to the half of the skip that is not covered, and like he said, it is full of shit. Tractor tyres, old bits of rusting farm equipment, an exhaust system, bits of old lino, carpet, a rotten car seat, various off cuts of wood etc...

...which is when she sees it.

CASSIE  
Give us a leg up.

And SUNNY gives her a leg up and she climbs in and starts to pull a few things out of the way, and there, down in bottom, sitting in about three inches of sludge and rain water, is an ancient BOAC shoulder bag. Blue and white, zipped up, and still intact.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
You got any gloves?

And he quickly pulls some disposable polythene gloves from his pocket and hands them to her and she puts them on. And she slowly and carefully pulls the bag out and rests it on an old wood offcut. She smiles, a memory.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
My old man bought my brother one of  
these....Alicante airport  
seventy...eight, must have been. I  
was dead jealous of it.

And then she slowly starts to unzip the rusted zip.

JAMIE  
(walking up)  
Was in the boot, wedged under the  
spare?

She turns to see JAMIE there, smiles at him.

CASSIE  
In the Spyder.

JAMIE  
(he nods)  
Nothing really in it.

And she peers in. And inside, which she gently pulls out and lines up on a bit of old wood, are -

A muddy dirty small bottle of Brut aftershave, the little silver 'bracelet' around its neck, corroded and tarnished.

A toothbrush and a rusted metal Gibbs SR tube of paste.

A Sta-press shirt, rotten through.

A plastic comb.

And then lastly, a diary. Mildewy, wet, and sort of glued together with damp and rot, but still very clearly visible on the outside, the faded gold inscription of '**LETTS DIARY 1976**'.

And then she tentatively tries to open it, but it has sort of congealed in to one pulpy mass, and she stops, knowing immediately that she needs to get it to the right people without damaging it. But this is a break.

She looks up at SUNNY, a look of excitement in her eyes.

53 INT. FORENSIC ARCHEOLOGY LAB - EVENING 5

53

CASSIE with the diary in a bag, JOHN and KELLY studying it.  
Then -

KELLY

Okay, first up we need to dry it,  
and without doing any more  
damage.

JOHN

Best option is we freeze it and  
then stick it in a high vacuum  
chamber.

KELLY

But give us a couple of hours and  
then lets see where we are.

54 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - EVENING 5 54

ERIC a little bundle of energy, is on the phone, in his  
wheel chair, in his sitting room.

ERIC

...I know, forty five years - if  
I'd killed her I'd be out by  
now....

(grins)

...well it would be lovely if you  
could come Monica, and I'm trying  
to get hold of as many of the old  
gang in the office as possible  
so...

And there is a scream from another room.

ERIC (CONT'D)

...call you right back.

And he slams the receiver down

ERIC (CONT'D)

Claire?

And he quickly wheels his chair quickly in to the kitchen

55 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING 5

55

To find CLAIRE holding a scalded hand as steaming water  
gushes from the hot water tap.

CLAIRe

I thought it was the cold.

ERIC

(slightly freaked by her  
fear)

Oh, love, hang on...

(looking at her red  
hand)

...right it's not too bad,  
let's....

(wheeling to a cupboard)

....just get some cream on it.

And he opens the door and in a slight panic starts to look  
for cream in a first aid box.

ERIC (CONT'D)

...here we are, some antiseptic  
here, that should do it....

And he grabs it, and comes back to where she is sitting on  
a chair now, her face full of fear.

CLAIRe

I'm scared Eric.

ERIC

No need to be scared my darling.

CLAIRe

I want to be somewhere safe.

Which is perhaps not such news to him as he might have led  
their boys to believe.

ERIC

(tenderly applying  
ointment to her hand)

I've told you sweetheart, we're  
fine here.

CLAIRe

No, I want to be looked after.

ERIC

You will be, I can look after  
you.

CLAIRe

I want to leave.

ERIC

No no, we're not leaving my  
darling, we can't leave.

And we go out on him gently tending to her wound as she  
watches him, scared.

56

INT. FORENSIC ARCHEOLOGY LAB. - EVENING 5

56

The diary slowly revolving on a glass plate inside a vacuum chamber that looks not dissimilar to a microwave. Outside in a corridor, CASSIE paces like an anxious father waiting for news of a birth.

57

EXT. CHURCH. LEIGH ON SEA. EVENING 5

57

A solitary church, sitting on a bleak promontory, looking out over mud flats as the sun sets. And in the distance, wearing a dog collar, a figure walking toward us down a lonely coast road.

58

INT. CHURCH. VESTRY. LEIGH ON SEA - EVENING 5

58

Inside the vestry, ROBERT's preparation for six o'clock service has been interrupted by GEOFF, the figure we just saw.

GEOFF

...as I say I'm sure it *is* just  
an arithmetic issue...

ROBERT

...you came all the way down here  
to tell me my maths is shit? I  
could have saved you the bother  
Geoff, sent you my O level  
certificate.

GEOFF smiles tightly. But then -

GEOFF

By my reckoning we seem to be  
about two thousand pounds out  
over the last three years.

He lets that sit a moment as ROBERT pulls on his robes.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

As you say, I'm sure it *is* just  
an accounting error. But if you  
could look at it asap, I'd  
appreciate it.

ROBERT

(turning)

I'll get Grace on it first thing.  
Now if you'll excuse me.

GEOFF offers his hand.

GEOFF

Thanks for your time, Robert.

And they shake and he walks out. And we stay on ROBERT, and we know this man has just lied through his teeth.

59

INT. FORENSIC ARCHEOLOGY LAB. - EVENING 5

59

KELLY and JOHN painstakingly peeling each (now dry) page of the diary away from each other.

And it is already clear that any writing on it has been rendered unreadable by years of rain and mould etc, leaving just vague blue smudges and water marks.

60

INT. PHILLIP AND SHIRLEY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING 5

60

SHIRLEY chatting in the kitchen with a tanned pretty woman in her early thirties, as two toddlers vie for their mum and granny's attentions.

In the sitting room (JOSH 31, Shirley and Phillip Cross' son) drinks a beer with his dad. The way PHILLIP speaks to JOSH is very different to how he speaks to BELLA.

JOSH

(quietly)

...all I'm saying, dad, is you  
know what the yanks are like,  
they shoot their wads for a  
title...

On PHILLIP, his face implacable, something in his eyes that is much harder than we have seen before.

JOSH (CONT'D)

...we just want you on the letter  
head, that's all I'm asking. And  
then I really think it could push  
the deal over the line.

His dad watching the mute TV, something in his eyes that could even be contempt.

PHILLIP

Never asked my old man for a  
brass farthing. Wouldn't have  
dared.

On JOSH, slightly sweaty.

JOSH

I don't want money dad.

PHILLIP

No. You want my name, which is  
worth way more.

And there is something in PHILLIP's eyes that is momentarily frightening. And then he eases off a bit.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Send the paperwork to the office,  
I'll get my CFO to look at it,  
Shirl....  
(calling to his wife)  
...it's on.

And he grabs the remote and turns up the TV as the six o'clock news music starts. Out on JOSH's shame.

61

INT. FORENSIC ARCHEOLOGY LAB - EVENING 5

61

CASSIE and SUNNY. Looking at the dried pages (maybe sixty five or so, a page a week, and then the other bits - address pages, notes, telephone etc) which are now projected (six at a time) on to a large screen on the wall.

And the original printed information on the page is still pretty discernible (the printed days and dates etc) but anything else is completely gone, just the faintest hints of ink, obscured by now dried mould, and by where water damage has made any ink written words, run and dilute to almost nothing.

CASSIE

Are they all like this?

JOHN

(clicking through to  
show her)

All.

And she watches grimly as he quickly flicks through.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So then we scanned them with  
infrared...

And she clicks up a screen which pretty much shows the same level of detail.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(clicking through)  
...still unreadable. So then we  
tried luminescence.

And he clicks a button to bring up a new set of images.

And now, miraculously, where before there was just page after page of effectively nothing, on many of the pages we see in a negative image, absolutely clear and readable hand writing.

CASSIE

Oh wow.

JOHN

I always like this bit.

CASSIE

How do you do that?

KELLY

Don't get him started.

JOHN

Certain materials have the ability to change incident visible wavelengths into longer invisible reflected ones if you shine a luminescent infrared light at them. Ink is one of them.

CASSIE

I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about but I've slightly fallen in love with you. Okay go back to the fly page please?

And he clicks through and she walks up to the screen to look closer. And now we/they can clearly see the words.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(reading)

Happy Christmas Jimmy, with much love, Jo-Jo, xxxx.

And then there is a diligently filled in name and address.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(reading)

James Niall Sullivan. Address - 'Wherever I lay my Hat.'

And she turns to SUNNY who is already flipping open a laptop and pulling up the Police Missing Person's database even as JOHN turns to CASSIE.

JOHN

The last entry is July 12th, though there's not actually a lot on the day to day pages before that, but we thought you'd like this...

And again he flicks through to a page at the end, in the phone numbers section.

A couple of pages of names and addresses, and some phone numbers.

And she moves even closer to the screen, even as JOHN blows up the image so one small page fills the whole screen now.

And she traces her finger down, past numbers for the dole office and a doctor, a pub, a snooker hall etc, but interspersed with these, various individual names...

...and we lay this slow tracing finger over the following montage of scenes.

62 EXT. SCHOOL. CROYDON. EVENING 5

62

LIZZIE waiting for CURTIS outside the school, CASSIE's finger moving on to '**Beth**', even as CURTIS walks out, grinning broadly, the exam obviously went well.

63 EXT. CHURCH. LEIGH ON SEA. EVENING 5

63

ROBERT bidding farewell to the last of his meagre flock, as a brutal sea wind assaults them, as CASSIE's finger traces over the name '**Father Rob**'.

64 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - EVENING 5

64

ERIC preparing a meal for CLAIRE as the finger passes '**Mr SLATER**'.

65 INT. PHILLIP AND SHIRLEY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING 5 65

PHILLIP, JOSH and SHIRLEY proudly watching the announcement and accompanying photos of footage of PHILLIP, on the six o'clock news as CASSIE's finger traces past '**Frankie C**'.

66 INT. FORENSIC ARCHEOLOGY LAB - NIGHT 5

66

And then finally back to CASSIE staring at the screen as SUNNY's search reveals its result.

SUNNY

Guv?

And she turns to look over his shoulder, and we track slowly in on the screen. Which shows the face of a young man under the name **JAMES 'JIMMY' NIAL SULLIVAN last seen July 1976**'.

They've found him.

He is mixed race and handsome, a less angular Roland Gift. He has a paper hat on his head (from a Christmas cracker) and grins loopily at the camera, arms around one person, who has been cropped, but who we might guess (correctly) is his mum. He looks full of life. And despite it all, he makes CASSIE smile, even as tears prick her eyes.

CASSIE

Hello Jimmy. Lets get you home  
shall we.

**End of episode one.**

\*