

"UNFORGOTTEN"

by

Chris Lang

Episode 3

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. CITY OF LONDON - 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'.** \*

5 EXT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - DAY 9 5 \*  
Establisher of a new day and Cassie's car parked outside. \*

6 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 9 6 \*  
In the kitchen the box sits in the middle of the table, next to the now empty wine bottle. She looks at it, then grabs her coat and her briefcase and exits.

7 INT. LIZZIE AND RAY'S HOUSE - DAY 9 7  
RAY asleep in bed, and then he starts, opens bleary eyes, LIZZIE standing, dressing gown on, looking at him.

RAY  
(surprised)  
Hi.....  
(sitting up)  
...what time is it?

LIZZIE  
Just gone seven.

He frowns

RAY  
You okay?

A long beat.

LIZZIE  
I need to tell you something.

8 INT. SUNNY'S CAR DRIVING PAST MUD FLATS - DAY 9 8 \*

SUNNY driving along a road flanking the mud flats of the Thames estuary. Boats marooned on the shore at giddy angles, tankers in the distance, heading out to sea. CASSIE quiet, obviously thinking about her own stuff. SUNNY on the phone to D.C. COLLIER. \*

SUNNY  
...okay, thanks mate.  
(he clicks off)  
No details of Vincent Erskine ever having stayed at Arlingham House.

On her. Annoying.

CASSIE  
Doesn't mean he didn't hang out there, if he was going out with Elizabeth. And encountered Jimmy then.

SUNNY  
Karen's also managed to locate the man he and Elizabeth assaulted and he's happy to talk to us.

She nods, a long beat, then -

CASSIE  
D'you think they *do* know?

He frowns. Flicks a looks at her.

SUNNY  
Do I think *who* knows?

CASSIE  
These people you see on the telly. Who live with someone who turns out to have had some...awful secret. Do you think on some...instinctive, base level, even if they don't know...explicitly...they still....*know*?

And SUNNY frowns, and we might think he is considering this weighty existential conundrum, except then -

SUNNY

You alright if we stop for a  
bacon buttie boss, haven't had  
any brekkie.

Out on her as they pass a sign saying 'Southend 14 miles'.

9 INT. LIZZIE AND RAY'S HOUSE - DAY 9

9

Tea mugs on a table in the kitchen. LIZZIE at a window,  
staring out at the back garden, cannot look at her husband  
as she speaks.

LIZZIE

I didn't move to London when I  
was seventeen. I came two years  
earlier, in 1974. When I was  
fifteen.

On RAY, confused, what's she talking about?

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

And I lied to you about this  
because.... I always wanted you  
to have a relationship with dad.  
Whatever he'd done, he was still  
my father.

On RAY as he instinctively begins to realise where this  
might be going.

RAY

Whatever he'd done?

A beat. First time she has ever said it.

LIZZIE

It started after my mum died.  
When I was twelve.

A beat. RAY stands to go to her.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

(stopping him)

No. Just listen please.

(as he sits)

And it was....bad. And so when I  
was fifteen, I finally told my  
auntie. And she said I could go  
to prison for telling such wicked  
lies.

A beat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

And so I left....

A beat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
...came to London, on my own.

A beat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
And slept on the streets. And  
drank cider given to me by old  
men to keep me warm. For nearly a  
year....

A beat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
...until I met a man called  
Vincent...who was bigger  
and...stronger than anyone  
else...

A beat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
....and who said he loved me, and  
would look after me.....

Close on her.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
...which I needed, so much...

A beat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
...except then it turned out he  
wasn't a good person...

A beat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
...and he made me think and say  
and... do things that...were not  
who I really was, Ray. Not at  
all.

RAY looking scared now.

RAY  
What things?

A beat. And finally she turns and dares to face him.

RAY (CONT'D)  
What things?

Out on RAY's growing fear. And on hers.

10 EXT. CHURCH. LEIGH ON SEA - DAY 9 10

A grim wind buffeting the stones of the church.

ROBERT(O.S.)  
...in baptism, God calls us out  
of darkness into his marvellous  
light....

11 INT. CHURCH. LEIGH ON SEA - DAY 9 11

ROBERT, performing a baptism, surrounded by a small group,  
of family, with mum holding a mewling new born.

ROBERT  
...do you reject the devil and  
all rebellion against God?

ALL  
I reject them.

ROBERT  
Do you renounce the deceit and  
corruption of evil?

ALL  
I renounce them....

12 EXT. CURTIS' BLOCK OF FLATS. CROYDON - DAY 9 12

Long shot of CURTIS standing at the foot of his flats. A  
young man dwarfed by seventies brutalist concrete. We hear.

LIZZIE (O.S.)  
Hi this is Liz, please leave a  
message.

CURTIS  
(into his mobile)  
Miss it's me, just...I'm here  
and...still waiting for you.

And he clicks off, flicks one last look at his watch, and  
then starts to walk away briskly, and then starts to run.

13 INT. LIZZIE AND RAY'S HOUSE. DAY 9 13

LIZZIE sitting now, her head bowed, her shame palpable.

LIZZIE  
...I was a member of the National  
Front, I went on their marches  
and....made leaflets and...  
posters which....

Her voice catches, and she takes a moment to steel herself.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
 ...every day I used the  
 words...paki...and wog and... all  
 those words.....  
 (cannot say the 'N'  
 word)

And she falters, but then grits her teeth and presses on -

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
 ....and...sometimes I watched my  
 my boyfriend.... attack people...  
 ...because...of the colour of  
 their skin...

On RAY, as tears start to pool in his eyes. Out.

14 INT. CHURCH. LEIGH ON SEA - DAY 9

14

Close on the wriggling baby held in ROBERT'S strong but gentle hands, one of which now cups water to pour over the baby's forehead.

ROBERT  
 I baptise you in the name of the  
 Father, and of the Son, and of  
 the Holy Spirit...

And then the quiet murmur of ceremonial words is interrupted by the rude sound of a large church door opening. ROBERT looks up to see a man and woman, blinking in to the gloom of the church.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
 ....Amen.

ALL  
 Amen.

And CASSIE and SUNNY walk to the back, to the first seat they can find, and sit, and wait. And as the baby is wrapped in a white cloth, ROBERT continues.

ROBERT  
 ...you have been clothed with  
 Christ....

15 INT. LIZZIE AND RAY'S HOUSE - DAY 9

15

RAY sitting in silence, slightly dazed. LIZZIE waiting, what is he going to say?

LIZZIE  
 Say something, Ray.

A beat.

RAY  
Have you told me everything?

And then she nods emphatically.

LIZZIE  
Yes.

A beat. He looks up at her.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
I swear, whatever else I did, I  
swear I do not remember this boy  
and I know absolutely nothing  
about what happened to him.

A long beat as he looks at her, trying to work out what he  
thinks, feels, believes. And then slowly, he stands.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

RAY  
I need...some time. If you don't  
mind.

A beat.

LIZZIE  
I love you, so much.

And he looks at her, clearly in shock, and then turns and  
walks out, leaving her alone and utterly consumed with  
fear.

15A	EXT. SCHOOL. CROYDON. DAY 9	15A	*
	Establisher of Croydon school.		*
16	INT. SCHOOL. CROYDON. DAY 9	16	*
	CURTIS running down a corridor at full pelt, and haring left in to a class room, just as the teacher was about to shut the door for good.		
	He shoots CURTIS a look that says CURTIS is confirming the long held prejudices teachers have about kids like him. But he can't turn him away, so he merely nods in the direction of the last empty desk, and CURTIS, sweaty, flustered and worried about Lizzie, makes his way to the desk, sits down, and gets out his pencil case.		

17 INT. VESTRY - LEIGH ON SEA. DAY 9 17  
CASSIE and SUNNY with ROBERT. ROBERT studying the picture of JIMMY. Then he nods, sad.

ROBERT  
Yes. I remember Jimmy very well.  
We 'bonded' over football.....

18 INT. VESTRY. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 18  
Flagstones. Knuckles. Robes. Blood. JIMMY. Rage.  
End of flashback.

19 INT. VESTRY - LEIGH ON SEA. DAY 9 19  
*Continued as before:*

ROBERT  
....he was a huge Liverpool fan,  
I followed the hoops, who he  
loved to remind me had not won  
any silverware since the  
sixties...

He hands the photo back to SUNNY.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
...I often wondered what happened  
to him. How terrible to discover  
it was this.

CASSIE watching him, lets the moment settle, then -

CASSIE  
So how did you first meet him?

ROBERT  
My church was just round the  
corner from Arlingham House,  
which we had a connection with.

CASSIE  
Oh okay. And when you say  
'connection'.....

ROBERT  
There were a lot of rather 'lost  
souls' there who we tried to give  
some sort of...succour to.

CASSIE  
And Jimmy was one of those?

ROBERT

(thinks)

Well, I think Jimmy *did* have some issues, family stuff as I remember, but actually, on the whole, he was pretty... full of life, a real character.

CASSIE

And can you remember at all who he... associated with, who his friends might have been?

He thinks. Hard.

ROBERT

I mean, as I say, I knew him. But not well, he came to services a few times...

(smiles)

...though more to tell his mum he'd been I suspect, but I knew nothing about his day to day life.

CASSIE

Okay.

A beat as she makes notes and SUNNY takes up the baton.

SUNNY

Do you remember him ever mentioning any race related problems?

He thinks, a beat.

ROBERT

No. I mean I'm sure there *were* race issues, it was the seventies but...

(he shrugs)

SUNNY

Does the name Vincent Erskine mean anything to you?

ROBERT

(thinks, then)

No.

SUNNY

Or Beth Laws?

ROBERT

(thinks, then)

Rings a very vague bell but...

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
(again he shakes his  
head)

SUNNY  
How about Frank or Frankie Cross?

ROBERT  
(thinks, then)  
Nope. Sorry. Not being very  
helpful am I.

SUNNY  
No problem. How about Jo-Jo?

And we are on ROBERT, who frowns just a little too hard,  
'thinks' just a little too hard.

ROBERT  
Jo-Jo. Nope. Who was she?

CASSIE  
(tiny beat)  
Or could be a man.

ROBERT  
Right, who was 'he' or 'she'?

SUNNY  
We're not sure, but we think  
someone who was fond of him.

ROBERT  
Jo-Jo....

He thinks 'harder'. A long beat, then.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
...nope, I'm afraid I can't  
remember anyone called Jo-Jo.

Out on CASSIE, smiling, accepting, understanding.

20 EXT. CHURCH YARD. LEIGH ON SEA - DAY 9

20

CASSIE and SUNNY walking out towards Sunny's car.

\*

SUNNY  
As Asha would say - 'oh my god he  
so knows Jo Jo.'

CASSIE  
Be nice wouldn't it, if just one of  
them wasn't lying through their  
teeth.

SUNNY  
 (he frowns)  
 He's a priest, what else did you  
 expect.

And she snorts a bark of grim laughter, as on they walk, past  
 the graves, head down against the wind.

21 INT. CHURCH. LEIGH ON SEA - DAY 9 21

ROBERT watching through a leaded light window, his face as  
 fractured as the glass. And he knows they know he has just  
 lied. And he's very scared.

21A EXT. THE RIVER. BLACKFRIARS. AFTERNOON 9 21A

Establisher.

22 INT. BAR/RESTAURANT. AFTERNOON 9 22 \*

PHILLIP in a dark corner of a bar, away from prying eyes,  
 sitting with BELLA. He has obviously just told her about  
 the police interview. \*

BELLA  
 Have you told mum?

PHILLIP  
 No.

BELLA  
 (she looks at him)  
 Why would you tell me and not  
 her?

PHILLIP  
 She'd worry. All I want is  
 advice.

BELLA  
 As a daughter or lawyer?

PHILLIP  
 As a lawyer, before I speak to my  
 own.

These two peas in a pod. A beat. A long beat, then.

BELLA  
 So *did* you know him?

PHILLIP  
 Yes.

BELLA

And you said you didn't because?

PHILLIP

I don't know. It was stupid. I have nothing to hide.

She looks at him, a flicker of doubt in her eyes, then

BELLA

Okay first up, think of a better answer than that. *How* did you know him?

PHILLIP

He was a face. Ran a few errands for the people I was working for.

BELLA

Who were?

PHILLIP

A family called the Fenwicks.

BELLA

Who were?

PHILLIP

(a beat, then)

Not as pure as the driven snow.

On her eyes again.

BELLA

And what did *you* do for them?

Bristling slightly at the hint of judgement in her question. He looks at his daughter.

PHILLIP

What I needed to to earn my way out of a house with no running water.

On him, eyeballing her, does she get it.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

But I know nothing about what happened to this young man.

Is he telling the truth? Her phone beeps. She looks at it, reads a text.

BELLA

I've got to go, okay, say nothing, do nothing, let *them* prove you lied.

(she stand, he stands)

(MORE)

BELLA (CONT'D)  
No, don't walk out with me. If  
the papers don't have this  
already, they will soon enough.

And she looks around, before risking a quick peck on the  
cheek.

BELLA (CONT'D)  
Sit tight, dad.

And then she exits. Out on PHILLIP, a sense his daughter  
sightly scares him, because she is *more* than a chip off the  
old block.

23

EXT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE. PATIO - EARLY EVENING 9 23

A barbeque on the patio. Present, a heavily pregnant  
CAROLINE and her husband MARK, ELLIE and her fiancée, TOM,  
and GRACE and ROBERT. The mood is very relaxed and jokey,  
but we should sense that it is their dad's approval the  
sisters seek as they mess around. ROBERT however is  
taciturn and distracted.

CAROLINE  
... it's no reflection on you,  
love.

MARK  
(wryly, as he eats)  
Right, no reflection on me that  
you'd prefer your sister to be  
with you at arguably the most  
important moment of our lives.

ELLIE  
I don't think you should look at  
it like that.

MARK  
Really.

ELLIE  
I think you should look at it  
like... she just prefers me?

MARK  
(dryly)  
Els, I worked *that* one out years  
ago.

GRACE  
(laughing)  
Oh leave the poor boy alone,  
girls.

CAROLINE

Mum, this is the man who said watching me give birth would be like watching his favourite pub burn down...

Which gets a good laugh, but which is interrupted by ROBERT, who suddenly stands, his face waxy and grey...

ROBERT

...I'm so sorry, but I don't feel very well....

CAROLINE/ELLIE

(standing)

....dad...

And CAROLINE just gets to him, as he starts to fall.

**End of part one.**

**Part two**

24 INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION. CID ROOM - EARLY EVENING 9 24

A tired looking CASSIE sitting with D.S. BOULTING, D.C. WILLETS, D.C. COLLIER, and SUNNY. We are on the mug shots of the three FENWICKS.

CASSIE

(irritably)

What they're *all* abroad?

BOULTING

Well, Charlie Fenwick died about five years ago, but yeah, the son Michael lives in Alcudia, and his uncle Gordon's lived in Cyprus since 95.

CASSIE

The north?

BOULTING

(nods)

There's an outstanding arrest warrant for him here on drugs charges.

WILLETS

But. We *have* located a Thomas Pinion, who worked with the family in the seventies and eighties, before serving fourteen years for drugs offences.

BOULTING

Knew Cross, but for whatever reason, there's no love lost.

CASSIE

So he'll talk to us?

WILLETS

He's suggested a meet tomorrow?

CASSIE

Excellent, set it up.

(and then turns to Collier)

Eric Slater, we got an address yet?

COLLIER

Council tax has him as living at the same address as detailed in the Arlingham House records...

(sliding it over)

CASSIE

And Jo Jo?

COLLIER

Nothing for Jo, Joanne, Joanna, Jodie....in the records. There was a Jocelyn, as an occasional resident, but she was in her sixties. Plenty of Joes and Johns but...we think it's definitely a woman?

CASSIE

His letters to his mum said he'd met a girl but...

Weary, no clarity emerging yet.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

...well, lets keep an open mind. Okay thanks everyone...

(standing, to Sunny)

....lets see if we can get some...I dunno, photos of Arlingham House in the seventies, the inside, I just...I want to get some sense of what it was like to stay there, the routine, Jimmy's routine...

SUNNY

(nods)

...I'll see what we can find.

And then she walks out in to the corridor. She hesitates, clearly thinking something through, then she finally pulls out her i-phone and dials a number.

25 INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION. CORRIDOR/INT. MAUREEN'S HOUSE - DAY 9 25

INTERCUT BETWEEN MAUREEN IN HER KITCHEN, ON THE PHONE TO CASSIE (a bright yellow canary chirrups in the background) \*

CASSIE \*

...so please please say if you think it's a *bad* idea but...I just wanted to ask ...if you wanted to visit the site of Jimmy's grave... \*

And we are on MAUREEN.

CASSIE (CONT'D) \*

...he was there for...nearly forty years...and of course he'll be coming home to you soon but...I thought it might help...to see where he lay for that time. I can arrange a car, or train tickets or.....what do you think? \*

A long beat, and CASSIE must think she has misjudged it horribly, but MAUREEN is clearly deeply moved.

MAUREEN

I think I'd like that please, I think I'd like that very much.

And we can hear how much it means, and we know CASSIE made the right decision.

26 EXT. LIZZIE AND RAY'S HOUSE. CROYDON - EVENING 9 26

CURTIS ringing LIZZIE and RAY's door. No-one in. What the hell is going on?

27 INT. HOSPITAL. SOUTHEND - NIGHT 9 27

GRACE walking through resus, toward the doors, pushing through them and out in to the main waiting room, looking for...

...her girls, CAROLINE and ELLIE, sat on a chair, hand in hand, their eyes lifting in fear as they see her. She smiles reassuringly.

GRACE  
(quickly)  
He's going to be fine.

CAROLINE  
(standing, relief  
flooding over both)  
Oh God...oh mum.

And they walk over and both hug her, smiles coming over their pinched tense faces.

ELLIE  
So what was it, do they know?

GRACE  
Not yet, they're doing a million tests..

CAROLINE  
...but it wasn't a heart attack?

GRACE  
...no, his heart's fine, his BP's a bit high but ...they think it was some kind of...panic attack.....

CAROLINE  
(she frowns)  
...a panic attack....?

GRACE  
...I said to them he was the least likely person in the world to ever panic about anything but....

ELLIE  
...and what's *he* saying?

GRACE  
Not a lot actually, for your dad.

CAROLINE  
Bit freaked out I guess.

GRACE  
Yes. I guess.

But she knows something is up.

ELLIE  
So shall we come in and see him?

GRACE

Let them just finish their tests -  
and then I think they're going to  
discharge him anyway so...

(she smiles  
reassuringly)

....don't worry, normal service  
will be resumed shortly.

And she walks back in and we stay with them, hands  
entwined, lives shifting on their axes.

28 EXT. PLAYING FIELDS. CROYDON - EVENING 9 28

LIZZIE walking quickly across dark fields, can see that the  
light in the football changing rooms is on.

29 INT. CHANGING ROOMS. CROYDON - EVENING 9 29

LIZZIE walking into the changing rooms, to see RAY, sorting  
football bibs, and cones, and footballs, in the storage  
cupboard of the changing rooms block.

LIZZIE

Thought you might be here.

RAY turns, sees her, finds a half smile.

RAY

Sorry. Lost track of time.

And he sits, and she does too, neither seem to know quite how  
they are going to do this next bit.

30 EXT. PLAYING FIELDS. CROYDON - EVENING 9 30 \*

CURTIS waking across the same fields, sees the lights are on.

31 INT. CHANGING ROOMS. CROYDON - EVENING 9 31 \*

On RAY. And finally he speaks.

RAY

So I was just your penance was I?

And he looks up at her, to see her shaking her head, knew  
this was coming.

LIZZIE

No...

RAY

...to prove to yourself that you  
weren't that person.

LIZZIE  
I didn't need to prove that  
because I *knew* I wasn't.

And she is wracked with guilt and pain to see *his* pain.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
I never even *looked* at the colour  
of your skin, Ray - I only ever  
looked at you.

A beat.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
I did what I did because Erskine  
*made* me.

RAY  
He *made* you? He *made* you call  
people like me nigger and coon and  
monkey did he?

A beat.

RAY (CONT'D)  
He *made* you join the National  
Front? He *made* you attack people  
because of the colour of their  
skin?

A beat.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you just say 'no'?

The simplest of questions, and yet -

LIZZIE  
I should have. I know. But I  
didn't. And I'm sorry. I'm so  
sorry.

32 INT. CHANGING ROOMS. CROYDON - EVENING 9

32 \*

The entrance to the changing rooms, where CURTIS, school  
bag slung over his shoulder, is standing.

Having heard everything.

And he looks utterly bewildered, and then he turns and  
pushes hard out of the door.

33 INT. CHANGING ROOMS. CROYDON - EVENING 9

33 \*

LIZZIE turning, hearing the doors, and looks out of the  
window...to see CURTIS walking quickly away.

LIZZIE

Oh no.

Could it get any worse.

**New day**

34 INT. HOSPITAL. SOUTHEND - DAWN 10 34

ROBERT lying in bed, monitors gone, heart rate back to normal-ish. GRACE asleep in a chair next to his bed. Close on him, eyes open, full of dread.

35 INT. ROMFORD PUB - DAY 10 35

D.S. BOULTING and D.C. WILLETS talking to TOMMY PINION (68) who is sinking a pint at 10.42 in the morning.

PINION

...so I rang him, Frank, when I got out, see if he could help me with a bit of work, cos we went back - and y'know, I'd have done anything, security, driving, I didn't mind, anything...

And he takes a large slug of lager.

PINION (CONT'D)

...but he didn't want to know, couldn't get through to him on the phone and then when I waited outside his office, he just mugged me off....

On BOULTING, knows this is all good for them.

PINION (CONT'D)

...and now he's on the telly, going on about helping people get on the ladder...

A beat. He looks at them.

PINION (CONT'D)

...except he's forgot where he come from.

BOULTING

So how long did he work for the Fenwicks?

PINION

(thinks, then)

Not long, odd jobs here and there for maybe a year, on the payroll proper maybe...six months?

BOULTING

As?

PINION

Started out doing anything the brothers wanted him to. Bit of driving, deliveries, bit of muscle - he was useful with his fists.

BOULTING

He was violent?

PINION

If you needed him to be.

BOULTING

And did you?

PINION

(shrugs)

People always tried to take the piss, you had to send a message otherwise you'd get walked over. Frank was particularly good at getting money that was owed.

BOULTING

How?

Close on PINION, a last momentary hesitation, and we/BOULTING must ask if what he now says is a revenge lie, or the truth.

PINION

He liked the bolt cutters. Soon as he got 'em out, people suddenly remembered a bit of cash they had in an upstairs drawer. But if they didn't...he'd work his way down a finger, joint by joint, till they did.

Oh.

PINION (CONT'D)

(leans in)

And he always started on the pinkie. For some reason, people had a real psychological attraction, to their pinkie.

What do you say to that.

\*

36 EXT. CAMBRIDGSHIRE. FENS - DAY 10

36

A high shot of Sunny's car traveling along flat fen roads near drainage ditches. Mist loitering on the fields.

\*

\*

Inside the car are CASSIE and SUNNY driving along.

\*

37 INT. ROMFORD PUB - DAY 10

37

PINION looking at the photo of JIMMY SULLIVAN. A beat, as his eyes narrow, then -

PINION  
Was it....*Jimmy*?

WILLETS  
It was.

PINION  
(nods)  
Yeah, I knew Jimmy, did a few bits and bobs for us.

WILLETS  
And would Frank have known him?

A beat. PINION staring at the photo, trying to remember. And then he starts to smile.

PINION  
Actually I think he would...

He looks up.

PINION (CONT'D)  
...cos he borrowed fifty quid off of us. I remember we got in to a whole thing about rhyming slang for fifty....

Cut to

38 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE- DAY 10

38

Close on ERIC SLATER's house.

PINION (O.S.)  
...and he was a Scouser and kept getting it wrong and we were all pissing ourselves.

And then appearing through the mist, at the end of the road, SUNNY's car, which slowly draws up.

39 INT. ROMFORD PUB - DAY 10 39  
BOULTING, WILLETS and PINION.

WILLETS  
And this fifty quid....do you  
know if he paid it back?

On PINION. Genuinely thinking, then shakes his head.

PINION  
You'll have to speak to Gordon on  
that one.

40 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY 10 40

ERIC sitting at a window, looking out as a man and woman  
get out of their car and walk up the road, slightly blurred  
by the net curtains he sits behind, and then they turn up  
his path as he pushes back. \*

A hiatus, perhaps they have the wrong address....

....and then a heavy insistent knock on the front door.  
Close on ERIC. And then from upstairs. \*

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
(fearful)  
Eric? Who's that?

On ERIC. And perhaps he already knows.

ERIC  
You need to call Leslie.

41 EXT. ROMFORD PUB - DAY 10 41

PINION sitting alone now, a fresh pint on the go, his  
mobile in his hand, looking for a number on Google, which  
he now finds, and scribbles on to a beer mat.

Close on him, considering all the implications of what he  
is considering doing. Then he takes the pint, and easily  
downs more than half of it in one go.

And then he dials. Close on this rather broken man's face  
as it rings. And then it answers. He listens, and then -

PINION  
Yeah morning.....could you tell  
me please.....how do I sell a  
story... about someone famous?

**End of part two**

**Part three**

42 INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S CAR - DAY 10

42

GRACE driving a pale and taciturn ROBERT home through Southend. ROBERT staring out of the window, at the faded glitz and sea damaged paintwork, echoes of better simpler happier times.

GRACE  
Straight to bed when we get in.

ROBERT  
(he smiles tightly)  
Promises promises.

But he is clearly trying much to hard to be normal.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Seriously love, I'm absolutely fine now.

But she knows something is wrong, though for whatever reason, she does not seem inclined to press for answers.

43 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY 10

43

ERIC, LES and CASSIE in his sitting room, ERIC looks vaguely terrified. On ERIC, thinking, then -

ERIC  
Half caste lad?

CASSIE  
Er..yes, he was mixed race.

ERIC  
(smiles nervously)  
Sorry, I never know what you're meant to call 'em these days.  
(to Sunny)  
No offence, Sir.

SUNNY  
(smiles)  
None taken.

ERIC  
Yeah I knew Jimmy, nice lad, I liked him.

43A INT. OFFICE/ EXT. GARDEN. ARLINGHAM HOUSE. DAY (FLASHBACK) 43A

A desk. A window. Happy shouts. Lads playing footie. JIMMY.  
Keepie uppies.

**End of Flashback**

44 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY 10

44

*Continued as before:*

CASSIE

So you remember him as a resident?

ERIC

Yes.

CASSIE

And you just...got to know him because you worked there?

ERIC

Yeah I suppose so.....

(shrugs)

...I mean we'd have a smoke in the dining room every now and then, bit of a natter, he was a chatty sort as I remember...

SUNNY

....okay, and d'you remember him ever asking for your phone number?

Thinks, then.

ERIC

I don't but.....he tried to sell me a car once - I think it was nicked so I wasn't interested but...might have been to do with that?

CASSIE

Right. And so...I know it's a very long time ago, but...do you remember him ever telling you if he had any ...problems, if he'd got in to any ...arguments or fights with anyone?

ERIC

(thinks)

No but...never struck me as the sort of person who got in to fights, quite a...gentle soul.

CASSIE

Right....

(jotting down notes)

...and then one day he just...wasn't there.

ERIC

(shrugs)

I suppose so..I mean I wouldn't have noticed - it was a temporary hostel, you wanted them to move on.

SUNNY

Yes, of course.

Another dead end. LES looking at his watch.

SUNNY(CONT'D)

Okay, so, last thing, can we just run a few names past you?

ERIC

Fire away.

SUNNY

These were also in his diary and we're trying to see if they could be significant. Does the name Frank Cross mean anything to you?

ERIC

(thinks, then)

Nope.

SUNNY

Beth Laws?

Thinks then shakes his head.

SUNNY(CONT'D)

Vincent Erskine?

ERIC

(thinks then)

Nope.

SUNNY

Jo-Jo. No surname just 'Jo Jo'.

Close on ERIC. A long beat as he delves deep in to the past. And then finally he nods.

ERIC

Yeah. Or at least I remember a Jo Jo. Don't know if it's the same one.

CASSIE's pulse quickening.

CASSIE

Oh okay, well, we know very little about ours so...this was a woman?

ERIC  
More of a girl, seventeen,  
eighteen I'd guess?

CASSIE  
You know her surname?

ERIC  
No.

CASSIE  
And she stayed at the hostel?

ERIC  
No.

CASSIE  
Right, so...

ERIC  
I *met* her at the hostel but she  
was never a resident. In fact I  
only met her once.

Surprise.

CASSIE  
Right, she must have made quite  
an impression then.

ERIC  
Oh she did. 'Cos when I met her,  
or *found* her, I should say... she  
was at it in one of the storage  
rooms.

CASSIE  
You found her having sex?

ERIC  
Yeah, with whatsisface, from St  
Gilda's..

Both CASSIE and SUNNY doing well to disguise their shock.

SUNNY  
...Father Robert?

ERIC  
Yeah, the priest, Father Greaves.  
Bloody disgraceful....  
(to Cassie)  
...pardon my French.

45 INT. PHILLIP CROSS' OFFICE - DAY 10 45

PHILLIP, on his own in his office trying to work, watching his mobile ringing, GOUGH trying to call him. He lets it go to voice mail.

It stops and we see the message, 'eight missed calls'.

46 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY 10 46

D.S. BOULTING with RAWLINS, the pathologist. JIMMY's skeleton laid out behind them.

RAWLINS  
...no, all the phalanges are present.

BOULTING  
Any obvious damage to any of them?

RAWLINS  
Nothing I can see with the naked eye.

BOULTING  
Okay, can you check with a microscope?

RAWLINS  
(shrugs)  
Sure - what exactly am I looking for.

BOULTING  
(walking out)  
Bolt cutter marks.

47 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY 10 47

CASSIE and SUNNY being shown out by LES, out in to the hall and toward the front door,

CASSIE  
...well thank you again, we really appreciate your father's help.

LES  
No problem.

CLAIRE  
Did you ask him about the nights he never came home?

And CASSIE turns to see CLAIRE standing at the kitchen door.

LES  
(wearily)  
Not now mum...

CLAIRE  
..and I never got it out you know...

LES  
(to Cassie, quietly)  
...sorry, my mother has dementia...

CLAIRE  
...I think he must have put 'em straight in on a boil but you need a cold soak first....

LES  
(back to Claire)  
Do you want to set the table for lunch mum, I'll be in in a sec.

CLAIRE  
Is Carol coming?

LES  
Carol's in America remember. You go through and me and dad will be straight in.

Which seems to mollify her and she turns and goes, as LESLIE turns back to CASSIE.

LES (CONT'D)  
Sorry about that.

CASSIE  
No problem. And thanks again for your time.

And they walk off.

48 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - DAY 10

48

ERIC at the window, watching them go. And then when they have, he turns back into the room, where CLAIRE is standing behind him, and we can hear LES clattering about in the kitchen. And the way ERIC looks at his wife, should make us feel very uneasy as he says -

ERIC  
Now why did you want to go and say that?

49 INT. SHOP - DAY 10

49

A seventy year old West Indian man, still got a strong accent, talking to D.C. WILLETS in the small corner shop he still runs.

CARLTON

...the lawyers really only wanted *him*. He was properly dangerous and they wanted him put away. And she was going to help them do that by testifying against him.

WILLETS

Right.

CARLTON

So they gave her a very soft ride. But it wasn't the whole story. It's true she wasn't physically violent like he was. But the things she *said*, the sheer *hatred*...from such a young girl...it shocked me.

WILLETS (O.S.)

She's told us that she tried to stop Erskine, that he co-erced her and that she didn't participate in the attack.

On CARLTON, then he shakes his head.

CARLTON

She's lying...

50 INT. CURTIS' BLOCK OF FLATS. DAY 10

50

LIZZIE walking quickly towards CURTIS's flat.

CARLTON (O.S.)

...she egged him on. All the way. And then when they left....it was her, not him....that spat on me.

And at his door, we hear the faint sound of music coming from inside. She rings the bell.

LIZZIE

(calling)  
Curtis? Love?

She opens the letter box. Looks at her watch, 12.30.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
Mrs Salgado are you in there?  
Curtis has a Maths exam this  
afternoon.

A beat, she waits, and then she hears the music definitely  
turned up. So someone is in there but who is it?

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
Mrs Salgado?  
(nothing)  
Curtis, call me, please, I want  
to talk to you....I want to try  
and explain.

And then she turns and starts to run.

51 EXT. STREETS. HOLLAND PARK. DAY 10 51 \*

A Phillip's car pushing through the streets of Holland  
Park. \*

52 INT. PHILLIP'S CAR/INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DAY 10 52

Inside the car PHILLIP being driven home through Holland  
Park, deep in thought, and then brought out of his reverie,  
by his mobile ringing. It's GOUGH again. And finally, this  
time he answers. \*

INTERCUT BETWEEN PHILLIP AND GOUGH ON THE PHONE:

PHILLIP  
Liam.

GOUGH  
(quietly livid)  
Where've you been, I've been  
trying to get hold of you for  
hours.

PHILLIP  
Don't piss me off again Liam.

GOUGH  
Or you'll what? Cut my fingers  
off? \*

Which rather catches PHILLIP off guard.

GOUGH (CONT'D) \*

So you've got about six hours get  
the story injuncted or it's all  
over tomorrow's Mirror.

Close on CROSS, cogs starting to whir.

PHILLIP  
Where's it come from?

GOUGH  
Some bloke you used to work with  
apparently, when you were an east  
end 'gangster'.

Fuck, Pinion.

PHILLIP  
It's not true.

GOUGH  
'I refer the honorable gentleman  
to my earlier answer' - it  
doesn't fucking matter if it's  
true or not, what matters is that  
the editor rang the PM's office  
this morning for a comment!!

PHILLIP  
It'll be a man called Thomas  
Pinion, he'll just want money...

GOUGH  
...did you hear what I said?

PHILLIP  
...I heard, I just...fine, so  
what do we do?

GOUGH  
We? Mate I'm not quite sure  
you're getting this. 'We' are  
only speaking now because if by  
some small miracle you *do* get the  
story stopped it'll help us. But  
however this pans out, you're  
done. Seriously pissing off a  
prime minister is not a good  
career move. Not at all.

\*

Out on PHILLIP.

53 INT. SCHOOL. CROYDON - DAY 10

53

LIZZIE walking quickly down a school corridor, kids filing  
into an assembly room for their Maths GCSE. One teacher at  
the front, waiting for the kids to sit down, one teacher at  
the back, a co-invigilator. LIZZIE speed scanning the room  
which is arranged alphabetically, and realising, as she  
suspected, that CURTIS is not here.

LIZZIE  
(to the invigilator)  
Excuse me, Curtis Salgado, he's  
not going to be able to make the  
exam, who do I speak to to get  
him a resit?

The teacher looks slightly surprised.

TEACHER  
Right...you mean he's ill?

LIZZIE  
Yes, he's ill.

TEACHER  
(something about this  
woman)  
Sorry - you're his mum are you?

LIZZIE  
(a tiny beat)  
I've been looking after him, his  
mum isn't well so...

TEACHER  
...right, a request for a resit  
would need to come from his  
mother or father and...

LIZZIE  
(tightly)  
He doesn't have a dad and his mum  
spends most of her days off her  
tits on crystal meth so...  
(which gets his attention)  
...I've spent the last three  
years looking after him and...

And her voice catches, the strain of the last 24 hours  
finally catching up with her.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
...and I'm here in the place of  
his mum telling you, we need to  
arrange a fucking resit.

And the teacher sensing this is not someone he is going to  
win an argument with.

TEACHER  
The deputy head does the resit  
timetable, go back to reception  
they should be able to help you.

And out she walks, determined.

54

INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION. CID ROOM - EVENING 10

54

Close on the board, the photo of Arlingham House now sitting in the middle, with a picture of JIMMY, pasted in to the middle of the house, and then from it, various tendrils spreading, leading to sub headings one of which, the list of diary names, we pan slowly down as we hear CASSIE.

**BRIAN KENT. DECEASED 1981**

**MRS STEVENS. INTERVIEWED. NEWSAGENT. GAVE JIMMY LEAFLETING WORK. NFA.**

**BETH LAWS/ELIZABETH WILTON. VINCENT ERSKINE. FAR RIGHT GROUPS. RACE RELATED MURDER?**

**SEAN COLLINS. UNTRACED.**

**CLIVE CROWTHER. EMIGRATED EARLY EIGHTIES (AUSTRALIA?)**

**TROTSKY. UNTRACED.**

**MAKKIE. BELIEVED TO BE RESIDENT 'ALAN MACKAY', UNTRACED SO FAR.**

**PHILLIP CROSS. THE FENWICKS. THOMAS PINION. LOAN SHARKING. TORTURE?**

**PAUL FLEET. INTERVIEWED, GAVE JIMMY OCCASIONAL BUILDING WORK**

**FATHER ROBERT GREAVES. JO-JO RELATIONSHIP?? KNEW JIMMY.**

**ERIC SLATER. BOOK KEEPER ARLINGHAM HOUSE, KNEW JO JO AND GREAVES.**

**JO JO UNTRACED.**

**KEV FLEMING. INTERVIEWED. MET JIMMY ONCE AT PARTY, POSS INTERESTED IN SPYDER.**

**'SHRIMP'. DRUG ADDICT BELIEVED TO HAVE DIED LATE SEVENTIES.**

**RITA MONROE, D.S.S EMPLOYEE, DECEASED 1997**

CASSIE

So. Of all the names and numbers in the diary, three seem to be suggesting themselves as of potential interest to us right now, first up, Elizabeth Wilton, nee Laws.

And she pins up a driving license photo of LIZZIE.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Odd one, whoever or whatever she was forty years ago, on the face of it, she would seem to be a very different person now.

A beat as she looks at her, then turns back to the room.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

None of which is to say of course, that she should not be punished, even after all these years, if she was in any way connected to Jimmy's death. So she told us she never stayed at Arlingham House, and that she was never actually a racist, both of which would appear to be lies. But right now we have nothing tangible connecting her to Jimmy, which is what we need. So Jake, go back to the files, and start finding residents from the time they were both there, who might have known either of them and Erskine. If there was bad blood, lets find evidence for it, and confront her with it.

She turns back to the board.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Frank Cross.

She pins a frame grab from the news a few days ago.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

So there is some evidence to suggest Phillip Cross was a sometime and possibly violent debt collector for the Fenwick family. If Jimmy defaulted on the money he borrowed, we have a possible motive.

BOULTING

I should say there was nothing on the skeleton that was consistent with Pinions allegations.

CASSIE

(off the mug shot)

Okay have we got a number for Gordon Fenwick yet?

SUNNY

Why would he speak to us, if  
Cross was one of his boys, it  
would implicate him.

BOULTING

Well he's seriously on his uppers  
by all accounts, would love to come  
back to the UK, maybe there's a  
deal to be struck?

CASSIE

(nods)

Definitely worth a try, thanks  
Murray. And then Robert Greaves.

Pins up a photo from a local Southend newspaper.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What sort of newly ordained newly  
married priest shags a seventeen or  
eighteen year old woman, hopefully  
we'll find out tomorrow morning.  
Okay that's it everyone. Thanks a  
lot.

The room dispersing, CASSIE looks at her watch, late, and  
she quickly grabs her bag and coat and exits.

55

INT. PHILLIP CROSS' OFFICE - NIGHT 10

55

Panning across a board room table, empty cafetieres, and  
coffee cups and half eaten biscuits, framed by the London  
skyline at night. Pull back to see a woman (a lawyer) and  
PHILLIP looking to another (MARCUS ARCHER) as he listens on  
a phone.

\*  
\*

ARCHER

...no I understand....I'll call  
you right back.... thank you.

And he clicks off.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

They're going to run it.

On CROSS. Face darkening.

PHILLIP

The man's a convicted drug  
dealer. A proven liar. Why would  
anyone believe a word he says?

ARCHER

(he nods, but)

*Their* lawyer's saying they have  
proof.

Which clearly takes PHILLIP by surprise.

**End of part three**

**Part four**

56 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 10

56

CASSIE walking in, hanging her coat up, sound from the kitchen, and she takes a moment and then walks in.

MARTIN there, has already eaten and is doing the crossword. He looks up.

MARTIN

Twelve down - 'For the evil that men do' - five words.

And she looks at him.

CASSIE

Sorry I've not been around - work's been crazy.

A beat, then

MARTIN

Five words.

She smiles, a beat, then she sits.

CASSIE

'Doth live on after them' - it's a run on anagram.

He looks down, and it fits of course and as he start to write it in, she grabs the wine.

MARTIN

Any chance we can do this without the booze?

She considers this briefly then -

CASSIE

Not really no. Sorry.

And she pours, drinks, then looks up at him. He smiles, trying to make it easier for her.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

So why now? You said you found them eighteen months ago.

A beat.

MARTIN

'Cos I'm pissed off, and I'm pretending I'm not. And it's ...exhausting and... I don't want to do it any more.

And his voice catches and her hand goes out to his and grabs it and he holds on to it tight.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Forty three years I'd always thought that was ...quite a thing.

CASSIE

And it was. This was one bloke. It was probably just...sex.

MARTIN

She was in love with him, you can see that, in every line.

And clearly she could.

CASSIE

It was a couple of years at the most, and it was you she stayed with.

A beat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Did you know him, the bloke?

MARTIN

Didn't know *him*. Clearly didn't know *her*.

At which he breaks down, and she quickly stands, walks round the other side of the table, and wraps her arms around him as he sobs like a child.

CASSIE

It's going to be okay dad, it's going to be okay.

And we go out on CASSIE, who knows actually, it isn't.

**New day**

56A

EXT. PHILLIP AND SHIRLEY CROSS' HOUSE - DAWN 11

56A \*

Establisher of new day.

\*

- 57 INT. PHILLIP AND SHIRLEY CROSS'S HOUSE. OFFICE - DAWN 11 57  
 PHILLIP in front of a computer (a clock in the background may tell us it is 5.23 a.m) typing '**Daily Mirror**' in to his browser and waiting for a page to load.
- 58 OMITTED 58 \*
- 59 EXT. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY 11 59 \*  
 Sunny's car driving past boats on the mud flats of the Thames estuary (Similar to sc 8) \*
- 60 INT. SUNNY'S CAR - DAY 11 60  
 Inside, CASSIE and SUNNY driving. CASSIE looking at a front page head line which reads. '**SIR PHILLIP PAID ME TO KEEP MOUTH SHUT**'.
- SUNNY  
 (reading)  
 Twelve grand apparently. Nice work if you can get it.
- CASSIE  
 (dryly)  
 Cash, no doubt.
- SUNNY  
 Well, we must ask him.
- And now they are approaching the outskirts of Southend.
- 61 EXT. PHILLIP AND SHIRLEY CROSS'S HOUSE - DAY 11 61  
 A dozen journalists camped outside PHILLIP's house.
- 62 INT. PHILLIP AND SHIRLEY CROSS'S HOUSE - DAY 11 62  
 PHILLIP, SHIRLEY, JOSH and BELLA, in the kitchen, blinds down. BELLA not happy, JOSH not happy.
- JOSH  
 In case you hadn't noticed, Bella, this isn't actually about you.

BELLA

I'm not saying it is, I'm just saying that as a human rights lawyer, torture's a little bit of a bug bear of mine, so having a father accused of lopping peoples fingers off is a tiny bit awkward and...

SHIRLEY

...god you're a sarcy bitch sometimes...

BELLA

(turning to her dad)  
...all I want to know, is if it's true, dad...

And she turns back to her dad. She is not going to let it go.

BELLA (CONT'D)

....did you give this Pinion man money? Did you do what he says you did?

Close on PHILLIP Then -

62A **EXT. WOODS. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

62A

**Woods. Terror. JIMMY. Pleading. Tied hands. Petrol can.  
End of flashback**

63 INT. PHILLIP AND SHIRLEY CROSS'S HOUSE - DAY 11

63

*Continued as before:*

Close on CROSS. Then he pulls focus.

PHILLIP

No. On both counts.

And then he looks up at his daughter, cold eyes.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

And please, don't ask me that again.

And he turns away. On BELLA. Does she believe him? I think not.

BELLA

(exiting)  
I'll call you.

And she exits as CROSS's phone rings.

PHILLIP

Marcus....  
 (listens, nodding, then)  
 ...thank you.  
 (and clicks off)  
 Share price just dropped eight  
 percent in....  
 (he looks at his watch)  
 ...less than an hour.

Fuck.

JOSH

Tell me what I can do to help,  
 dad, whatever you need, I'm here.

And he looks up at JOSH, his boy, who right now has every reason not to offer him his unconditional loyalty. And we go out on CROSS's darkening eyes. Eyes of a man who could kill.

64 INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE - DAY 11 64

GRACE making tea, in something of a daze, low voices next door. Three mugs, on a tray, she picks it up and walks in to their sitting room.

65 INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE. LOUNGE - DAY 11 65

Three heads turn as she walks in, ROBERT will not meet her eye.

GRACE

That's the one with sugar.

As she sets them down. And perhaps she hopes they will invite her to stay, but of course, no-one does. And she exits and we stay with SUNNY, ROBERT and CASSIE.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I hope this won't take too  
 long.... he's really not been  
 well the last couple of days, he  
 had a panic attack yesterday  
 and...

On ROBERT looking at her, and she stops. And CASSIE smiles.

CASSIE

We'll be as quick as we can Mrs  
 Greaves.

And she exits and we stay on ROBERT, eyes down, perhaps waiting for the sounds of activity in the kitchen to return. And only then -

ROBERT  
It wasn't just a physical thing.  
It was a proper relationship. I  
cared for Joanna, very much. I  
like to think she did for me too.

A beat.

CASSIE  
How old was she?

A long beat.

ROBERT  
I don't really remember....about  
nineteen, twenty, I think.

A beat.

CASSIE  
And you?

A beat.

ROBERT  
Twenty eight.

She lets that one sit.

CASSIE  
And how long did it last?

ROBERT  
A few weeks, no more.

A beat.

CASSIE  
And was this while she was seeing  
Jimmy Sullivan.

Close on him.

ROBERT  
If she was seeing Jimmy, I didn't  
know anything about that.

Is he lying again?

CASSIE  
So how did you meet her?

ROBERT  
She lived in a bedsit a few doors  
down from the church.

CASSIE  
You remember the address?

A beat, he appears to think, then -

ROBERT  
No, sorry.

CASSIE  
Not even the road?

ROBERT  
It's forty years ago.

CASSIE  
What was her full name.

ROBERT  
I don't remember.

Lying?

CASSIE  
So how did you meet her.

ROBERT  
I think she was lonely and  
started helping out at coffee  
mornings and Sunday school  
and....

A beat. He looks up at the door. And beyond.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
...I was going through a  
difficult period in my life, I  
was....not sure if some of the  
decisions I had made were the  
right ones...

A beat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
...and we used to talk....

A beat.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
....and then one day it  
just...turned in to something  
else.

He shakes his head.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It turned in to the worst mistake of my life, and one for which I have felt ashamed every day of the last forty years.

A beat.

SUNNY

Your wife never found out about this?

And he almost visibly winces.

ROBERT

No.

SUNNY

And why did it end?

ROBERT

I ended it. The only decent thing I did. Came to my senses. And shortly afterwards she moved away.

SUNNY

And when was the last time you saw her?

A beat. He looks up.

ROBERT

Thirty nine years ago.

Lying?

CASSIE

We're going to check your phone records Mr Greaves. So I'm going to ask you again, when was the last time you spoke to her.

And some calculation in his eyes now when he looks up and hold her eye.

ROBERT

Thirty nine years ago.

And then, to almost to no-one in particular.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

66 EXT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE - DAY 11

66

A pissed off CASSIE walking down the road towards Sunny's car, just behind the main drag of the front, a strong wind, kicking up leaves and rubbish in swirling eddies. SUNNY picking up a message on his phone. As he clicks it shut, she turns to him. \*

CASSIE

He's lying, he still knows her, and if I were him, I'd be calling her, so I want his mobile and land line records. If that doesn't work try census records for Joannas of the right age within a hundred yards of the church. If that doesn't work, start knocking on fucking doors, we need her surname, we need to speak to her.

SUNNY

That was Murray, he just spoke to Gordon Fenwick in Cyprus, the conversation was brief, he's not interested in talking.

On CASSIE's frustration as she gets in the car.

67 INT. ROBERT AND GRACE'S HOUSE - DAY 11

67

ROBERT walking in to the kitchen. GRACE at the cooker, peeling potatoes, she doesn't turn, waits for him. And eventually.

ROBERT

They found a body, a few days ago. A young lad they believe was murdered some time in the seventies.

So much worse than she might have expected.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Turns out I vaguely knew him, he was in the congregation of St Hugh's...

GRACE

...what was his name?

ROBERT

...er... James ...or Jimmy, in fact, Jimmy...Sullivan, I'm not sure if you'd remember him...  
(she clearly doesn't)

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
...anyway they wondered if I had  
any information that could help  
them work out who might have  
killed him.

Close on her, trying to decipher his emotionless  
information.

GRACE  
And did you?

ROBERT  
No. Sadly I didn't.

She is looking at him, worried as hell now, because he is  
behaving so oddly, and nothing is stacking up.

GRACE  
Robert....she said 'hello again'.  
I heard her, at the door.

On him. Fuck.

ROBERT  
They popped in to the church a  
few days ago.

GRACE  
Popped in. From London?

Ah.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

And he looks just like a rabbit caught in headlights. Close  
on him, will he talk, will he admit it all? But then -

ROBERT  
Nothing, it's all fine Grace,  
it's all.... fine.

And he stands and walks out, leaving these platitudes to  
die in the increasingly poisonous atmosphere.

68 EXT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE BUILDING SITE. BUILDING SITE - DAY 11 68

CASSIE and SUNNY waiting by the building site, still  
surrounded by police tape, SUNNY draws edgily on a fag, two  
large folders under his arm. And then here is the car they  
sent for MAUREEN, slowly pulling up. SUNNY dumps the fag,  
and follows CASSIE over as she opens the back door.

CASSIE  
Mrs Sullivan, how lovely to see  
you again.

MAUREEN  
(getting out)  
Hello Mrs Stuart, how are you.

CASSIE  
This is my number two, Sunil  
Khan, he looks a bit gormless,  
but he's quite smart underneath  
it all.

MAUREEN  
(shaking his hand)  
Oh I think he's quite handsome,  
if I was a few years younger.

SUNNY  
(grinning)  
Well I'm a single man Mrs  
Sullivan.

MAUREEN  
Oh well, I'll take your arm then.

And she slips her arm in to SUNNY's, and they turn to the building site. And she falters now, the reality biting.

CASSIE  
If at any time you want to stop,  
just say so - whatever's right  
for you.

And she nods, and then slowly they start to walk over to the site of the grave.

69

INT/EXT. CURTIS'S BLOCK OF FLATS - DUSK 11

69

CURTIS's front door opens and he emerges, and starts to walk slowly along the gangway to the stairs. And as he does, we see we are watching him from the p.o.v. of LIZZIE, who has been waiting for him in her car.

CURTIS arriving at the bottom of the stairs to hear -

LIZZIE  
Curtis?

He looks up and sees her, and for the briefest of moments, we see a flicker of raw pain in his eyes, before he quickly smiles, nods a brief -

CURTIS  
Alright.

And then starts to walk quickly away. LIZZIE, deeply wounded, nevertheless quickly follows.

LIZZIE  
You missed your maths.

CURTIS  
Did I?

LIZZIE  
You know you did. Luckily I managed to convince them that you were ill so you have a resit on the 13th.

CURTIS  
Cool.

LIZZIE  
Curtis please, don't pretend you don't care, I can handle anything, I can handle you never wanting to see me again, but please, please keep going with your GCSEs, you've come so far, you're doing so well, please don't fall at this final hurdle.

And he nods, non committal.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)  
What you heard, it was a lifetime ago, it's not who I am now.

CURTIS  
No problem.

But he is giving nothing, and she slows, rocked to find him so cold toward her.

LIZZIE  
Don't break my heart, sweetheart.  
(and he stops)  
Whatever you think of me, just, please....please keep going with your exams.

Close on him, he shakes his head, and then without turning.

CURTIS  
Me break *your* heart, miss?

And then he walks on, and we stay with LIZZIE, desolate.

SUNNY and CASSIE, thirty yards back, as MAUREEN kneels by the grave site, the indented earth beneath where JIMMY's bone's lay, offering a kind of 'negative' of his skeleton.

And we are on her as her hand gently traces the outline of where his head was.

And we must guess that in her head, she is tracing the line of his jaw, even caressing his cheek, like a mother might a sleeping child, and as she does that, we hear the gentle strains of a lullaby, which she sings, under her breath, to her lost boy.

MAUREEN

Over in Killarney, many years ago  
My love, he sang a song to me  
in tones so sweet and low  
Just a simple little ditty  
In his good old Irish way  
And I'd give the world if he  
could sing, that song to me this  
day.

And we go out on her, as the wind takes her song past CASSIE and SUNNY and up in to the heavens.

71

EXT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE. BUILDING SITE - DUSK 11

71

SUNNY with MAUREEN and CASSIE, sitting on some remaining steps, as he shows her photos (the first a photo of the house in the seventies, various bare topped and vested young men are staring at a fountain of water in the road)

SUNNY

...this is from the local paper,  
a water main burst on the road  
outside, and it was that summer  
in 76 when it was blistering...

MAUREEN

(flirty)  
...you're too young to remember  
that...

SUNNY

(grins)  
I was nine, I remember it.

\*

And she looks back at it closely.

MAUREEN

So Jimmy would still have been  
alive here.

CASSIE

We think so, unfortunately he's  
not in this photo...

And she looks at it.

MAUREEN

But maybe they knew him.

CASSIE

Maybe they did.

MAUREEN

Not a bad looking bunch are they.

CASSIE

Not at all.

And then SUNNY hands her another.

SUNNY

And this is how it looked inside  
at roughly that time, found these  
in a council brochure.....

And here are various pictures of men and woman in  
corridors, in a cafe area, a dining room.

MAUREEN

...these look older, from the  
hair...

SUNNY

(nods)

...these are from the early  
seventies, he probably wouldn't  
have arrived here yet, but it  
didn't change much during the  
whole decade so....

(and offering up a new  
photo)

...and this is one of the  
bedrooms, he would have stayed in  
a room just like this...

And she looks at it. A young man staring at the camera,  
lying on a bed. On the bedside table, a couple of personal  
photos in frames. The man is smiling.

MAUREEN

They're bigger than I thought,  
the rooms.

A beat. And then a smile begins to form on her face.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

I think he would have been happy  
here.

And we go out on MAUREEN. Happy.

72

EXT. ARLINGHAM HOUSE BUILDING SITE - DUSK 11

72

MAUREEN getting in to the car, holding the file tightly to her chest.

MAUREEN

Thank you. Thank you so much.

And CASSIE smiles, and shuts the door behind her, and the car pulls away. SUNNY turns to CASSIE.

SUNNY

Nice one boss.

And she smiles as she grabs the files of originals from under his arm. She looks for one, the dining room. Cogs whirring inside that chess brain.

CASSIE

(almost to herself)  
It's blood isn't it.

SUNNY

What's blood?

CASSIE

What his wife said. Eric Slater's, that needs a cold soak first. You wash it in hot water it fixes it. Blood.

SUNNY lost. Then she points to the photo.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

This is the second floor, you can tell from what's outside the windows.

SUNNY

Right.

CASSIE

Check out if they had a lift.

SUNNY

A lift.

CASSIE

Eric Slater said he used to have a fag with Jimmy in the dining room. If they didn't have a lift, how d'he get up the stairs...  
(walking off to her car)  
...not a bloody Dalek is he.

SUNNY

(nods, then follows)  
Lets not rule anything out yet.

73 INT. PHILLIP CROSS' OFFICE. THE CITY - NIGHT 11

73

PHILLIP with his lawyer, MARCUS ARCHER.

PHILLIP

The price is only dropping,  
because the market is scared I'll  
be arrested and unable to do my  
job. So me stepping down as  
chairman is not going to help  
anyone.

ARCHER nods, but then -

ARCHER

The board doesn't see it that  
way. They think it's going to  
take some time to sort this out.  
And until you do, they see you as  
toxic to the brand.

Which cuts him to the core.

PHILLIP

I *am* the brand.

ARCHER

Exactly. So they think a quick  
clean break *now*, would be best  
for the shareholders.

Could it get any worse. His phone rings. He looks at the  
caller display 'number unavailable. A beat as he decides  
whether to answer and then.

PHILLIP

Cross.

VOICE (O.S.)

Frank?

A beat. Close on PHILLIP.

PHILLIP

Who's this?

74 INT. DARK HOT ROOM IN A SMALL SHITTY FLAT. CYPRUS - NIGHT 74  
11

And GORDON FENWICK, who we recognise from the mug shots,  
his face soured by a life time alcohol and hatred, is  
talking quietly in to the phone.

FENWICK

It's Gordon Fenwick. I think we  
need to talk.

75 INT. BISHOP ST POLICE STATION - NIGHT 11

75

CASSIE at her desk, grabbing her stuff ready to leave when SUNNY walks in.

SUNNY

No, there was never a lift at Arlingham House. So I rang Eric Slater, turns out he only went in to a wheel chair in his mid thirties - car crash.

CASSIE

What year?

SUNNY

79. In 1976, he was perfectly able.

\*

Close on CASSIE as she digests this. Then -

CASSIE

(standing)

See if he's ever been in any trouble, cautions, spent convictions, bind overs, anything....

And then she grabs her coat and puts it on. On her, annoyed with her own failings.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

...funny isn't it, you see someone in a wheel chair and you just...assume certain things.

And then she walks over to the white board, grabs a marker, and writes the name ERIC SLATER up next to the other list of suspects.....and draws a clear line between him and JIMMY. Then walks out.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Night Sunny.

SUNNY

Night boss.

76 INT. ERIC AND CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 11

76

CLAIRE taking off her makeup at a small dressing table in their bedroom, and as we track round her, we see a small but livid bruise beginning to flower around her right eye. Her face full of fear and confusion.

**End of ep three**