

UNFORGOTTEN II

EPISODE 3

Written by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1 EXT. BISHOP STREET POLICE STATION - EVENING 6 1

BOULTING walking up the front steps of the nick with two full carrier bags from the take away.

2 INT. CID ROOM. BISHOP STREET POLICE STATION - EVENING 6 2

The team, (CASSIE, SUNNY, LINGLEY, BOULTING and COLLIER) in the office, eating kebabs, drinking Coke and Fanta.

COLLIER  
...so if David was at primary school in the mid fifties we'd be looking at a possible abuser who would have to be in their...  
(doing the mental maths)  
...early eighties now?

LINGLEY  
Which obviously rules out any of the people we're currently talking to.

SUNNY  
Unless the murder was committed on behalf of the abuser.

COLLIER  
(frowns)  
The primary school teacher ordered 'a hit'?

BOULTING  
Walker allegedly confronted him twenty five years later, the teacher could have been anything by then.

SUNNY  
With everything to lose if David went to the police.

CASSIE  
Well lets keep an open mind on that...  
(turning to Murray)  
...so Colin Osborne worked at Klein Egerton in the late eighties, and then left very suddenly only a month or so before David died. Probably a complete coincidence but...speak to them please.

BOULTING  
Yup.

CASSIE

(to LINGLEY)

And Sara Alazi, she says she was living in Rome from March to December 1990. Speak with the Border Agency, see how, *if*, we can confirm this, or not.

LINGLEY

Yup.

CASSIE

(standing, stretching)

Okay, that's it, thanks everyone, go home now, sleep.

3 EXT. COTSWOLDS - DUSK 6 3

Establishers, Cotswolds at night.

4 INT. JASON'S FLAT - DUSK 6 4

TESSA sitting next to JASON, on his sofa, as a muted TV flickers in the background, stroking his head, on her shoulder.

JASON

I never went out with Alice. She worked at my office, and I never even spoke to her.

A beat.

JASON (CONT'D)

I've never had a party here...

A beat.

JASON (CONT'D)

...and the holiday in Magaluf last year....I went on my own.

A beat, and we are on her, tears in her eyes.

JASON (CONT'D)

But you always knew that, didn't you.

And she is stroking his head.

TESSA

It doesn't matter to me sweetheart, what matters, is working out how we deal with what's happened...and move on.

And we go out on her, his head on her lap.

And we sense she is as damagingly shackled to the past, as he is.

5 EXT. BRIGHTON - DUSK 6 5

The pier lights reflecting off a choppy sea.

6 INT. COLIN AND SIMON'S HOUSE - DUSK 6 6

COLIN drying their daughter off after a bath. The sound of the front door opening downstairs (SIMON walking back in to the house)

COLIN  
Right, pyjamas on, teeth brushed,  
I'll be back up to check in two  
minutes, show me how grown up you  
can be.

And delighted at such a task, she toddles off to her bedroom as COLIN walks down the stairs.

7 INT. COLIN AND SIMON'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DUSK 6 7

SIMON sitting at the kitchen table, a brown envelope sitting in front of him.

And COLIN walks over and opens it. To see one hundred 50 pound notes, crammed inside.

And both are silent as they contemplate exactly what they are doing.

SIMON  
One other option.

And COLIN looks up.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
You let him go to the police. And  
then just deny it.

And COLIN nods. A beat.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
You're a lawyer, he's a drug  
addict, who's just had his step  
daughter taken away from him? Why  
on earth would the police believe a  
word he says.

And COLIN looks up

COLIN  
And what if there's CCTV in the  
supermarket carpark. Or another  
witness.

SIMON  
We could easily check the CC...

COLIN  
...no.

Too sharp, that all too ready flash of anger. SIMON flinches slightly. A long beat, and then.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
Sorry but...this is the simplest  
way. We pay him off, get the pair  
of them ...away... and out of our  
lives...  
(quietly)  
...out of *Flo's* life...and move on.

And he picks the envelope up from the dining room table, puts it in his inside jacket pocket (which is hanging on the back of dining room chair)

COLIN (CONT'D)  
(and he looks up at him)  
I love you.

And then he turns to go back upstairs, when -

SIMON  
And have you told me everything,  
Col.

And COLIN stops. A moment, then -

COLIN  
What do you mean?

A beat.

SIMON  
That thing that you do, that you've  
always done...

Close on COLIN. Knows *exactly* what he's talking about.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
...that part of you you keep from  
me.

A beat, and then he is walking up the stairs.

COLIN  
I've told you everything, I  
promise....  
(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)  
(calling up to Flora)  
...coming, ready or not.

And we go out on SIMON. A strong sense in his eyes that he knows something *else* is wrong in their world.

8

INT. TESSA AND PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6

8

TESSA coming in through the front door. PAUL watching TV.  
BECCA obviously gone to bed.

PAUL  
Heya.

TESSA  
Hi.

PAUL  
How is he?

TESSA  
Yeah, fine, calmed down now, he's just... really struggling to deal with it.

PAUL  
I'm sure.

And she sits.

TESSA  
Becca gone to bed?

PAUL  
Yup.

TESSA  
*She* okay?

PAUL  
Fine.

TESSA  
Good.

A beat, and he smiles slightly awkwardly, and then -

PAUL  
Tess, I think we should postpone the holiday.

TESSA  
(a beat, she is stunned)  
Why?

PAUL

I just think...none of us are in the right frame of mind, you won't be able to relax and..

TESSA

...why would *I* not be able to relax?

PAUL

Well because of what's happening at work and....

TESSA

...work's fine, why would I not be able to relax?

On PAUL. A beat, then -

PAUL

D'you know what he said to her, before we arrived? About wanting to hurt someone?

A beat. Then very calmly.

TESSA

Jason is angry and confused and...

PAUL

...and I get that, of course I do, but *you* also have to get how that might spook a fifteen year old girl.

TESSA

Well, yes, maybe, until her dad very quickly reassured her that Jason is simply trying to process an incredibly traumatic event, and that actually he is the gentlest kindest man in the world. Which obviously you did.

A beat.

TESSA (CONT'D)

Yes?

PAUL

Sure.

TESSA

Yes. Good.

And then she goes to walk out.

PAUL  
And you're okay?

And she swings round.

TESSA  
I'm as fine as a woman who's just learned her late husband was murdered, is ever going to be, Paul, you don't seem to be really understanding that.

PAUL  
Well, no, I admit I am finding ...certain things a little surprising.

TESSA  
Really, what things are those?

PAUL  
That this all happened nearly thirty years ago. Another life time ago, but it seems to be ....really affecting you.

TESSA  
Right. And there's a manual is there? On how to deal with something like this? Am I not following the manual, Paul?

And she is clearly massively over reacting.

PAUL  
I don't know, but if I'm honest, you're beginning to ever so slightly scare me?

TESSA  
Scare you?

PAUL  
Yeah, and I'm wondering...

A beat

PAUL (CONT'D)  
...if there's anything you need to tell me.

Close on her.

**Tissue dabbing away blood on a lip. Geraniums in a flower bed. The sound of Duran Duran behind an open window.**

**End of flashback**

10 INT. TESSA AND PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6 10

Continued as before:

TESSA  
(appalled)  
No, Paul. There's nothing I need to  
tell you

And she exits, and we go with her, and her face is *guilty*.

11 EXT. SALISBURY - NIGHT 6 11

Swooping low over Salisbury Cathedral, and then on to the suburbs and the mosque.

12 INT. MOSQUE - NIGHT 6 12

Where SARA is worshipping, with her fellow sisters.

Close on her, praying devoutly.

But for what?

13 INT/EXT. LOBBY. MOSQUE - NIGHT 6 13

And now she is walking out, head down, as OMAR spots her. And he smiles, so pleased to see her coming out of the woman's exit.

OMAR  
Sara, how nice to see you...

But she is not hearing him, she is walking away quickly.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
..is everything okay? Sara?

But she is gone. Out on him, frowns. Odd.

**New day**

14 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - DAY 7 14

CASSIE coming down the stairs, into the kitchen. At the dining table an empty mug and plate.

CASSIE  
Dad?

No reply, he has already left, she flicks a quick look at her watch, it's not even eight.

Oh well.

She grabs her coat from off the back of a chair, and heads for the front door.

15 EXT. THE CITY - DAY 7 15

Bishopsgate, the tower, St Pauls.

16 EXT. ST PAUL'S- DAY 7 16

BOULTING walking down Newgate St and then heading in to Klein Egerton Bank, a towering monument to Mamon.

17 INT. CASSIE'S OFFICE. BISHOP STREET POLICE STATION - DAY 7 17

CASSIE at her desk, on her phone, listening, then she nods.

CASSIE  
I'll come down.

And she is walking quickly through her office.

18 INT. FRONT OFFICE. BISHOP STREET POLICE STATION - DAY 7 18

And here is CASSIE walking in to the front office, where sitting in the waiting area, is JASON.

CASSIE  
Jason?

JASON  
(standing)  
Hi.

CASSIE  
(offering her hand)  
Hi, I'm Cass Stuart, I'm leading the investigation in to your dad's death?

JASON  
Right.

CASSIE  
Can I just say how sorry I am for your loss.

JASON  
Thank you.

CASSIE  
Would you like to go and find  
somewhere a little more private?

JASON  
No, I just... I just wanted to know  
when I could visit him?

CASSIE  
Yes, okay....

So hard, the boy only a few years older than her eldest.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
...are you really sure that's a  
good idea?

JASON  
He's my dad.

CASSIE  
(an instinctive mother's  
hand out to his arm)  
I know, but ...  
(can only find cliches)  
...better surely to remember him  
how he was.

And he shakes his head.

JASON  
Except I *don't*, hardly. Remember  
him how he was.

A beat.

JASON (CONT'D)  
My mum made me a memory box after  
he went. Lots of stuff of his in  
it.

A beat.

JASON (CONT'D)  
And there's a jumper in it. That I  
used to smell, to remind me of him.  
Except it's gone now. The smell.  
Used it all up I guess.

Which kind of breaks her heart.

JASON (CONT'D)  
And I don't need to actually *see*  
him, but I just....I want to *be*  
with him.

A beat.

JASON (CONT'D)  
I want to say goodbye.

And she nods. Gets it.

CASSIE  
Can you leave this with me? Have  
you got a number I can call you  
back on?

And he digs out his work card.

JASON  
Use the mobile...

CASSIE  
(nods, awkward)  
...I'll come back to you as soon as  
I can.

And he nods, senses CASSIE's innate decency.

JASON  
Thank you, D.C.I Stuart.

CASSIE  
Cass, please, and no thanks needed.

JASON  
See you.

And he walks away. And she watches him go, as a mother, her  
heart bleeding for him.

19 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 7

19

SUNNY with JAMES GREGORY (65) in the back of the small  
restaurant he owns. An open pleasant face, a man who you  
would implicitly trust.

SUNNY  
And what year was this?

GREGORY  
From when he was about seven, till  
when the teacher left, about a year  
later.

SUNNY  
So this would make it 1958/59?

GREGORY  
Roughly.

SUNNY  
And did he give you the teacher's  
name?

GREGORY

No. Or if he did, I don't remember it.

SUNNY

And you never had any sense of who it might have been?

GREGORY

Well I wasn't at Firdown, I met Dave at secondary school.

SUNNY

Ah, right, okay. And so - sorry to ask this - did he give you any specific details about the abuse?

GREGORY

(nods)

Yeah, and it was bad. Proper....rape and stuff.

And we can see this still upsets GREGORY, what his friend had to endure.

SUNNY

(awful)

And d'you know if he ever reported it, would there be any record of it?

GREGORY

As far as I know, he told no-one. I mean kids just didn't then did they. Just...kept it all in.

SUNNY

You said to my colleague, you often thought it was why he lived his life the way he did, what did you mean by that?

GREGORY

The women, the drink and drugs, to blot it all out, all that... shame and guilt.

SUNNY

Okay, so he had drug issues?

GREGORY

(sadly)

Yeah, you could say that.

SUNNY

And relationships outside his marriage?

GREGORY

Well, actually, yes, he did have affairs, but mainly I was talking about prostitutes.

SUNNY

('interesting')  
Right.

GREGORY

In fact that was kind of why we stopped seeing each other, I wasn't remotely interested in that sort of stuff and so we kind of drifted apart.

SUNNY

And this was when?

GREGORY

Mid eighties I guess? And then in about.... 87, he rang me, out of the blue, and we hooked up again, went out for a beer a few times and just...had some really good chats. Which was when he told me about Firdown.

SUNNY

Okay, and do you happen to know if he ever told his wife about what had happened to him there?

GREGORY

He told me he'd never been able to.  
(sadly, he shrugs)  
For whatever reason, the only people he ever spoke to about it, were me, and when he tracked him down, the teacher himself.

SUNNY

So you know for a fact he actually spoke to him?

GREGORY

He found out where he lived, and went to his house.

SUNNY

And what did the teacher say?

GREGORY

Denied it all of course. And then got abusive, and then threatened *him*.

Oh.

**End of part one****Part two.**

20 EXT. COTSWOLDS - DAY 7 20

Establishers of the Cotswolds. Villages, wheat fields, Oxford, the police station.

TESSA driving to work.

21 INT. HALEBRIDGE ROAD POLICE STATION - DAY 7 21

TESSA walking through her nick. And is she imagining it, or are people talking about her behind her back.

And she carries on walking toward her own office, and goes to unlock it. But the key does not fit.

She turns, confused, and half a dozen eyes look away.

GILL (O.S.)

My P.A. was meant to have called  
you, I'm so sorry, total cock  
up....

22 INT. GILL'S OFFICE. HALEBRIDGE ROAD POLICE STATION - DAY 7 22

GILL with TESSA. She looks suitably excruciatingly uncomfortable.

GILL

...but my hands are tied Tess, if  
you have access to *any* intelligence  
relating to the investigation, and  
then it turned out you were...in  
some way...

And she can't say it.

GILL (CONT'D)

...so you can take a back office  
role, HR, training, or maybe take  
some time off, take some leave.

And it's fairly clear which option GILL would prefer.

Close on TESSA. And then she looks up.

TESSA

I'll stay.

23 EXT. BACK STREETS. HIGHGATE - DAY 7 23

The cemetery. The hill. The village. And lastly - number 20 Raglan Way, Highgate.

24 INT. JOY DUNPHY'S HOUSE. HIGHGATE - DAY 7 24

JOY DUNPHY (80) MARION and ELISE's mother, is sitting on a sofa, opposite CASSIE, ELISE is next to her, looking at the missing photo of DAVID WALKER.

CASSIE

This was him about a year before he died.

And JOY looks at it intently, then shakes her head.

JOY

No, I don't recognise him I'm afraid. Sorry.

CASSIE

Okay, well thank you for that. So can you think of any reason why this address might have been written on a travel card, found in his trouser pocket.

JOY

Absolutely no idea.

ELISE

When did you say he died?

CASSIE

We think some time around early May 1990.

And CASSIE senses a slight tightening from ELISE.

ELISE

Maybe whoever wrote this, just wrote down the wrong address?

CASSIE

Well that's certainly a very real possibility.

And then she turns to JOY.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

And can I just check if anyone else was living here in 1990?

And JOY frowns as she digs back in time.

JOY

It would have been just me and my husband, he's passed away now.

And then her frown deepens.

JOY (CONT'D)

Oh. Hang on....

And then she turns to ELISE.

JOY (CONT'D)

...when was that time daddy and I were in America, and Marion broke in?

And CASSIE clocking that ELISE does not seem so pleased that her mother has just asked this question.

25 EXT. STREET. TOOTING - DAY 7 25

SUNNY driving down a Tooting backstreet, looking for an address, and slowly pulling up outside a Victorian redbrick primary school.

The legend outside telling us it is 'Firdown Church of England Primary'.

26 EXT. ST AGATHA'S HOSPITAL - DAY 7 26

And here is MARION with ZOE, outside the hospital, ZOE puffing edgily on a roll up.

ZOE

...mum was winding me up, and I knew it would annoy the arse out of her to tell her that you meant more to me than her. So I did.

And she shrugs, and we are on MARION, who we just sense, is slightly too pleased to hear this.

MARION

Which is very sweet of you Zoe, and you mean an awful lot to me too...

And she gently takes the roll up from ZOE's hand.

MARION (CONT'D)

...all I'm saying, all anyone is saying, is we just need to keep that relationship... professional, and within the boundaries of the hospital.

And ZOE looks at her, smiles as if she knows something secret.

And then stands, and plants a tender kiss on MARION's cheek.

ZOE

Soz.

And then heads back in, and MARION is about to follow her in, when her phone rings. She looks at the caller display, it's TONY. Good timing. She answers.

MARION

I owe you an apology.

27 INT. MARION & TONY'S HOUSE/EXT. ST AGATHA'S HOSPITAL - DAY 7 27

TONY on the phone, frowns.

TONY

For?

MARION

It was Zoe who told her parents about the phone calls.

TONY

Oh, right, no problem, that wasn't what I was calling about, a police officer's just been round here?

And we are on MARION, as she frowns, plugs a finger in her ear, to hear better.

MARION

Sorry?

TONY

She'd already been round to your mum's, and then Elise gave her our address.

MARION

(frowns)  
What did she want?

TONY

She said she was investigating an historic crime and she wanted to ask you a couple of questions.

On MARION.

28 **FLASHBACK** 28

Strobing light. Line of cocaine. Kissing in a lav cubicle.

**End of flashback**

29 INT. MARION & TONY'S HOUSE/EXT. ST AGATHA'S HOSPITAL - DAY 7 29

Continued as before:

TONY

She didn't tell me anything more than that, so I rang Elise - she said she'd tried to ring you but your mobile went straight to voicemail...

MARION

...I'm on the ward...

TONY

...but Elise said she'd told *her*... that it was about a murder, from back in 1990. They only just found the body apparently.

And now we are close on MARION. Like she has been waiting for this moment half her life.

30 INT. BISHOP STREET POLICE STATION. DAY 7

30

CASSIE and SUNNY walking through the police station.

CASSIE

...her married name is Kelsey, but she was single in 1990 so run a check under her maiden name, Marion Dunphy.

SUNNY

Okay.

CASSIE

And how did it go with James Gregory?

SUNNY

Interesting. According to him, David definitely *did* use prostitutes, and on a fairly industrial level.

CASSIE

Right. Jesus. I just met the son this morning, what a nightmare this is going to be for him.

SUNNY

It gets worse, he was into really weird stuff as well.

CASSIE

Like?

SUNNY

Violent sort of weird? Tying up,  
S&M stuff?

On CASSIE as she digests this disturbing information.

CASSIE

Did Gregory think his wife knew  
about this?

SUNNY

He thinks not.

CASSIE

So the *other* possibility is he went  
too far with Sara Mahmoud, and she  
attacked him back, or he died as  
she tried to defend herself in some  
way?

SUNNY

Yup.

On her, recalibrating.

CASSIE

Okay, can we be very careful how we  
share this information for now.

SUNNY

Of course.

CASSIE

But we obviously need to speak to  
Sara Mahmoud again, and Tessa  
Nixon.

SUNNY

I'll set both up.

CASSIE

And Firdown?

SUNNY

I drove down there at lunchtime,  
it's only over in Tooting, and  
spoke to the current head.

CASSIE

And?

SUNNY

She was suitably appalled, but  
without a name, she wasn't sure how  
she could help us.

CASSIE

So they've never had any other abuse allegations?

SUNNY

Nope.

CASSIE

And the dates don't narrow the possibilities?

SUNNY

Well a bit, obviously, but we're still talking about maybe twenty five permanent staff in the fifties? Another half dozen temporary?

CASSIE

Right.

SUNNY

And this is abuse alleged to have occurred about ten years before pretty much the oldest *current* teacher, was even born.

On CASSIE as they stop at the exit to the car park.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Even identifying a possible *suspect* is going to be as good as impossible. And on top of that, there has to be a very good chance that whoever Walker was talking about, is dead.

And she nods, she gets it, and then she pushes out, through the door and walks towards her car.

31

INT. KLEIN EGERTON BANK- DAY 7

31

BOULTING sitting with a man in his early 50s, HUGH MORAY, a senior banker with Klein Egerton.

MORAY

Colin Osborne and I both started on the same day, and we were kids really, I'd come straight from Cambridge, Colin from Kingston.

BOULTING

(frowns)

They took recruits from a Poly?

MORAY  
(smiles)  
They took Colin.

BOULTING  
Because?

MORAY  
He got the highest marks in the  
aptitude test anyone had ever  
scored.

BOULTING  
(making notes)  
Okay. And then he did well here?

MORAY  
He did extremely well. He worked  
ridiculously hard, but more  
importantly he had serious nuts. If  
he'd stayed, he'd have ended up  
running the place.

BOULTING  
So you knew him, you worked with  
him, did you get any sense of why  
he *did* leave so suddenly?

A slight tightening

MORAY  
No, I mean I worked with him and I  
liked him - but I didn't know him  
*well*, he was quite a reserved man.

BOULTING  
So one day he was here, and the  
next he'd just gone?

And MORAY's eyes narrowing now.

MORAY  
Have you spoken to Colin about  
this?

BOULTING  
Mr Osborne's helping us with our  
enquiries.

And MORAY is of course savvy enough to know exactly what that  
means.

MORAY  
I'd need to take advice before  
answering any more questions, I'm  
not sure of our position on  
discussing Colin's departure.  
(MORE)

MORAY (CONT'D)

What's the best number for me to contact you on?

And BOULTING smiles. Not so fast matey.

BOULTING

Why don't I call you when you've spoken to who you need to - what's the best number to get you on?

32 EXT. BOROUGH HIGH STREET - DAY 7 32

The George Inn, the Shard, the Globe, the river.

33 INT. CASSIE'S CAR - DAY 7 33

CASSIE driving down Southward St, looking for somewhere to park for St Agatha's Hospital.

34 OMITTED 34

35 EXT. SALISBURY PLAIN - DAY 7 35

Establish of Salisbury plain, and the town in the distance, Salisbury cathedral's spire reaching for the sky.

36 INT. STAFFROOM. SALISBURY ACADEMY - DAY 7 36

SARA pouring a cup of coffee in a tatty staff room, when her phone sounds, she pulls it out of her pocket and looks at the caller I.D.

'Unknown Caller'

And it rings and it rings as she stares at it in mute terror until it finally stops.

She looks up, a few colleagues looking at her oddly. And she smiles tightly and then walks out quickly.

37 INT. CID ROOM. BISHOP STREET POLICE STATION - DAY 7 37

SUNNY leaving a message

SUNNY

...so if you could give us a call soon as you pick this up, Ms Mahmoud, be good to talk further. Thanks a lot.

38 INT. CORRIDOR. SALISBURY ACADEMY - DAY 7 38

SARA, in a quiet school corridor, inhaling deeply on her inhaler, her hand visibly shaking, her breath rasping in her throat.

Things not looking so good for her.

39 INT. COLIN AND SIMON'S HOUSE - DAY 7 39

COLIN and SIMON sitting with their social worker, JANET, who is chatting away with SIMON ten to the dozen. (FLORA is playing in the background)

Except we are in COLIN's head, and are hearing nothing, when suddenly SIMON and JANET are looking at COLIN, expectantly.

And COLIN realises they have asked him a question.

COLIN  
(and he smiles)  
Sorry, just drifted off there for a sec, can you say that again, please?

And SIMON smiles tightly.

SIMON  
Janet was just asking if there are any issues, any difficulties, or anything at all that we feel it would be useful for her to know about.

And COLIN shakes his head, a little too vehemently perhaps.

COLIN  
No, no difficulties at all.

A long beat as JANET holds his eye, and then smiles and then turns back to COLIN.

JANET  
And how we doing at bedtimes?

COLIN  
Us or Flo?

JANET  
(laughing)  
Both!

And they both laugh, and COLIN smiles, but we sense he is not really in the room at all.

SIMON  
Yeah she's good as gold really.  
Sleeping really well, and full of  
beans in the morning?

JANET  
And how are her nightmares?

SIMON  
Hasn't had any....

And we are out on SIMON as he talks enthusiastically, COLIN on the other side of the room, and not there at all.

40 INT. ST AGATHA'S HOSPITAL DAY 7 40

MARION filling in patient files behind the nurses reception, when she becomes aware of someone walking towards her, and time slows, as she turns her head, to see CASSIE STUART being pointed in her direction by a fellow nurse (NICOLA, her boss)

And then CASSIE is in front of her.

CASSIE  
Hi there, Marion Kelsey?

MARION  
Hello.

CASSIE  
(badging her)  
DCI Cass Stuart? Have you got five  
minutes for a quick chat?

41 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. ST AGATHA'S HOSPITAL - DAY 7 41

MARION holding the photo of DAVID WALKER in her hand.

42 **FLASHBACK** 42

**Wardrobe doors. A night time taxi. Water running from a tap.**

**End of flashback**

43 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. ST AGATHA'S HOSPITAL - DAY 7 43

Continued as before:

CASSIE watching her intently.

MARION  
No. Sorry.

And she looks up (I think we should notice that there is less obvious fear in MARION's eyes than were in SARA or COLIN's, the abiding sense we get with her, is of defiance)

MARION (CONT'D)

Who is he?

CASSIE

His name was David Walker, he ran a small chain of clubs in the 80s.

MARION

(looks again, then hands the photo back)

Never a big clubber myself.

CASSIE

Me neither, music always too loud for me.

MARION nods and smiles politely.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

So, obviously, as you know, we've spoken to your mum and sister, and your mum seemed to think that *you* might have been living in her house at some point in early 1990?

A beat, as MARION considers this. Then -

MARION

(wryly)

Did she say I broke in?

CASSIE

(Cassie smiles)

Well yes she did actually.

MARION

(nods)

My dad was on a lecture tour of America for three months, I was temporarily homeless, I had a key, I was there a few days. If that's breaking in.

(she shrugs)

CASSIE

Sure, well, as you say, it couldn't have been *her* that gave that address out, because she was abroad, so could it have been you?

MARION

(she shrugs)

Sure.

CASSIE  
(slightly surprised by  
this easy admission )  
Oh okay but...you don't have any  
recollection of doing so.

MARION frowns.

MARION  
From some time in 1990? Sorry, no.

CASSIE  
(nicely)  
Okay no problem. So your mum said  
you left home in about 1985?

MARION  
Yup.

CASSIE  
You stayed in London?

MARION  
Yes.

CASSIE  
Whereabouts?

MARION  
Various places.

CASSIE  
And was 32 Smoke Lane, one of them.

MARION  
(a tiny beat)  
I lived there for a while, yes.

CASSIE  
This was the address in fact you  
gave after you were arrested in  
1988 for...  
(reading the details from  
her notebook)  
...assaulting a police officer....

MARION  
...I never assaulted anyone...

CASSIE  
...at a demonstration in North  
London..

MARION  
...a policeman attacked *me*, I  
defended myself...

CASSIE  
...for which you were found guilty  
at Horseferry Road Magistrates  
court and fined £100.

A beat, and then she holds CASSIE's eye.

MARION  
You look like a smart woman to me.  
So I'm sure you couldn't be so ...  
(and she chooses her words  
carefully now)  
...spectacularly dim, as to suggest  
a police officer from the 80s -  
fuckit from any point in the last  
fifty years actually, couldn't have  
lied?

CASSIE  
(smiles)  
I'm not sure why you're being so  
defensive, Marion.

MARION  
(equally nicely, but  
steely as hell)  
I'm being defensive, because I was  
on a perfectly legal march,  
exercising my right to protest,  
when I was assaulted by a police  
officer. And you are now trying to  
imply I might have some kind of  
violent past, and that I could  
therefore be connected in some way  
to this unfortunate man's tragic  
death. And that's rather annoying.  
Sorry.  
(standing)  
We done, I have a very busy ward.

And CASSIE nods.

CASSIE  
Sure.

MARION  
(walking to the door)  
Great...  
(opening it)  
...nice to meet you.

CASSIE  
And you, and if we need to speak to  
you again.....

But the door has already slammed.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
...we'll be in touch.

Well that was a different kind of interview.

**End of part two**

**Part three**

44 INT. CID ROOM. BISHOP STREET POLICE STATION - DAY 7 44

A briefing. The team together

LINGLEY  
...so there are no records that can confirm whether Sara Mahmoud/Alazi was or wasn't in the UK, we're checking with all the main airlines for flights to Rome in March 1990, but I've been told not to hold my breath.

CASSIE  
Okay, keep me up to speed, we do need to be able to confirm where she was at the time of David Walker's death.

LINGLEY  
Absolutely.

SUNNY  
And I've left a message for her to call us.

CASSIE  
Jake, where are we with photos ?

COLLIER  
I've been through Tessa Nixon's, unfortunately she said she chucked out most of the ones of her husband about fifteen years ago.

CASSIE  
(frowns)  
Why?

COLLIER  
Trying to lay ghosts to rest she said.

SUNNY  
Or bury them.

COLLIER

I'm waiting to hear back from the Tory party offices about *their* photo archive.

SUNNY

Murray?

BOULTING

Spoke to a senior guy at Klein Egerton today. There's *something* odd about Colin Osborne's departure, don't know what it is yet, and my guess is that they're gonna close ranks, but I'm on it.

CASSIE

Good stuff. Okay...

And then she stands and walks over to the board.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

...so following my rather 'prickly' chat with Marion Kelsey earlier, we ran a tenancy check on her Smoke Lane address...

(reference a picture of the flat on the board)

...and we've found one rather interesting result.

And she pins a photo on the board. A young woman photographed in the eighties.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

This is Sinead Mary Quinn. She lived at Smoke Lane from 1988 to 91.

She turns back to the room.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

And then in 1992, Ms Quinn was jailed for ten years, for her role in suspected IRA activity.

Off the fairly stunned reactions of the others.

SUNNY

So we then went back and looked at Marion Kelsey's arrest sheet, and we discovered the march she was on, was actually a protest march campaigning for the release of the Guilford Four.

More jigsaw pieces.

CASSIE

So we have an IRA activist, we have the murder of a Tory party fund raiser. And linking them *both*, we have Marion Kelsey.

45 INT. JOY DUNPHY'S HOUSE - EVENING 7

45

JOY and ELISE standing as a message plays out of her land line phone on a speaker.

MARION MESSAGE

(raging)

What did you tell them, what did you fucking tell them ??!!

And both look suitably petrified.

46 INT. KITCHEN. SARA & HASSAN'S HOUSE - EVENING 7

46

SARA at home, cooking the family supper, chopping onions, her face pale and her eyes glassy, not really hearing as HASSAN berates YOUSEF (good naturedly) as he does his homework at the dining room table.

HASSAN (O.S.)

Right, and so since when did Halo Spartan Assault become part of the Maths syllabus.

\*  
\*

YOUSEF (O.S.)

It's problem solving innit.

HASSAN (O.S.)

Yeah right. Confiscated mate.

YOUSEF (O.S.)

Oh dad!!!!

And now HASSAN walks in to the kitchen, holding an ipad in his hands.

HASSAN

That boy is addicted to this, we're gonna have to send him to the Priory.

And he heads for the fridge to grab a drink.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Omar called me this morning, said thank you for not sticking the petition back up.....

He is smiling to himself as he grabs some juice.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

...I apologised on your behalf, and told him it must have been an oversight, that you've been pre-occupied with the new job application, but that it would straight back up first thing tomorrow.

And he turns to SARA, who would appear not to have heard a word he said.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Love?

And she looks up, like she has seen a ghost.

SARA.

Yeah. Sorry. Back to normal tomorrow.

HASSAN

It was a joke?

She nods, but carries on cooking.

SARA.

Sorry, I'm tired.

And she has her back to him, and he frowns, a little uncertain, but then brushes his concerns off.

HASSAN

You want me to help you with your interview later?

SARA.

Thank you.

And he looks at her. A little quizzical.

HASSAN

You okay?

SARA

Yeah, fine.

And he goes to walk out when -

SARA (CONT'D)

Hass?

And he stops. Turns. A long long beat, close on her, looks like she is going to open up. And then -

SARA (CONT'D)

I do love you.

A beat, and then he smiles.

HASSAN

Well luckily, 'I do love you' too.  
Lots.

And then he walks out, and we stay on her, and see she is actually staring at her phone, which tells her that she has -  
'One new message'.

47 INT. PUB NEAR ST AGATHA'S HOSPITAL - EVENING 7 47

MARION in a quiet dark corner of the pub near the hospital, downing what we might suspect is not her first vodka tonic.  
When -

ZOE (O.S.)

Hey.

And she looks up to see ZOE.

MARION

What are you doing here?

ZOE

Well it's nice to see you too. It's our local?

MARION

'Our' local?

ZOE

The other kids on the ward?

MARION

(a beat, then)

I'm just trying to work out how many things are wrong with that sentence.

And ZOE sits down next to her.

ZOE

They don't serve anyone under sixteen, they don't let us get twatted, and they make us sit in this booth so no-one can see us. We tell 'em what's the worst than can happen...

(brightly)

...we've all got cancer.

MARION

Have you forgotten what we discussed this afternoon?

ZOE

This *is* hospital grounds. Near as  
anyway. Malibu and orange please.

(the drink request is to Marion btw)

48 INT. TONY'S WORKSHOP/INT. ELISE'S HOUSE - EVENING 7 48

TONY, in his workshop, on the phone to ELISE.

ELISE

...she sounded ...out of control  
Tony, mum was completely petrified,  
as was I.

TONY

I'm so sorry.

ELISE

We never thought about *why* she came  
back, when she did, we were just  
...so grateful that she did.

Close on TONY, more than aware of where this conversation is  
heading.

ELISE (CONT'D)

But you don't think that...

TONY

(stopping her)  
...no, I *don't*. She could never  
have....no.

A beat.

TONY (CONT'D)

I'll call you as soon as she gets  
in.

And he hangs up.

And actually, on his own, TONY does not look anywhere near so  
certain.

He dials a number on his mobile again, and obviously for the  
umpteenth time, he gets -

MARION VOICEMAIL

Hi, this is Marion, I can't take  
your call right now, please leave a  
message.

And he hangs up

49 INT. PUB NEAR HOSPITAL - EVENING 7

49

MARION and ZOE sitting with drinks in front of them, MARION already has slightly lidded eyes.

ZOE clearly slightly unnerved by MARION's demeanour, she is not acting normally.

ZOE

So.

And MARION does not look up.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Why aren't you at home, talking to your husband about it?

But now she does, finally, looks at ZOE with a frown.

MARION

Talking to my husband about what?

ZOE

Whatever it is that's making you unhappy.

MARION

(tightening)

Who says I'm unhappy.

ZOE

You're a fifty one year old woman, necking vodkas on your own, ninety minutes after your shift has ended.

Nailed it. Except now MARION turns to her, a light in her eyes that we should not like.

MARION

You think you know me, Zoe?

ZOE

No.

MARION

You think you have the first idea who I really am?

ZOE

No.

And if we thought MARION has faced her down, we underestimate ZOE.

ZOE (CONT'D)

But I know fear.

And we are close on MARION, this seventeen-year-old kid running rings around her.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Trust me, I can spot fear a *mile*  
away.

And MARION's eyes are pooling.

Which clearly very much shocks ZOE, and instinctively this sweet girl reaches out a hand to MARION's.

Which uncomplicated gesture of affection slightly undoes MARION. And her head drops and a sudden single quiet sob escapes her lips.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Hey...

And ZOE moves closer, wipes a tear away running down MARION's cheek.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
...hey it's okay, it's going to be  
okay...

MARION  
...you have no idea....

ZOE  
...Marion please...

But MARION is weeping silently now, and ZOE leans in closer

ZOE (CONT'D)  
...please don't cry...

And MARION should *so* have walked away before she finally does.

MARION  
(standing)  
I have to go.

ZOE  
You can talk to me.

MARION  
(grabbing her coat)  
Really, can I.

ZOE  
Please, I want to help you.

And then MARION rounds on her.

MARION

You're not my friend, Zoe, and  
you're not my daughter, you're just  
another patient, who I'll forget as  
soon as you've gone. Grow up.

And then she is pushing away through the pub, and is out.

And we are on a shocked and deeply upset ZOE, who very  
suddenly looks exactly like what she in fact *is*.

A lonely, sick, and now very wounded, seventeen-year-old  
girl.

50 INT. MARION AND TONY'S - DUSK 7 50

MARION walking in. Lights all off.

TONY

Hi.

And she starts. Because TONY is sitting in the dark, waiting  
for her. She smiles.

MARION

Wow. You scared me.

TONY

Ditto. I've been calling you.

MARION

Sorry - my phone was out of juice.

A beat. She offers nothing more up.

TONY

How did it go with the policewoman?

MARION

Yeah fine. I didn't know the guy,  
so...

(she shrugs)

...short and sweet.

TONY

Right.

A beat.

TONY (CONT'D)

So where you been then, your shift  
finished at six?

MARION

Went out with some of the girls  
from work. Few bevvies.

Which he knows is a lie.

MARION (CONT'D)  
(heading to the stairs)  
Gonna have a bath.

TONY  
Maz?

And she stops at the foot of the stairs.

TONY (CONT'D)  
I've never pressed you. Have I. To  
talk about the past.

A but.

TONY (CONT'D)  
All those years you never saw your  
family.

A beat.

TONY (CONT'D)  
I've always just accepted it was...  
a part of you you didn't want to re-  
visit.

A beat.

TONY (CONT'D)  
But your sister rang and said...  
you were so unpleasant to her and  
your mum today.

A beat.

TONY (CONT'D)  
And I think I have a right to  
ask....if there's anything you want  
to talk about.

And we are close on her, in the dark, and for a moment, we  
should have the sense that she does want to unburden herself.

And then, almost immediately she shuts that thought down

MARION  
You make the past sound so much  
more interesting than it really is,  
Tony.

A beat, then she shrugs.

MARION (CONT'D)  
My parents always liked my sister  
more than me.  
(MORE)

MARION (CONT'D)

They got her in a way they never  
got me and so I get angry. And we  
row.

A beat.

MARION (CONT'D)

And that's *it* I'm afraid. All  
rather boring.

And she is walking up the stairs.

TONY

Please don't just walk away...

MARION

...I'm tired and I want a bath.

And he is walking out to follow her.

TONY

(at the foot of the  
stairs)

All our life, whenever the  
conversation gets difficult, you  
just walk away...

MARION

Don't be tedious, love.

TONY

...or get nasty. Or both.

And she is near the top now.

TONY (CONT'D)

...you know one day you're going to  
come back and find me gone.

And this good gentle man is answered by the sound of the  
bathroom door slamming shut.

51

INT. SUNNY'S HOUSE/INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - DUSK 7

51

SUNNY, picking up dirty clothes from a bathroom floor (T-  
shirts, sodden towels, girls knickers etc) with a mobile  
wedged into his ear.

CASSIE (O.S.)

And what did Tessa say?

SUNNY

That she had absolutely no idea.

CASSIE

And did you believe her?

SUNNY

Hard to tell on a phone, but yes, she sounded pretty stunned, so my guess is James Gregory was right and that David Walker never told her anything about the abuse.

CASSIE

And did she have a reason for why she never gave us his best friends name and number?

SUNNY

She said she didn't consider Gregory a close friend. Which is fair enough I guess, given how little contact he and Walker had had.

CASSIE

Or she just didn't want us to speak to him because what he told us gives her a motive?

SUNNY

Maybe...

(knackered)

...listen, I've got to go boss, I need to shout at my children?

CASSIE

We also need to find Sinead Quinn.

SUNNY

First thing.

CASSIE

Night, Sunny.

SUNNY

Night boss.

And she hangs up. And he does indeed instantly turn and -

SUNNY (CONT'D)

(shouted up the stairs)

Right, will someone please explain why they think I would ever enjoy picking up their dirty underwear?

The lights of the pier. The cold dark sea, dotted with flecks of foam.

- 53 INT. FLORA'S ROOM. COLIN AND SIMON'S HOUSE. NIGHT 7 53
- COLIN on his knees, by the bed of the fast asleep FLORA, stroking the head of this child who is all he has ever wanted.
- For now, his love for her, and the wind battering against the window outside managing to drown out the sound of his thumping heart, as his world threatens to collapse around him.
- 54 INT. BATHROOM. CASSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 7 54
- CASSIE brushing teeth, when she hears the front door opening. Her dad.
- She looks at her watch, 10.55, then listens to the sound of footsteps on the stairs, then footsteps on the landing, and times her exit so -
- 55 INT. LANDING. CASSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 7 55
- CASSIE popping out of her bedroom, just as her dad opens the door to his.
- CASSIE
- Hiya.
- MARTIN
- (turns)
- Hi, love, sorry, thought you were in bed.
- CASSIE
- Good day?
- MARTIN
- Yup. You?
- CASSIE
- Yeah.
- And he turns to go in.
- CASSIE (CONT'D)
- Late tonight?
- He turns. Smiles.
- MARTIN
- You said when I was seventy I could stay out till 11.00.
- And she smiles.

CASSIE

Sorry.

And he turns to go in to his bedroom, and she cannot hold it in any longer.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What were you doing in Winchester, dad?

And he stops.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I accidentally opened your bank statement, thought it was mine, saw a debit card payment to South West Trains?

\*  
\*

And now he turns. Looks at her.

MARTIN

For a copper, you're a shit liar.

CASSIE

Thanks. Got it from you.

A beat, and his eyes drop a little. A long beat.

MARTIN

Okay, I'll tell you. And then I'd prefer not to talk about it, because I know what you'll say.

CASSIE

Deal.

A beat.

MARTIN

I've been looking for the bloke.

A beat. She frowns.

CASSIE

What bloke?

A beat, and he looks vaguely ashamed.

MARTIN

The one your mum was seeing.

Well she didn't see that one coming.

CASSIE

(stunned)  
Serious?

MARTIN

Yup.

CASSIE

Wow. Okay.

A long beat as she tries to digest that. And fails.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

*Why?*

MARTIN

You see that's why I don't want to talk about it because I knew you wouldn't understand.

CASSIE

I'm just asking why, I'm not saying I *don't* understand.

MARTIN

Er - yes? If you need to ask 'why' you *are* saying exactly that.

CASSIE

Fine, so have you found him?

MARTIN

(opening his door)  
I'm going to bed love.

CASSIE

Dad?

But he walks in and shuts the door.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Dad don't be like that.

But the door remains shut.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Dad!

Silence. And we stay on her. WTF????!!!

**New day**

Seagulls scavenging amongst the pebbles, lazy waves flopping onto the shore behind them.

57 EXT. BRIGHTON. BACKSTREET CAFE - MORNING 8 57

COLIN walks down a narrow Brighton backstreet, and then ducks in to a cafe.

58 INT. CAFE. BRIGHTON - MORNING 8 58

COLIN sitting opposite TYLER. The envelope with the money sits in between them on the cafe table.

COLIN

And this is it, there's no more coming.

TYLER

We don't want any more. Thank you.

A long beat, a sense TYLER is not quite sure what to do now.

But then he plucks up the courage to reach for the envelope, and tuck it into his jacket pocket.

And then he stands, and then just as he turns to walk away, COLIN grabs his wrist.

COLIN

I will be a good father, Tyler, and I *am* a good man....

And as he is saying this, he is slowly pulling TYLER's arm downward, so TYLER's face is next to his. TYLER is struggling to pull away, but COLIN's grip is clearly astonishingly, unusually, firm, and it is no contest.

COLIN (CONT'D)

...but if you ever do anything to jeopardise our adoption of Flo, if you ever threaten my family's future happiness again, I will hurt you....

And he is clearly crushing TYLER's wrist, who is shaking with pain.

COLIN (CONT'D)

...I will hurt you very, fucking, badly.

And then suddenly he has let go. And TYLER is holding his wrist, and looking at COLIN with undisguised fear, and then he quickly walks away.

And we stay on COLIN, his face suffused with blood, and then a shadow crosses him.

And he looks up to see SIMON standing in front of him.

SIMON

I think we need a chat, don't you.

**End of part three**

**Part four**

59 EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH. MORNING 8 59

SIMON and COLIN sitting on a bench by the sea. SIMON looking fairly shell shocked.

COLIN

...so yes, in normal circumstances,  
of course, I *would* have just denied  
it and called Tyler's bluff.

A beat.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Except the police were asking me  
about this murder. And if Tyler  
had've told the police about me  
keying the car - and then some  
sharp eyed copper cross referenced  
the two cases....

A beat.

COLIN (CONT'D)

...Janet and her department would  
be about to finalise an adoption by  
a man...

And his voice catches.

COLIN (CONT'D)

....being interviewed in connection  
with two violent crimes.

And his head falls.

COLIN (CONT'D)

And we would have lost her Simon,  
we would have lost Flo for sure.

And this time, SIMON, so shocked and upset himself, does not  
instinctively wrap his arms around him.

COLIN (CONT'D)

But I swear, I know nothing about  
this body.

60 **FLASHBACK.** 60

**Oak panelling. A camera flashbulb. A cheque-book.**

**End of flashback.**

61 EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - MORNING 8 61

Continued as before:

And COLIN looks up.

COLIN

On Flo's life, I have never heard  
of David Walker, and I have  
absolutely no idea how he died.

And despite what we have just seen, it is pretty convincing.

62 INT. CASSIE'S OFFICE. BISHOP STREET POLICE STATION - DAY 8 62

CASSIE at her desk.

COLLIER

Boss?

And she looks up to see JAKE COLLIER walking in holding his  
lap top.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

These have just come through from  
the Fulham Party Headquarters...

And he is showing her scanned photos of diary pages from  
various magazines (Tatler, Harpers, the Mail etc) from the  
80s, showing DAVID WALKER at various functions.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

...they had these in old  
scrapbooks, publicity stuff from  
Tatler and Vogue and stuff, the  
society sections.

And then he stops at one. And there is DAVID WALKER, shaking  
hands with a man who we vaguely recognise.

LINGLEY

This is from the Daily Mail diary  
section, Nigel Dempster's bit? Look  
at the caption below.

And she does and reads it out loud.

CASSIE

'Nightlife Supremo David Walker and  
party donor..

(and she smiles)

...Colin Osborne at the CP  
Valentine's Day Ball.'

Close on CASSIE, the smile growing on her face. She looks up at COLLIER, who is grinning like a Cheshire cat.

COLLIER  
The plot thickens, boss, the plot  
bloody thickens.

Out on her. Indeed.

63 EXT. THE SOUTH DOWNS - DAY 8 63

High and wide of CASSIE and SUNNY driving down the A23, as it cuts through the South Downs.

64 EXT. BRIGHTON PROMENADE - DAY 8 64

CASSIE stands on the promenade looking out to sea.

Above her seagulls wheel and screech in a school shirt sky threatening rain.

SUNNY  
Got any quids?

She turns, SUNNY light on change for the meter. She digs in her pocket and pulls out a handful of coins.

CASSIE  
We'll need some for ice cream.

And he takes three pound coins from her open palm.

SUNNY  
Thanks Mum.

And walks back to the machine.

65 INT. SARA AND HASSAN'S HOUSE - DAY 8 65

SARA and HASSAN sitting opposite one another in their sitting room. Upstairs, as ever, we can hear the other kids bickering, laughing etc.

HASSAN has a printed out Ofsted report in his hands, which he is filleting questions from.

HASSAN  
...and so tell us, Ms Mahmoud, the recent Ofsted report identified Highbrook as having a serious truancy problem, particularly for boys in the thirteen to fifteen age range, what measures would you put in place to help motivate these boys to attend more regularly?

And he looks up, smiling.

But she is still staring down at the floor.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Sara?

Nothing.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Sara what's the matter?

And he stands and walks over to her, sits next to her on the sofa.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

You've been really weird the last couple of days. What is it, talk to me.

A beat, and then finally, without looking up.

SARA

Not here.

And then she stands and walks out, and grabs her coats and opens the front door. And utterly bemused, HASSAN follows.

66

INT. COLIN'S CHAMBERS. BRIGHTON - DAY 8

66

COLIN holding the photo from the Daily Mail in his hand. It should be noted, he is far more composed than the last time he spoke to them.

COLIN

And why d'you think that's me?

SUNNY and CASSIE frown.

SUNNY

Well, it *says* it's you, underneath.

COLIN

That doesn't mean it *is* though, does it.

And then he looks up at them. Smiles.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Look, maybe it is, maybe it isn't, either way, I honestly have no recollection of ever having met this man.

SUNNY

Okay, no problem. Can we go back then, to when you left Klein Egerton.

And he sags a little.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

When we spoke to you before, you implied you'd just had.... a change of heart?

COLIN

I had.

SUNNY

And then we spoke to a Hugh Moray, who I think was a colleague of yours at the bank?

(off his nod)

And we sensed from Hugh that actually, there might have been more to your departure than just that.

COLIN

You 'sensed'?

SUNNY

He seemed reluctant to talk about it.

COLIN

Well, John always was a decent guy.

CASSIE

Because he covered your back?

COLIN

Because he respected my privacy.

A beat.

CASSIE

So when did you start training to become a lawyer?

COLIN

Later that year.

And CASSIE opens a file of hers, and checks a printout.

CASSIE

October 1990, your company's website says.

COLIN

Sounds about right.

CASSIE

So what did you do in those seven months off. Where were you living?

COLIN

Why does it matter?

On her, okay, gloves off.

CASSIE

Okay. It matters Colin, because I want to know where you were and what you were doing, when David Walker was murdered.

Cards on the table.

A long beat as he debates exactly how to play this, and then finally -

COLIN

You won't know this, but my partner and I, my *husband*, we're in the final stages of adopting a child.

A beat as he still clearly debates what he should tell them. A picture of FLORA sitting on his desk, smiling beautifully and happily back at him.

COLIN (CONT'D)

And whilst I've never been dishonest with the adoption authorities, there is ...one fact that I've never told them about, because ....

And his voice catches, tears so near as the beautiful prize of FLORA seems to be disappearing from his grasp.

COLIN (CONT'D)

...it happened such a long time ago and I truly believe it has no bearing whatsoever .....on my capabilities as a potential father.

A beat.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I left Klein Egerton because I had a breakdown. And from early May to September 1990, I was sectioned in the Maudsley.

On CASSIE. Wow.

CASSIE

I'm sorry to hear that. And there would be medical records to confirm that would there?

COLIN

Yes.

CASSIE

And you were sectioned because it was believed you were a danger to yourself or...

COLIN

...yes, to myself. No-one else.

CASSIE

And this break down was caused by what?

COLIN

I'd had a history of anxiety and stress. It just came to a head.

On her. Is he telling the truth?

CASSIE

And d'you remember when exactly this was, that you went in?

COLIN

The date you're sectioned is not a date you easily forget. May 6th 1990.

Which, as alibis go, is pretty rock solid.

67

EXT. BRIGHTON - DAY 8

67

CASSIE and SUNNY walking back to the car, both pissed off at this line of enquiry hitting a seemingly dead end. SUNNY checking something on his mobile.

CASSIE

What d'you fancy, I'm having a Solero.

SUNNY

(distracted, emailing on his phone)  
I'm good.

CASSIE

Or a quick beer, pick the bones out of that?

And then he sends his email, and looks up from his phone.

SUNNY  
I've actually got a date down here,  
so, you head back, I'll get the  
train, and we can discuss later?

Which she wasn't expecting.

CASSIE  
Oh. Right. Fine.

SUNNY  
Sorry, I wasn't sure she was going  
to respond in time so...

CASSIE  
...no no, no need to apologise,  
let's speak later then.

SUNNY  
I'll call you about nine?

CASSIE  
Yeah, if that suits.

SUNNY  
Seeya.

CASSIE  
'Good luck.'

SUNNY  
Thanks.

And then he is walking off, and she is getting in the car.

And we are with her, as she flicks the radio on, and then slowly pulls out in to the traffic, the tiniest sense of wistfulness from CASSIE as she heads back toward London.

68 INT. HASSAN'S CAR - DAY 8

68

HASSAN's car parked up in a side street, rain drumming down on the car roof. SARA and HASSAN sitting inside.

On SARA.

A long beat.

And then, like a rabbit offering its throat to the stoat, her eyes dull, and without turning to him, she finally starts to talk.

SARA  
The police came to see me at the  
school the other day.

A beat

SARA (CONT'D)  
They're investigating the murder of  
a man in 1990, who they believed I  
had a connection with.

A beat.

SARA (CONT'D)  
And I know nothing about how he  
died... but I probably did know  
*him*.

A beat.

SARA (CONT'D)  
And I knew him...

The longest beat.

SARA (CONT'D)  
...because many years before I met  
you, and at a very low point in my  
life, I'd had sex with him.

A beat.

SARA (CONT'D)  
For money.

The drumming of the rain in the roof. HASSAN staring straight  
ahead. SARA staring straight ahead.

69 EXT. HASSAN'S CAR - DAY 8 69

The driver door opening, and HASSAN getting out, and walking  
slowly away, down the street, getting drenched.

SARA does not follow.

70 INT. BEDROOM. TESSA AND PAUL'S HOUSE - DAY 8 70

PAUL with a very unnerved looking BECCA, trying to get her to  
do her homework in her bedroom.

They both speak in very hushed voices. Which is kind of  
weird.

PAUL  
Everything's absolutely fine I  
promise.

BECCA  
But do the *police* think she did  
something?

PAUL

Absolutely not, they just have to ask difficult questions of everyone who ever knew him, it's just procedure.

But she looks remarkably unconvinced, possibly because he does not look that convinced himself.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You want a snack?

BECCA

No thanks.

PAUL

Okay, well crack on with your revision, it'll be dinner soon.

And he walks out.

71

INT. TESSA AND PAUL'S HOUSE/EXT. STREET - DAY 8

71

And he walks out onto the landing, to see TESSA standing at the foot of the stairs, eyes puffy with crying, looking up at him, obviously aware of the conversation he has just been forced to have.

And then her phone rings, and she answers it.

JASON (O.S.)

Mum?

TESSA

Hi sweetheart.

JASON walking out of his flat on his way to the station.

JASON

Cass Stuart just rang me, I'm going up to London to see Dad....

On her.

JASON (CONT'D)

...would you want to come?

Close on her, hard to read her emotions.

TESSA

I can't love, I'm not...in the right place but...I hope it's what you need it to be.

And we are of course asking ourselves why she would not accompany her son to do this.

JASON

Okay. I'll call you afterwards.

And as we go out on him, we are sensing he is thinking the same.

72 INT. COFFEE BAR - DAY 8

72

SUNNY sitting with a woman, smiling politely as she talks.

JULIE

...I used to get the 19, but actually, if you get the 22, and then change at the Broadway and pick up the 492, it's about seven minutes quicker so that's what I do. Or the overground is another option of course....

SUNNY

...is it?

A long beat as she stares at him. And finally he speaks.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

So why did your husband leave you then?

And for all his reporting of his ease with such dates, actually SUNNY does not look that comfortable.

73 INT. PLACE OF REST. EVENING 8

73

And we are inside a place of rest, and here is JASON about to be shown in to a room, by CASSIE.

JASON

Heart's going nuts.

She nods, finds a reassuring smile.

CASSIE

You'll be fine.

And then she opens the door, and he walks in, to see in a low lit room, his dad, laid out on a plinth, a sheet covering his remains.

And he stops. A beat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You alright?

JASON

Yeah.

CASSIE  
You want me to stay?

JASON  
No. Thank you.

And she back out.

CASSIE  
Take as long as you need.

And she shuts the door on him.

And JASON moves to a seat, next to the plinth, and sits, peacefully, calmly, a perhaps surprising sense of serenity with him, even as he reaches out, and places his hand over where he guesses his father's hand must lay. Peace

74 EXT. COUNTRY PUB. DUSK 8

74

Establisher, a pub, miles from anywhere, a car pulls up windscreen wipers zig-zagging away the spitty rain.

Light go off, and then the door opens, and out steps MARION KELSEY.

She looks drawn and haggard and scared, and, we sense, has never been here before. She walks tentatively toward the front door of the pub and enters.

75 INT. COUNTRY PUB - DUSK 8

75

MARION walking in, and looking for a corridor off the main room, which she spots now.

And she walks down the narrow slate floored corridor, to a small snug room, stuck right at the back of the pub, where there is room for one small table, at which are sitting two other people.

An equally tense looking COLIN OSBORNE and SARA MAHMOUD.

**End of episode three.**