

"UNFORGOTTEN"

by

Chris Lang

Episode 2

Recce Draft

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Mainstreet Pictures  
7th Floor, Kingsbourne House,  
229-231 High Holborn,  
London, WC1V 7DA  
0207 427 8487

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1 INT. CHURCH. LEIGH ON SEA - DAY (TITLE SEQUENCE) 1  
A wriggling baby in strong but gentle hands, water, ceremonial words, a large church door opening, footsteps on cold flagstones.

2 EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH. CROYDON - DAY (TITLE SEQUENCE) 2  
A woman on a touch line, gaze pulled left, 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, he breaks the surface, two pairs of sensible shod feet.

4 INT. HOUSE. ELY. DAY (TITLE SEQUENCE) 4  
A man at a window, two figures walk quickly up a garden path, blurred by the net curtains. A hiatus. A heavy knock on the front door.

**Black. Titles. 'Unforgotten'.** \*

4A EXT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION - DAY 6 4A \*  
Establisher of the new day. \*

5 INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION - DAY 6 5  
CASSIE and SUNNY walking through the nick, a file under her arm, SUNNY looking at knackered as ever.

CASSIE  
So where did she get it from?

SUNNY  
She said she 'found it'.

CASSIE  
A bottle of gin.

SUNNY  
On a wall.

CASSIE  
(dryly)  
'Cos that can happen.

SUNNY  
I said did you find it same as you found that twenty quid last week in my wallet.

CASSIE

What she say to that?

SUNNY

She said she wished it was *me* that had left not her mum.

CASSIE

Nice.

SUNNY

And that if I grounded her, she'd make my life 'hell'.

CASSIE

(winces)

Mate, I'd like to say it gets better, but you got two girls, it just gets much, much, worse.

And then they are walking in to a room, where alongside a handful of officers (who we will not name) are the three main other detectives who will help in the enquiry (*and let's quickly meet them as they will be with us for the next five eps. D.C. JAKE COLLIER, 29, bit of a looker, bit of a lad, but works hard. D.C. KAREN WILLETS, 33 married, solid, never going to make Inspector, but very enthusiastic and D.S. MURRAY BOULTING, 32 after SUNNY's job, the best of this bunch*)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Morning everyone.

ALL

Morning Ma'am.

As she walks over to a white board, the legend **27 ARLINGHAM PLACE** heading up a bunch of photos of the building, and photocopies of the various deciphered pages of the diary, and then, starting a separate column, in big black marker pen the name '**JIMMY SULLIVAN**'.

CASSIE

So last night we ran the name James Sullivan through missing persons records, and very quickly found a 17 year old man of that name, who was reported missing in November 1976.

At which she draws out of her files, a photocopy of a missing persons poster from the seventies taken from the website we have already seen.

And she slowly pins it on to the board. And not a sound in the room as we look again at the young man now.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Jimmy, as he called himself, was reported missing by his mum, who I spoke briefly to on the phone last night.

She turns to the room.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I rang her to tell I wanted to come up to Liverpool, where she lives, to take a DNA swab, so we could make a formal identification of remains that we believe to be of her son.

A beat. Close on CASSIE. This does not come easily.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Thirty nine years after she last saw him, she cried like a child at this news.

A beat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

As did I, as she told me how she'd missed her boy, her only child, for every hour of every day of every week, of those thirty nine years.

A beat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

So I want to find who caused a pain that is very much alive today. Who took his life. Who took hers. And I want to punish them.

\*

A beat, makes sure they all get it and then she turns to SUNNY. Nods at him.

SUNNY

So we're concentrating on five main lines of enquiry. Firstly, his family. As she's just said, the boss will be travelling up to Liverpool today to speak to his mother, and to try and get some sense of who Jimmy was and how he lived his life in the years before his death. Jake....

He turns to D.C COLLIER.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...we want to know anything and everything about 27 Arlingham Place, from its incarnation as a hostel in 1972, until it shut in the late nineties. Who worked there, who lived there, if Jimmy lived there, anyone who was associated with it...

(off Collier's nod, he turns to D.C Willets)

...Kaz I want you to try and trace uniform and C.I.D who covered this patch in the seventies, should be plenty who are still with us, we want detail about the area, if Jimmy Sullivan was known to them, which residents were known to them, who the main players were back then, a general sense of Arlingham House's place in the scheme of things.

He turns to D.S BOULTING

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Murray we've got several Missper report files on him, the first in 77, I want you to follow up on those....

D.S BOULTING nods, and he turns to the rest of the room.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...and then finally, we need to start chasing down the names and numbers in the diary. It's not rocket science, over seventy percent of victims are killed by people they know. You put someone's name in your diary, you know them. So first up, 'Jo-Jo...'

He is looking at the board and the front page, blown up, **'with love from Jo-Jo'**

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...is it a man, a girlfriend, a friend, we need to know. And then the rest...

He turns to look at the copied pages, typed up on blown up A6 pieces of paper and pinned to the board (**and it is key we pan down these names right now. Jo-Jo. Brian Kent. Mrs Stevens. Beth. Sean Collins. Clive Crowther. 'Trotsky. Paul Fleet. Father Rob. Mackkie. Jo Jo. Kev Fleming. '**

**Shrimp' Rita Monroe. Mr Ali.)** As SUNNY hands out photocopied versions of the diary pages.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...I want everyone to take a copy of the names and run them past whoever you speak to, these are our tangible connection to the past and Jimmy. Lets start making connections.

He looks to see if there are any more questions, but there aren't.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Okay, good stuff, thanks guys.

And they start to stand, and mill out. CASSIE lost in thought.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Alright boss?

She looks up, a million miles away. A beat then -

CASSIE

He'd only be a couple of years older than me. All the life we've lived.

He nods. Gets it. And then she picks up her files and walks out.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I'll call you.

6

INT/EXT. CURTIS' BLOCK OF FLATS. CROYDON - DAY 6

6

CURTIS walking down piss stinking stairs, his school bag over his shoulder, a text book open even as he walks, cramming a few last bits of chemistry revision in to his head.

BRANDON

Curtis man.

And he turns to see a few doors down one landing, two black lads standing outside a front door, drawing lazily on a joint (at 8.30 in the morning).

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Alright?

CURTIS smiles, nods at his books

CURTIS

Head down innit.

BRANDON  
 (offering up the joint)  
 Have a choke, man, help the old  
 brain cells.

CURTIS  
 (he smiles)  
 Maybe next time.

And he turns to go, and we stay on BRANDON looking down at the courtyard, where now we see the car we recognise as LIZZIE'S, running, waiting.

BRANDON  
 (grinning)  
 She your bitch now?

Which note of indisputable menace in BRANDON'S voice stops CURTIS. He flicks a looks back.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
 Don't never trust them mudsharks  
 fam.

And he spits on the ground, and then turns his back on CURTIS. And CURTIS turns and walks back down.

7 INT. LIZZIE'S & RAY'S CAR - DAY 6

7

LIZZIE in the car, bright and breezy.

LIZZIE  
 Morning.

He smiles tightly, as she sticks the car in to gear.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
 (pulling away)  
 Okay. FE 3 C.

Close on CURTIS looking at BRANDON and his friend staring over the balcony at the car as it drives off. He cannot hold their eye as they pull away. Then -

CURTIS  
 Steel.

And out on him, looking far from confident.

7A EXT. VIRGIN WEST COAST TRAIN PLOUGHING THROUGH THE  
 COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 6

7A \*

\*

(Suggested view from Dragon's Hill)

\*

- 8 INT. TRAIN - DAY 6 8
- CASSIE on a train heading north studying photocopied pages of the luminescent diary pages, trying to begin compiling a picture of a young man's life from such fragments.
- But distracted now, by her own two boys (19 and 20) staring back at her from her mobile phone wallpaper.
- 9 EXT. HOUSING ESTATE. SOUTHEND - DAY 6 9
- SHEILA walking across the estate towards the community hall, an off shore wind cutting cruelly across the open space and in to her face.
- 10 INT. COMMUNITY HALL. SOUTHEND - DAY 6 10
- SHEILA walking in to the community centre, and is about to walk to the office, when she sees a window open in the main hall, and she immediately turns to the office door, and sees it is ajar. She walks quickly toward it and in, and at once sees it has been ransacked, and that there is a space where once the small office safe sat.
- SHEILA  
(despair)  
Oh no.
- 11 INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION. CID ROOM - DAY 6 11
- Half a dozen officers (including SUNNY) manning the phones, and starting to work through the names and numbers that were pulled out of the diary.
- 12 EXT. LIVERPOOL LIME STREET STATION - DAY 6 12
- CASSIE walking out of Liverpool Lime Street Station, and heading for the cab rank.
- 13 INT. TAXI - DAY 6 13
- CASSIE's cab driving through Toxteth, shops boarded up, houses derelict and sealed by the council. And eventually the cab pulls in to one similar road, with multiple boarded up windows, and draws up outside a small but incongruously well looked after terraced house, in this otherwise utterly shit street.
- 14 INT. MAUREEN SULLIVAN'S HOUSE - DAY 6 14
- CASSIE sitting in an immaculate sitting room, waiting alone.

And then footsteps, and in walks MAUREEN SULLIVAN, carrying a tray of tea and biscuits, the oil that will grease this most awful of conversations.

MAUREEN is 71, and looks twenty years older. And though she has lived in Liverpool for nearly sixty years, she still speaks with a fairly strong Cork accent. \*

MAUREEN

I've got custard cremes, Rich Tea, and digestives.

CASSIE

Oh, thank you so much, you shouldn't have gone to all that trouble.

MAUREEN

(sitting)

Well I thought I'd better get a choice 'cos the corner shop's gone now and it's a ten minute walk to the nearest Tesco.

CASSIE

You had me at 'Custard cremes'.

And MAUREEN smiles faintly, as CASSIE reaches for the teapot.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Shall I be mo...

And she stops herself. Idiot.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

...shall I pour.

And she does, MAUREEN watching her.

MAUREEN

You got kids yourself?

CASSIE

(nods)

Two. Grown up now. Both at college, only see 'em when they want money or clothes washed.

MAUREEN

Girls or boys?

CASSIE

Two lads. 19 and 20.

MAUREEN

Are they pals?

CASSIE

Yeah, not bad, they argue incessantly, but my youngest chose to go to the same university as his brother so....

She smiles as CASSIE hands her a cup of tea.

MAUREEN

I always wanted more than one.

And we are close on her.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

But his father - he's passed on now - he was....

(looks for the right word)

...not a good man, and it wouldn't have been fair, so....

A beat. She is staring down at her tea, deep in thought.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

...there isn't a word for it you know, a single mother who's lost her only child.

A beat.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

It's like no word could be enough. 'Cos really... what are you? What's the point of you.

And then she looks up, and in her face you can chart thirty nine year of grief, and loss, and agony.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

It is him isn't it?

As if there could still be hope?

CASSIE

We'll know for sure when we've done the DNA match but...I think it's pretty likely it is. Yes. I'm so sorry.

At which MAUREEN shakes her head.

MAUREEN

No no, I want it to be him. I want *so much* for it to be him.

Perhaps not what CASSIE was expecting.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

I've got us a plot in St  
Matthew's. And I just want us to  
be able to be together again.

Out on CASSIE. Struggling.

15 EXT. CHURCH. SOUTHEND - DAY 6 15 \*

ROBERT, walking out of the church to his car, on the phone. \*

ROBERT

....how much was in there?

SHEILA (O.S.)

...all the takings from the disco  
last night, the drinks, the  
ticket money, about twelve  
hundred...

ROBERT

...oh Sheila...

SHEILA (O.S.)

...I normally take it home with  
me but my car's still in the  
bloody garage and I never use the  
bus if I have any takings, and  
anyway, I just thought, you  
know.....this is *their* money, the  
estate's, why would anyone steal  
their own money....

ROBERT

...have you called the police?

SHEILA (O.S.)

...been and gone, but really,  
what are they going to do, they  
don't think there's any CCTV and  
it's not exactly Brinks Mat so...

ROBERT

....Oh Lord, Sheila....I'm so so  
sorry....

And we are close on him, guilt etched in to his face, just  
what has ROBERT done.

16 OMITTED 16 \*

17 INT. MAUREEN SULLIVAN'S HOUSE - DAY 6 17

MAUREEN and CASSIE.

MAUREEN

...I met his father in 1958, he'd  
come over from Barbados after the  
war - I was just fifteen.

\*

\*

And she is back there, in her mind (no photos of her  
husband anywhere)

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

He was beautiful - on the outside  
at least - so I wasn't hard to  
seduce. When I fell pregnant my  
parents disowned me, but Carlton  
agreed to marry me. Which was  
pretty much the last kind thing  
he ever did.

On the photos of the pretty young girl with a mixed race  
babe in arms.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

It was a terrible time to be  
black in this country. And being  
married to a white girl just made  
it worse, because he didn't fit  
in anywhere...

A beat, she hardens slowly.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

...and pretty soon the only thing  
he seemed to take more pleasure  
in than drinking, was beating  
me...and then as Jimmy got older,  
beating him.

On her shame.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

I tried to get away, but he'd  
always find me. Jimmy would beg  
me to run away somewhere far off,  
just the two of us....but I was  
scared that wherever we went, he  
*would* find us and kill him. Or  
me. I never knew which would be  
worse...

She looks up.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

...because Jimmy and I...we were  
so close.

A beat. Her guilt.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And so I drank, too much I'm afraid, to blot it all out. And one day I came home from work and Jimmy was gone.

A beat.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Left a note, telling me he was going to London, to find a job, and that he'd write. And send me money to help me escape.

Tears coming now.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Which, bless his beautiful heart, he did, whenever he could, a ten bob note every few months. One time a fiver. And postcards, 'cos we didn't have a phone. And letters full of his plans.

A long beat.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And then one day the letters just stopped. Nothing for a month, then two, then three.

A beat.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And I kept waiting. And waiting. Even as inside, I had this...dread. This instinct...telling me something very very bad had happened.

A beat.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And then about four or five months after I'd last heard from him, I went down to London and told the police....

D.S. BOULTING deep in a record storage facility in South London (a records clerk just off camera) looking for the paper records on the missing persons files for JAMES SULLIVAN as we continue to hear MAUREEN. We will see 'MISSING PERSONS on the cabinets.

MAUREEN (V.O)

...and they asked if we'd rowed, and I said no. And so then they asked me about his father and they said maybe it was about that and I said no because no matter what his father was like, Jimmy always loved me.

And BOULTING edges out a box, headed '**January 1977, P-S.**' removes the lid and flicks through to S.

MAUREEN (V.O) (CONT'D)

And so then they said maybe he'd got a job abroad. Or met someone and gone travelling for a bit. But I said he would still have written.

And two files in to the S's, is JAMES SULLIVAN's. He pulls it out, and opens it and starts to flick through.

MAUREEN (V.O) (CONT'D)

And they told me not to worry, and that he'd turn up soon enough. Like a bad penny one of 'em said. And I said he wasn't bad. Ever.

Half filled in forms, the missing photo we have already seen, scraps of paper that seem desultory.

MAUREEN (V.O) (CONT'D)

And so I waited. And waited. And every few months I'd go back to them. And get angry, and shout.

BOULTING frowns, looks back in the box, for more. But there doesn't seem to be any more.

BOULTING

(calling over)

Is this it?

But the clerk is otherwise engaged, and anyway, BOULTING already knows, that yes, this is it.

MAUREEN (V.O)

And sometimes there were nice officers who'd take me seriously. And finally they launched a proper investigation. And put up some posters.

BOULTING looks back at the file, this was what the Met deemed a young man's disappearance to be worth. Less than twenty sheets.

19 INT. MAUREEN SULLIVAN'S HOUSE - DAY 6

19

On MAUREEN. A beat.

MAUREEN

But by then it was eighteen months after I'd last heard from him, and they couldn't find anyone who'd known him.

A beat.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And in the end, because he *had* sort of run away once, they just decided he'd done it again.

A beat.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Even though I told them he wouldn't have done that to me. Because he loved me.

A beat. And then she smiles.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And I was right wasn't I.

And CASSIE look at her and nods.

CASSIE

Yes. You were.

**End of Part One**

**Part Two**

20 INT. MAUREEN SULLIVAN'S HOUSE. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - DAY 6

20

Close on pictures of STEVE HEIGHWAY, JOHN TOSHACK, EMLYN HUGHES, KEVIN KEEGAN.

Pull back to reveal a small box room, that is a fifteen year old's bedroom circa 1975. Red duvet. Posters of football teams, James Hunt, EL0 etc.

CASSIE is at a kid's desk, with a large bundle of post cards and letters (from Jimmy) in her hand, flicking a quick look at them, MAUREEN behind her.

MAUREEN

I could have been re-housed a thousand times...

And she walks to a poster, one corner of which is coming detached, and presses the blue tack back on to the wall.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)  
....but in here...I can still  
feel him. I really can Mrs  
Stuart.

A beat, then CASSIE indicates the letters.

CASSIE  
Flicking through these, I can see  
in a couple he mentions a  
girlfriend, did he ever tell you  
her name?

MAUREEN  
(shakes her head)  
It was right before he  
disappeared, was only in the last  
couple of letters he mentioned  
her.

CASSIE  
So the name Jo-Jo doesn't mean  
anything?

She thinks, then

MAUREEN  
No. Sorry.

CASSIE  
No problem at all...  
(indicating the  
correspondence)  
...is it okay if I take these  
with me, I'll take very good care  
of them, I promise.

MAUREEN  
Of course, whatever you need.

And CASSIE stands.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)  
Some of these lads...not much  
older than him when he died...and  
I've seen 'em on the telly, over  
the years, and I think of the  
things they've done, and the  
lives they've...

A beat.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)  
.. and it's not just the obvious  
things, the birthdays, and  
weddings and christenings...it's  
the ..small stuff my friends talk  
about, about their kids.

(MORE)

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

The cheap holiday Malcy got on line, the row Callum had with so and so at work, Jason's little girl doing that funny video on YouTube...

And MAUREEN looks up.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

...so much....*life* ..one person can create Mrs Stuart.

And CASSIE nods, then puts a hand out.

CASSIE

And I'm going to do everything I can to find whoever stole that from you, Maureen. Everything I can.

Out.

21

INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION. CID ROOM - DAY 6

21

SUNNY on the phone to COLIN LEEMING, in front of him, the list of diary numbers and names, and circled right now, an old London phone number '01 964 0565' and the name 'BETH' (*next to which SUNNY has written the updated equivalent of '020 7964 0565'*).

\*  
\*  
\*

COLIN (O.S)

...well we moved here in 72...

\*

SUNNY

...right...

COLIN (O.S)

...and there's no-one in our family by that name...

\*

SUNNY

...and no post ever arrived with a similar name, Elizabeth or Betty or Liz...

COLIN (O.S)

...no but...I mean I could ask my mum, cos she did take in a few lodgers when I went to poly...

\*

SUNNY

...right, when was that?

COLIN (O.S)

That would have been...76 to 79.

\*

SUNNY

Okay, well that would sort of fit...

COLIN (O.S)

...I mean I can't promise anything 'cos she's in a home now and not in the best of health but... I could try...

SUNNY

I'd really appreciate it, Mr Leeming.

22

EXT. BRIAN KENDRICK'S BUNGALOW - DAY 6

22

D.C. WILLETS standing outside a bungalow, as a shadow slowly grows behind the dappled glass door. And then the door opens.

WILLETS

Oh, good afternoon, D.C.I Kendrick?

On the reverse we see D.C.I BRIAN KENDRICK, a man in his early seventies, face of a drinker.

KENDRICK

Haven't been called that in a while, who's asking?

WILLETS

(badging him)

D.C. Karen Willets, Canning Lane nick, was wondering if you could spare me five minutes of your time, I need to pick your brains about a case we're working on?

He beat, then he half smiles.

KENDRICK

Well, I was going to slit my wrists in front of 'Cook Me The Money', but seeing as you're so pretty - come in and pick away love.

Ah, old school, and she takes her life in to her hands, and walks in.

23

INT. BRIAN KENDRICK'S BUNGALOW - DAY 6

23

D.C.I BRIAN KENDRICK and D.C. WILLETS. KENDRICK, reading glasses on now, scrolling slowly down the list of random bits of names, even as he talks.

KENDRICK

So it was a dosshouse or...

WILLETS

...it was a homeless shelter at the time we're interested in it, before that a school, before that flats...

KENDRICK

...well if I can't remember it, which I can't, it can't have been a place that attracted trouble so....

But something at the bottom of the list has piqued his interest. He frowns.

WILLETS

What?

KENDRICK

Frankie C.

He is thinking.

WILLETS

Rings a bell?

A beat, as he drags up ancient memories.

KENDRICK

Well if it's the same one, maybe.

WILLETS

Who?

KENDRICK

(he looks up)

I think the C stands for Cross, when he started to make a bit of money he started using his middle name, Phillip. The Sir was still a few years off.

And now the penny drops.

WILLETS

That's Sir Phillip Cross?

KENDRICK

Well, he certainly called himself Frank or Frankie C, but then maybe so did a lot of other kids....

WILLETS

..and how did you know him?

KENDRICK

(shrugs)

He was just a ...face on the streets, ran a stall down Chapel Market, cocky little runt....

Looking back at the name. This is such ancient history.

KENDRICK (CONT'D)

...and I *think*.... I think he might briefly have been a driver for the Fenwicks.

WILLETS

Who were the Fenwicks?

KENDRICK

North London firm, protection, prostitution, loan sharking - all long since crawled back under a stone.

On WILLETS. Wow.

WILLETS

Right, so...he might have form?

KENDRICK

(he smiles)

Not sure having form is on the list of requirements for a government business Czar is it, so I doubt very much he ever got pulled for anything...

WILLETS

Right.

KENDRICK

...but listen, the Fenwicks were nasty bastards. And not many people worked for them for any length of time, without having had to do some pretty horrible stuff themselves. So he might not have got caught, but that doesn't mean he didn't *do* stuff does it.

Hard cut to -

Slightly stilted library footage of SIR PHILLIP CROSS in his boardroom, chairing a meeting, and we pull back to see it is on the ITN news, being watched by CASSIE, unbuttoning her coat as she talks to SUNNY on her mobile.

(we will hear under her chat the news read saying 'Sir Phillip, who has over forty years experience building businesses in the retail sector, said today he was delighted to be able to be a part of the drive to create more entrepreneurs and wealth generators....')

SUNNY (O.S.)

What do you reckon.

CASSIE

Worth a chat, definitely.

SUNNY (O.S.)

I've emailed you some stuff on the Fenwick family as well.

CASSIE

Yeah, I got it, thanks.

SUNNY (O.S.)

So how was Liverpool?

CASSIE

Good. Sad but...I think I got some useful stuff, I need to go through it all properly.....

She hears clomping down her stairs.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

...but listen, long day, thanks for all this Sunny, really good work, I'll see you tomorrow.

SUNNY (O.S.)

Night guv.

And she flicks off, and here is MARTIN.

CASSIE

(smiles)

Hi dad.

MARTIN

(kissing her affectionately)

I made some risotto, you want some?

CASSIE

Love some, starving.

And he walks in to the kitchen and she follows as he unscrews a half open bottle of wine, pours them both a glass and hands one to her.

MARTIN

Hard day?

She take a good slug, then -

CASSIE

Can you imagine anything worse than going to your grave never knowing where your baby was.

MARTIN

(as he turns the hob on)  
You wonder how people go on.

CASSIE

The mother said to me today 'what's the point of me'.

She shrugs as if 'what do you say to that'

MARTIN

I guess...you try and find meaning in other stuff.

CASSIE

Like? After our kids, the rest is just...filling isn't it.

She drains her glass and walks over to refill.

MARTIN

So any leads yet?

CASSIE

We'll get there.

His face registers her perhaps surprising certainty.

MARTIN

Very confident.

She smiles

CASSIE

'No mortal can keep a secret. If his *lips* are silent, he chatters with his fingertips; betrayal oozes out of him at every pore'.

MARTIN

(a beat, then)  
Joey Essex?

CASSIE

('ha ha')  
Sigmund Freud...  
(she nods at the quotes book)  
...I've been reading up.

And MARTIN finds a half smile as he starts to serve.  
Something definitely wrong.

24A EXT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6 24A \*

Establisher of Eric and Claire's house at night. \*

25 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6 25

Close on ERIC sitting in his pyjamas, in front of the TV, in his wheel chair, cutting a big silver 'four' out of a piece of card, to add to the other big silver 'five' he has already cut out, and with which he obviously intends to decorate the wall. He looks happy as Larry, as he does this and watches an 'Endeavour' re-run (The episode titled 'Sway', Series 2, Episode 3 - which was commonly held to be the finest. )

CLAIRE  
You evil fucking pig.

He turns to see CLAIRE at the door, coat on, small suit case in her hand, her face twisted in anger.

ERIC  
(startled)  
Love.....?

CLAIRE  
I know what you are. I know what you did.

ERIC  
What?

But she has already turned and is heading toward the front door.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Claire.....

And he wheels quickly after her in to the hall,

ERIC (CONT'D)  
...Claire, sweetheart, where are you going...

But she has the front door already open.

CLAIRE  
...to my sister's, you think I'd stay here another second with you?

And she is out and gone, the door slammed behind her before he can do anything to stop her.

Fuck. And so he quickly digs in his dressing gown for his mobile and pulls it out and calls a number. A beat, then -

ERIC

Les, it's me, I'm so sorry, but  
it's happened again.....

26 INT. LES'S CAR - NIGHT 6

26

LES pulling up outside a house in a suburban street. An understanding looking man, standing at an open door, with CLAIRE, who looks vaguely terrified.

LES

(walking quickly up the  
path)

Hi mum...

(to the man)

...so sorry about this, Tim.

TIM

(nicely)

I did invite her in, but she  
wanted to stay outside....

CLAIRE

...I don't know where Carol is  
Leslie, I don't know why this man  
is in her house...

LES

...Carol doesn't live here any  
more mum. Shall we get you home?

CLAIRE

Yes, I want to see Eric, I want  
Eric...

LES

Right, well lets go and see dad  
shall we....

(to Tim)

...thanks again.

And she meekly allows herself to be led back to the car, the venom of earlier completely absent, just a scared old lady once again.

27 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6

27

ERIC at the window, watching as his wife walks slowly up the path with his son. And for the first time, his feelings as he watches her, are harder to read.

**End of part two**

**Part three****New day**

28

INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION - DAY 7

28

CASSIE and SUNNY walking through the nick.

SUNNY

...well that all chimes with the original Missper reports, a grand total of seventeen sheets of A4, over eight years apparently.

CASSIE

And did you manage to trace any of the officers she spoke to?

SUNNY

(nods)

There were three main ones, one of whom's dead, the other two are retired, and only one of those remembered anything about the case.

CASSIE

Which was?

SUNNY

That he'd felt it was pretty open and shut. That Jimmy was a runaway who'd ditched his violent alcoholic parents.

CASSIE

She says she told them repeatedly that he loved his mum, that they were very close.

SUNNY

Yeah. He said she'd said that.

CASSIE

So?

A beat, then -

SUNNY

The copper I spoke to kept referring to her coloured husband. To their 'interracial marriage'. I'm not sure how much credence he gave to Mrs Sullivan's opinions.

And CASSIE slows momentarily, looks at SUNNY to check she understands him. He nods grimly, some shame for their institution.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

The seventies eh - 'good times'.

And then she walks in to the main office and he heads for the exit.

28A EXT. THE CITY - DAY 7 28A \*

Establisher of the city & Phillip Cross' office building. \*

29 INT. PHILLIP'S OFFICE. THE CITY - DAY 7 29

PHILLIP sitting with his son, the asked for figures in front of him, and three of PHILLIP's advisors sitting round a conference table. The mood awkward. And then finally.

PHILLIP

Your associates here, did you do your full due diligence on them?

JOSH intuiting already that it's not going to go well.

JOSH

They have the money, dad, it's all kosher...

PHILLIP

...oh I'm sure they have the money it's just...I can't do business with them.

A beat. Then.

JOSH

Why? Because they're Turkish?

PHILLIP

(slightly wearily)  
No, because they're criminals.

Which unabashed explicitness, rather stops things in their tracks.

JOSH

Dad, they are not crimi.....

PHILLIP

(stopping him)  
...they, or their associates are mixed up in all sorts of illegal activity.

(MORE)

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

There is no way I could do business  
with them. Ever. I'm sorry.

A beat, JOSH kind of desperate, leans forward, quietly, the  
other advisors looking down, embarrassed for him.

JOSH

It's just your name, dad, that's  
all they want, on the letter  
head.... just give me a break here,  
please.

PHILLIP looks at him, a sense he is ashamed of his boy.

PHILLIP

We all feel the same. There's  
nothing more to say.

Fuck. Brutal.

29A EXT. CARE HOME - DAY 7

29A \*

Establisher of Jessica Leeming's Care home.

\*

30 INT. CARE HOME - DAY 7

30

SUNNY with a lady in her eighties, sitting in a comfy  
chair, in front of a TV, with a bunch of other oldies.  
COLIN LEEMING, the man SUNNY spoke to earlier on the phone,  
is with her.

COLIN

You said on the phone you  
remembered her, mum.

But JESSICA LEEMING does not seem to want to be distracted  
from 'Deal or No Deal'. COLIN looks vaguely embarrassed.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Beth Laws you said her name was  
and...

JESSICA

(broad cockney, at the  
TV)

I'd never have rented her the  
room if I'd have seen her head  
properly. But she wore a hat.

On SUNNY, eyes narrowing 'oookay'. COLIN looks at SUNNY as  
if to say 'this is what we're dealing with'

COLIN

Why would you have needed to see  
her head, mum?

At which JESSICA turns her back on her son, turning to SUNNY. And immediately we know she is *all* there.

JESSICA  
She were a skin 'ed.

SUNNY  
(gets it, the hat)  
Right.

JESSICA  
And her boyfriend. But you  
wouldn't have known it from when  
she knocked on the door. Butter  
wouldn't have melted.

She beckons SUNNY nearer.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Had to get my brother and his  
mates round in the end to chuck  
'em out. Only there for a few  
days but the way they was, the  
stuff I could hear 'em saying,  
about the Pakistanis and the West  
Indians - I got the carpets  
cleaned after they went - whole  
house felt filthy.

And then she turns back to Noel Edmonds.

HARD CUT TO:

31 INT. LIZZIE AND RAY'S. BATHROOM - DAY 7

31

Close on someone moisturising hands in a bathroom, very close on the fingers, sliding over one another.

And as we watch, almost hypnotised by the motion, we begin to discern the faintest marks, which as we go in super close, we realise are the faded scars of long removed tattoos, but which still, albeit very faintly, spell out the letters, S.K.I.N.

RAY (O.S.)  
Love?

And we pull back to reveal LIZZIE standing, towel on his head, bath robe wrapped around her, looking in the mirror.

LIZZIE  
(smiles brightly)  
Out in a sec, babes.

And then she leans forward and starts to puts all of the rings she always wears on her fingers, to cover what is clearly the last very faded remnant of her shameful secret.

31A EXT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION - NIGHT 7 31A \*  
The police station at night. \*

32 INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION. CASSIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 7 32  
CASSIE at her desk, reading the letters and postcards (some with photos attached) going through each with a fine tooth comb and making notes.

As she reads, we hear JIMMY's voice, and we see a photo of Jimmy grinning, his arms around two other young lads on a building site.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
...all going well mam, am staying in Kentish Town with some lads I met from Kirby, one of 'em knew uncle Robbo, and has got me some work hodding bricks...

Cross fade to

JIMMY (V.O.)  
...went to see a 'punk' band last night it's the latest thing apparently, they were shite...

Cross fade

JIMMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...mam, have you ever eaten a bendy burger....

Cross fade.

JIMMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...you'll be pleased to hear I went to church last week, got chatting to the priest, Father Grieves, who turned out to be a top bloke - even if he is a QPR supporter...

Cross fade to

JIMMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...watched an NF rally last week from me bedroom window, it was horrible, the stuff they were screaming, and the police didn't even seem that bothered.....

Cross fade to

JIMMY (V.O) (CONT'D)  
...hope you got the cash okay,  
would have sent more but have  
just bought a car...!!!

And a photo of JIMMY sitting in the Spyder, trying to look moody, a fag hanging out of his mouth.

Cross fade to

JIMMY (V.O) (CONT'D)  
....your little Jimmy has a  
girlfriend mam, she's beautiful,  
(she looks a bit like you!) and I  
really like her.....

A bleep from her phone, a text, she looks at it, reads it, then looks up. Dark outside, a single light on in the office. She rubs her eyes and steps out. The light from SUNNY's desk.

CASSIE  
Lab just texted, confirmed it's  
Jimmy.

He nods, un-surprised.

SUNNY  
Well BT have just identified the  
number next to Frankie C...  
(he stands)  
From 1973 to 1987, it was  
registered to Mr Gordon Fenwick.

And he stands and starts to pin three mug shots on to the white board (think the Richardsons)

CASSIE  
So I counted three murder cases,  
connected to the Fenwicks.

SUNNY  
With no convictions.

CASSIE  
Okay, interesting, lets have a  
pull together with everyone  
tomorrow first thing.

SUNNY  
Sure.

On her. Close.

CASSIE  
Why do we call it a *cold* case?

To her it clearly feels like it 'burns'. And she walks back in to her office, sits down, and picks up her phone and dials. It rings and rings and then goes to voice mail.

VOICEMAIL

(as Jesse Pinkman)

Yo yo yo, one four eight three to the three to the six to the nine, representing the AVQ, whaddup biatch.

Beeep.

CASSIE

(dry as a bone)

Hello sweetheart it's mummy.

(smiles to herself)

Ring me some time will you. Lots of love. Bitch.

And she puts the phone down, a beat, and then she starts to pick up the next batch of letters, and carries on working.

33

INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE. SOUTHEND - NIGHT 7

33

ROBERT standing on a chair, head in a wardrobe, rootling around for something at the very back on a top shelf, and then he finds it, and pulls it out. A jewellery box.

He stands there, looking at it, without opening it. Like he knows this is a turning point in his life. And then he opens it.

The jewellery inside mostly unremarkable, most of it decorative, but one piece, an engagement ring (handed down) has quite a decent sized diamond. And he holds it in his hand for some time, and then eventually, with almost touchable self loathing, pockets it, even as we hear the front door opening and GRACE call out.

GRACE (O.S.)

Hello?

And he shoves the box back where it was, and quickly shuts the cupboard door, moves the chair and walks out.

34

INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 7

34

GRACE in the kitchen, holding a small bunch of forget-me-nots, as she reads the simple brown tag saying 'with love, R'.

ROBERT

And these ones I *didn't* nick from a grave.

And she turns, smiling and walks over and wraps her arms around him.

GRACE

Thank you. I might moan at you more often.

And she kisses him, before pulling away and walking over to the fridge and opening it.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Okay, Tuesday's Bolognese, or Wednesday's fish? \*

ROBERT

(grins)  
Bolognese will be fine.

And he sits at the table as she starts to shove bowls in the microwave.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Late tonight.

GRACE

Was at the food bank meeting.

ROBERT

(remembering)  
'Course you were, we good to go?

GRACE

(nods)  
Starting next week, got Morrisons on board today as well, which is great.

ROBERT

Oh, love, that's brilliant, well done you.

And she turns, chewing on a chicken leg foraged from the fridge.

GRACE

So I spoke to Caroline today, she said you went with her to her scan yesterday. \*

ROBERT

Oh. Yes. Just a bit of...hand holding for ten minutes or so. \*

GRACE

She was really touched.

ROBERT  
Oh well, just trying to  
be....around a bit more.

On her, again, she smiles.

GRACE  
Good, we like having you around a  
bit more.

The microwave pings, and she grabs the bowl and brings it  
over to set it down in front of him.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Right...  
(walking out)  
...I'm going to have a bath and  
look at travel brochures.

And with a smile, she exits, and we stay on ROBERT, guilt  
writ large across his face.

**New day**

34A EXT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION - DAY 8 34A \*  
Establish the new day. \*

35 INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION. CID ROOM - DAY 8 35  
The whole team gathered. CASSIE making notes as they talk.  
D.S. BOULTING first up, and referencing the board, on which  
are blow ups of the diary pages and phone numbers, and  
specifically right now, a separate blow up of the phone  
number entry in the diary of '**Beth Laws**'

BOULTING  
...so a Beth or Elizabeth Laws  
that matches the approximate age  
of the tenant Mrs Leeming  
described, has eight convictions  
between 1975 and 1978. Drugs,  
shoplifting, D and D and one for  
ABH.

CASSIE  
She serve time?

BOULTING  
Six months suspended for the ABH.

CASSIE  
Which was?

BOULTING

An assault on a West Indian shopkeeper, alongside a man called...

And he pins up a mug shot of a vicious looking skin head (VINCENT ERSKINE aged 26 in the photo) with stars tattooed across his forehead, and a spiders web on one side of his face.

BOULTING (CONT'D)

....Vincent Erskine, who nine years later, was convicted of the murder of a Pakistani post office worker.

CASSIE

And we think this could have been the man she lodged with?

BOULTING

(nods)

He's detailed as her boyfriend in several arrest sheets. So her ABH gave me a probation officer and a social worker, which in turn gave me a file detailing a name change in 1988 to Wilton - she got married - and better still, an address, which fits current council tax details.

And a ripple of excitement goes around the room.

CASSIE

And Erskine?

BOULTING

Died fourteen years ago in prison from Hep C.

CASSIE

Okay, excellent work Murray, we have our first living link to someone who we can assume knew Jimmy, well done.

(turns to Collier)

Jake - no pressure mate.

COLLIER

(grins)

Two key names so far, Arlingham House records confirm that a Jimmy Sullivan stayed sporadic nights over a six month period in early 76, last confirmed stay was in June of that year.

CASSIE

Okay.

COLLIER

And the name 'Mr Slater' in the diary, probably refers to an Eric Slater, who was a book keeper for the hostel for most of its incarnation, but he was certainly working there when Jimmy was a resident.

CASSIE absorbs, then -

CASSIE

Okay, so now we have Elizabeth Laws full name, can you also check if either she or Erskine ever stayed there.

COLLIER

Will do.

CASSIE

(flicking a look at her watch)

And there's a mention of a Father Robert Grieves in some of Jimmy's postcards home, who seems to be associated with the hostel in some way...

COLLIER

...the records I have obviously only detail *paid* employees...

CASSIE

(standing)

...well see if you *can* find anything relating to him, but Karen, see if you can track him down through the church as well...

(grabbing her coat)

...and then lastly Murray I want you to see what the Fenwick family is up to these days...

(on the mug shots on the board)

...okay, that's it...

(exiting)

...well done everyone, really good work.

And she exits with SUNNY.

36 INT. SWIMMING POOL. THE CITY - DAY 8 36

PHILLIP powering down a pool, clearly still pretty damn fit, despite his age.

And now we are under the water with him, and then 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.

He looks up, and we see SUNNY and CASSIE.

37 INT. PHILLIP CROSS' OFFICE. THE CITY - DAY 8 37

On PHILLIP walking in to his office, dressed in tracksuit, towelling his hair, with SUNNY and CASSIE.

PHILLIP  
(smiling)  
...maybe I'm just old fashioned,  
to me it's just a common courtesy  
to call ahead.

SUNNY  
(smiles too)  
Accept our apologies Mr Cross.

PHILLIP  
(he smiles)  
Please, call me Sir Phillip.  
(he sits, as do they)  
So what was his name again?

SUNNY  
James Sullivan, but almost  
certainly you would have known  
him as Jimmy.

PHILLIP  
And why might I have known him?

SUNNY  
If we can come on to that in a  
second....

A tiny flash of something from PHILLIP. Not so used to not being allowed to lead a conversation. Then.

PHILLIP  
....well, sorry, no. I don't  
remember anyone by that name...

Hard cut to.



A beat, then -

PHILLIP

Well zero ones's obviously an old London number but... aside from that, no, I don't, should I?

CASSIE

It was written next to your name in the addresses section of a 1976 diary belonging to Mr Sullivan. And sorry, when I say 'your name' I mean when you used your *first* name, Frank. Frankie.

On him, tightening. A beat.

PHILLIP

Well, no, I don't.

CASSIE

Okay. So...

And now she is rummaging in her briefcase.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

...I'd like then, if I may, to run a few *other* names past you, that were also in that same address section, see if you recognise any of them.

PHILLIP

Why would I recognise *them*, if I didn't even know *him*.

CASSIE

Absolutely. But I'm just going to read them anyway, on the off chance, and if anything rings a bell....

PHILLIP

...do I need a lawyer?

She looks up. On her 'surprise'. A beat.

CASSIE

Well that's entirely up to you.

A beat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

As I think my colleague said to you, this really is just a fact finding mission. But if you think you *need* a lawyer, we're very happy to come back.

A beat.

PHILLIP  
Carry on.

CASSIE  
Are you sure?

PHILLIP  
I'm sure. Go on.

A beat, she smiles and then looks down, and starts to read. After each name, she leaves a little pause for him to interject.

CASSIE  
...Brian Kent.... Mrs Stevens....  
Beth .....Sean Collins,....Clive  
Crowther....'Trotsky...'  
(she looks up)  
...I'm assuming that's a nickname  
rather than the actual Marxist  
revolutionary...

No reaction from him. She continues.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
...Mackkie... Paul  
Fleet.....Father Rob...

40 INT. DIOSCENE OFFICE/INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION - DAY 8 40

INTERCUT BETWEEN GEOFF AND WILLETS ON THE PHONE:

GEOFF  
...yes, Father Greaves is very  
much still practising, one of our  
more dynamic priests in fact....

WILLETS  
...oh, great, can you give me his  
contact details then please?

41 INT. PHILLIP CROSS' OFFICE. THE CITY - DAY 8

41

CASSIE nearing the end of her list.

CASSIE  
....Kev Fleming.... 'Shrimp'  
...and lastly, Rita Monroe.

A beat and then she looks up. A long beat, and then -

PHILLIP

No, I don't recognise any of those names.

A sense his patience is wearing pretty thin now.

CASSIE

Okay, well thanks for trying.

PHILLIP

We done?

CASSIE

Just one more thing. The Fenwick brothers...

At which he holds a hand up. Smiles.

PHILLIP

You know what, I think we are done.....

(pressing a button his desk)

...I don't know this lad and, I don't know anything about what happened to him, but I do know how much you lot love the odd celebrity fish wriggling on your hooks. Doesn't matter if they've done nothing, just that it makes you look like you're doing your jobs a bit better than you frequently are. So you want to talk more, fine. But I want my lawyers present if we're going to be dragging up ancient history like the Fenwicks.

And he smiles very charmingly even as the door opens and a P.A. walks in with a smile.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Cara could you show D.I Khan and D.C.I. Stuart to the lifts please.

And CASSIE offers her hand.

CASSIE

Thanks so much for your time, Sir Phillip. We'll be in touch.

PHILLIP

No problem, nice to meet you.

And they walk out.

SUNNY  
(quietly)  
Shorter than on the telly.

\*  
\*  
\*

CASSIE  
And fatter.

\*  
\*

But we are on CROSS now, as the smile fades. A long beat, then he walks to his desk, picks up the phone and starts to dial.

\*

42 OMITTED

42 \*

43 EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH. CROYDON - DAY 8

43

We are behind LIZZIE, on the touch line, watching a match, as her gaze is pulled left, to two people, a man and a woman, a hundred yards away, walking quickly towards her.

\*

On the reverse of course, we see this is LIZZIE. And as she watches the two figures approach her, something in her eyes tell us she has sort of been expecting this moment all her life.

SUNNY  
(approaching)  
Good afternoon, Elizabeth Wilton?

\*

LIZZIE  
Yes?

SUNNY  
Hi there...  
(badging her)  
...D.I Khan, D.C.I. Stuart,  
Bishop Street Police Station...

\*  
\*

And now we are watching from the middle of the pitch, from both RAY's p.o.v., as he referees, and then from CURTIS's p.o.v. as he stops playing.

And the body language is unmistakably that of two coppers asking LIZZIE questions. And RAY turns to CURTIS.

RAY  
Two minutes, you're in charge.

And he starts to walk quickly toward them, and then breaks in to a jog, as she turns, and starts to walk toward the changing rooms with the two officers.

RAY (CONT'D)  
(calling after them)  
Lizzie...

And all three stop and turn.

RAY (CONT'D)  
...you okay, love?

And LIZZIE's face is a picture of fear.

LIZZIE  
They're police officers, Ray,  
they just want to ask some  
questions about ...

She turns to them, forgot their wording.

SUNNY  
...an historical case.

RAY  
What historical case?

SUNNY  
She'll be fine Mr...

RAY  
...Wilton, I'm her husband.

Which might surprise them both, given that he is black.

SUNNY  
We shouldn't be too long, just  
going to the changing block to  
find somewhere a bit more  
private.

RAY  
You want me to come with, love?

SUNNY  
She'll be fine Mr Wilton.

Firm, but fair, SUNNY smiles, doing this as nicely as possible. And off they walk. RAY stranded on the touch line, Behind him, CURTIS watching too.

44 INT. FOOTBALL CHANGING ROOMS. CROYDON - DAY 8

44

A quiet corner. LIZZIE with SUNNY and CASSIE. Close on LIZZIE holding a picture of JIMMY SULLIVAN in her hand.

LIZZIE  
How did he die?

A beat, judgement call, does he tell her. And then -

SUNNY  
His skull was smashed in. A  
hammer, a baseball bat, we're not  
sure but...blunt instrument  
trauma they call it...

And she looks at the photo, long and hard. Some ineffable sadness passing momentarily across her face, and she seems on the verge of something, but then.

LIZZIE  
Sorry, no, I don't know him.

HARD CUT TO:

45 **EXT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE - 1976 (FLASHBACK)** 45

**Skin heads. Beer cans. JIMMY pushing past. Tattoos. Shouts. 'Coon'. 'Monkey'. Nig-nog.**

**End of flashback**

46 **INT. CHANGING ROOMS. CROYDON - DAY 8** 46 \*

As before. SUNNY and CASSIE watching her.

SUNNY  
(lightly)  
No?

One last look at it, then -

LIZZIE  
(handing it back)  
No. Or if I ever did, I don't remember him now I'm afraid.

A beat, then he nods and puts the photo back in his case.

SUNNY  
And any ideas why your name might have been in his diary?

A beat, she thinks, then she shakes her head.

LIZZIE  
No.

A beat.

SUNNY  
Okay, no worries.

A beat.

CASSIE  
So where were you were living in 1976 Mrs Wilton?

Which catches her slightly off guard.

LIZZIE

Various flats and squats around London. I was a little bit...lost...back then.

CASSIE

How do you mean 'lost?'

Hard to go back there. A beat, then -

LIZZIE

It took me a little while to find my feet when I came down from Nottingham. And I ended up...having some problems with alcohol. Other stuff.

CASSIE nods. Plays she 'gets it'.

CASSIE

D'you remember ever staying in a hostel in Lissom Grove, called Arlingham House?

A beat, thinks, then.

LIZZIE

No I don't think so.

CASSIE lets it hang.

CASSIE

What about a rented room in Willesden, in the house of a Mrs Leeming?

A beat, then -

LIZZIE

No, sorry.

CASSIE nods.

CASSIE

Well let me help you out, because *she* remembers a girl called Beth staying with her, Beth Laws - that *is* your maiden name isn't it..

A beat.

LIZZIE

Yes...

CASSIE

...she remembers a Beth Laws staying a couple of weeks, and then having to throw her out because she wouldn't pay her rent. Neither her ....nor her boyfriend.

And we are on LIZZIE as her head falls a little. And CASSIE pulls out the mug shot of VINCENT ERSKINE.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Was *this* your boyfriend Mrs Wilton?

She is not meeting their eye now.

LIZZIE

I went out with him for a few months thirty eight years ago.

CASSIE

You have a number of co-convictions with him, spanning nearly two years.

And suddenly she looks up, desperate..

LIZZIE

I didn't know this boy Jimmy, I would never have hurt anyone...

CASSIE

...or maybe, as you say, you just can't remember...

LIZZIE

I'd remember that...

CASSIE

Okay. Well tell me if you remember this. That in...  
(checks her notes)  
...August of 1977....

LIZZIE

...please...

CASSIE

...you were convicted of a violent assault on a West Indian shopkeeper...

LIZZIE

...that was Erskine not me, I tried to stop him...

CASSIE

...and *both* sentenced to six months imprisonment suspended for two years.

A beat, LIZZIE, eyes down, does not offer up anything.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Erskine a man, who only a few years later, robbed an Asian post officer worker...before stabbing him to death.

And obviously she knew this. But has nothing to add.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Did Erskine ever mention staying at a hostel?

LIZZIE

I don't remember.

CASSIE

Do you have any recollection of him ever mentioning a Jimmy Sullivan?

LIZZIE

I don't remember.

A beat.

CASSIE

Okay. Have a think about what we've discussed today Mrs Wilton....

(handing her her card)

...and if you think you can help us in any way, call me.

And CASSIE stands. And LIZZIE doesn't move. And then

LIZZIE

How could I be a racist?

And she shoots a look out of the window to where RAY waits, patiently, lovingly, just outside.

CASSIE

Maybe not now. But then?

A beat. Then she stands, shakes her defiantly.

LIZZIE

No. Not now. Not then. Not ever.

And she walks out.

47 INT. FOOTBALL CHANGING ROOMS. CROYDON - DAY 8

47

CASSIE watching LIZZIE walking quickly toward the car park, as a clearly concerned RAY runs after her. And a little further on, CURTIS, also clearly unsettled, watches them both.

SUNNY on the phone in the background. Then he comes off and walks towards CASSIE.

SUNNY

That was Jake, according to the records she stayed at the hostel eight times between January and November 1976, five of them nights when Jimmy was there.

Blimey.

CASSIE

And Erskine?

SUNNY

He's still checking.

She stays looking at LIZZIE walking to the car park, as RAY, her West Indian husband, follows.

CASSIE

(grimly)

Well she's a good little liar, I think we'd all have to give her that.

48 EXT. STREET. SOUTHEND - EARLY EVENING 8

48

The primary red yellow and blue neon of the strip is starting to stand out against the dusk light.

And then a door opens to a shop, and out walks ROBERT hat and scarf drawn down to cover most of his face.

Checks slightly furtively to see if anyone might have seen him, but of course it is just the end of a busy week for everyone else, and no-one is remotely interested in him.

And ROBERT walks on, and crosses the road toward his car as sea spray pin pricks his face, even as we linger on the pawn shop he has just come out of.

**'Cash Exchange.'**

49 INT. LIZZIE & RAY'S CAR PARKED OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE - NIGHT 8 \* 9

LIZZIE and RAY sat outside their house in the car. A long silence.

RAY  
So how did they get *your* name?

A beat.

LIZZIE  
It was in this boy's diary apparently.

Oh.

RAY  
But you definitely didn't know him.

She turns to him.

LIZZIE  
I said I didn't *remember* him, Ray. If someone mentioned the names of people you'd met once or twice forty years ago, would you remember them all?

RAY  
No, probably not.

LIZZIE  
No. Exactly.

And she is getting out of the car and walking toward the house.

On RAY, watching her go. Watches her all the way. And what thoughts are running through his head?

50 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 8 50

A knackered looking CASSIE working at a desk in her sitting room, making notes on a lap top, we read her typing -

**Race related murder? Speak to victim of ABH by Erskine and Laws if still alive? Fenwick family. Was this gang related crime? Who is Jo Jo? Speak to bookkeeper. Speak to priest....**

...and then the door opens, and there is her dad, in a coat, about to go out. She smiles

CASSIE  
Hiya.

MARTIN  
Hi love. Listen...

A momentary hesitation, then -

MARTIN (CONT'D)  
...there's a shoebox on the  
kitchen table with some letters  
in it. They were written to your  
mum about twenty years ago - I  
found them hidden away after she  
died. I'd like you to read them.

And he turns and goes to walk out.

CASSIE  
(standing, wtf)  
Sorry, what did you say....?

MARTIN  
(buttoning up his coat)  
...I'm off out for the evening.

CASSIE  
(going after him)  
...sorry, what are you talking  
about dad, what letters...?

MARTIN  
(and he turns, smiles,  
reassuringly)  
...just read them, love, please.  
Don't wait up.

And then he is out the front door and she is left there,  
slightly stunned. And then turns and walks in to the  
kitchen, and there, as he said, is a shoebox.

She frowns, what the hell.

51 INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 8

51

ROBERT standing at the kitchen door and listening upstairs  
for the sound of GRACE coming down, but she is clomping  
about doing other stuff, and so he dials. And after a few  
rings it answers.

ROBERT  
Geoff?

GEOFF (O.S.)  
(quietly)  
Hello.

ROBERT  
Hi it's Rob Greaves.

GEOFF (O.S.)

Oh, Robert, Hi.

ROBERT

Listen, just wanted to put your mind at rest about the book keeping thing...

(sotto voce)

...turned out Gracie had just accidentally stuck a cheque in to a personal account a couple of years ago - she was a bit overworked at the time I think - anyway, I've transferred the right amount in to the Dioscene account so..all sorted....

GEOFF (O.S.)

...oh okay, well, that sounds simple enough....

ROBERT

...yup, easy peasy, but I'd be really grateful if you didn't mention it to Grace, she's at a bit of a low ebb at the moment...

GEOFF (O.S.)

...oh, sorry to hear that Rob...

ROBERT

....yeah nothing serious just...needs a good holiday to be honest, we both do...

GEOFF (O.S.)

No problem, mum's the word...

ROBERT

...thanks Geoff, speak soon...

GEOFF

...sorry one quick thing Robert, did the police get hold of you?

Zoom in on ROBERT.

ROBERT

The police?

GEOFF (O.S.)

I got a call from a police officer earlier today asking for your contact details?

ROBERT

Er....no?



54A EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - NIGHT 8 54A \*  
Establisher of the House of Commons at night. \*

55 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 8 55 \*  
GOUGH and PHILLIP. GOUGH is pacing in a dark deserted corridor, as tightly wound as is possible.

GOUGH  
...but we asked you, both myself,  
and the press office, Sir  
Phillip, we asked you *repeatedly*,  
if there was anything you needed  
to tell us...

PHILLIP  
...and there wasn't, there's  
absolutely nothing in it....

GOUGH  
(jaw clenching)  
...how many times, it doesn't  
matter if there's nothing in it.  
What matters is that by the time  
the police work out there's  
nothing in it, we will have lost  
five points in the polls. That's  
why we vet, that's why we ask for  
full disclosure, because  
perception is as important as  
reality. So when we ask you if  
there's anything you need to tell  
us, it is not up to you to decide  
what is and isn't fucking  
important, it is for us to...

And suddenly GOUGH is slammed hard up against the wall,  
PHILLIP pinning him to the wall with a surprising strength.

PHILLIP  
I've had a very bad day Liam.  
Don't make me make it worse.

Which is not at all how the chief whip is used to being  
treated.

And then as suddenly as he grabbed him, he lets him go, and  
we go out on PHILLIP walking calmly away, pulling his  
mobile out of his pocket, as a stunned (and rather  
relieved) GOUGH watches him go.

56 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 8 56  
ERIC tucking the sheets in around CLAIRE, in her bed.

ERIC  
Sleep well love.

And she suddenly grips his hand strongly

CLAIRE  
I love you Eric, and I'm sorry if  
I keep getting confused.

ERIC  
(smiles)  
Hey hey hey, we're all allowed to  
get a little confused now and  
then.

CLAIRE  
Are we going to be alright?

ERIC  
We're gonna be fine, we've got  
the party coming up, lots to look  
forward to, everything's going to  
be just fine.

And he kisses her tenderly on the cheek, and then flicks  
off the light, and starts to wheel himself out of the  
bedroom on to the landing.

57 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 8 57

Close on ERIC wheeling himself down a corridor.

58 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 8 58

ERIC sitting alone in the sitting room, sipping a cup of  
tea and eating a digestive, as he reads the Mirror,  
flicking through, distracted, clearly worried...

...which is when he sees it, a small article on page six.

'Cellar Body Dated to Seventies'. And we are close on him,  
and then -

59 EXT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 59

**Night. A slightly open window. Watching. Bodies  
intertwined. Sex.**

**End of flashback**

60 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 8 60

Back with ERIC, and then he starts to read. Out.

61 EXT. SOUTHEND PIER - NIGHT 8

61

ROBERT standing on Southend pier, in a phone box, in front of 'Adventure Island', the amusement park, which provides wind blown snippets of looping Hurdy Gurdy fairground noises as a sound track to his conversation.

VOICEMAIL (O.S.)

Hi, sorry I can't take your call right now, but please leave a message.

ROBERT

Hi, Jo, it's me, I need you to speak to you as soon as possible. I'll call you first thing.

And he puts the receiver down and steps out in to wind that assaults him.

He stands by the rails looking out in to the black, the raging desolate waters below, threatening to rise up and swallow him whole.

**End of episode two**