

UNFORGOTTEN - SERIES 4

Written by

Chris Lang

EPISODE ONE

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1 EXT/INT. BMW - DAY 1

1 \*

A man, TERRY MELLING (52) and the co-owner of MELLING METALS, pulls up in his BMW three series, in the parking area of the scrap metal yard he owns. Music plays on Capital Gold, which he is singing along to as he turns the engine off.

He opens the door, shoving the last of a pasty in to his mouth, and gets out.

2 EXT. SCRAP YARD - DAY 1

2

He grabs a briefcase from the back, bleeps the car shut, then heads towards his portacabin office on the far side of the yard, passing his brother, who is standing at the foot of a 'mountain' of scrap, coiling a length of copper wiring he has found there.

\*  
\*  
\*

TERRY

Three nil, mate - oh my days.

RAY

(was expecting this)

FA cup, mate, who gives a toss.

TERRY

(grinning)

Er, you, mate?

And TERRY smiles to himself as he nears the portacabin office, when he/we hear a -

RAY

Tel?

And he turns, something in his brother's voice that is not right.

TERRY

Yeah?

But RAY is just staring at something (a look of total fear on his face) on a separate pile (of largely white goods) that he has just spotted

\*  
\*  
\*

*(RAY will obviously have had to move slightly, for the body only now to have come in to his view. The body should also be obscured, for now, from TERRY's view because it is on the other side of the pile)*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TERRY (CONT'D)

Ray?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now TERRY walks back towards him, his own gaze now turned \*  
towards whatever it is TERRY is staring at. \*

TERRY (CONT'D)

Ray, what is it?

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(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

And then finally as he gets nearer, he sees what his brother is seeing. Half way up the pile of fridges, freezers and washing machines, a body. \*

In T-shirt, trackies and trainers. \*

But minus hands...

....and head.

(how much we see of this, for taste reasons, is entirely up to us).

### Titles

3 INT. BISHOP STREET/EXT. STREET - DAY 1 3

SUNNY walking along a corridor. SAL walking to work, coffee in hand. Lots of people around. Cut between the two.

SUNNY

...no no, the girls are doing it.

SAL

The *girls*?

SUNNY

(frowns)

Why would I pay someone to pack when I have children I can exploit?

SAL

Wow. Do they wanna do mine?

SUNNY

(only half joking)

I'm sure we could come to an arrangement. Listen I gotta go.

SAL

Will I see you tonight?

SUNNY

Dunno, got a feeling it'll be a late one, I'll call you.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

SAL

Love you.

SUNNY

Love you too.

And he clicks off and he is walking in to the office and we are on him, as -

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Ready?

And on the reverse, we see....

...not CASSIE, but FRAN LINGLEY standing and grabbing her coat.

LINGLEY

Yep, all good.

And she is walking towards him and then past, and he is left standing there, looking towards CASSIE's empty office.

A moment of some wistfulness, and then he buttons it down, turns and exits.

And then we track in further, in to her office, exactly as we left it, same photos, same shit, just... no CASSIE.

4 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - DAY 1

4

And here she is, unloading a dishwasher, with JOHN BENTLEY who is finishing a coffee.

JOHN

...so what time you in?

CASSIE

One.

JOHN

You want me to drive you?

CASSIE

No thanks, I need to be on my own for half an hour, prepare myself, *calm* myself.

JOHN

No worries.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

CASSIE

(shouting up the stairs)  
Adam, please, the estate agent is  
coming at 10.00 I want you up...  
(to JOHN)  
...twenty one years old.

JOHN

(grinning, standing)  
Okay, well, I might as well head  
back down now then, beat the  
afternoon traffic.

CASSIE

(she looks up, obviously  
surprised)  
You're going back down?

JOHN

I've got that interview tomorrow,  
the insurance job, at nine?

CASSIE

Oh, yes, of course, sorry...

JOHN

...I mean I could try and  
reschedule if...

CASSIE

No no - not a problem, I was  
just...  
(walking out, and heading  
up the stairs)  
...right, I am coming up with a  
bucket of water!!

And she walks out and we stay on him. Life clearly a little  
stressful for her.

5 EXT. SCRAP YARD - DAY 1

5

And here is SUNNY exiting the car with LINGLEY, walking  
towards a forensic tent pitched near the white goods heap.

\*

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

...the problem is, Fran, we've spoiled them.

\*  
\*

FRAN

Boss.

\*  
\*

SUNNY

We've wrapped them up in cotton wool for so long, their generation simply do not understand the concept of proper hard work. I mean I asked her to clean *one* chimney, one *tiny* little chimney, and suddenly social services are involved - and it wasn't even like she was a kid or anything, this was when she was *twelve* for chrissakes.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LINGLEY's eyes narrow as she 'gets it'. (So this next line is not a question)

\*  
\*

LINGLEY

This is a joke isn't it. I get it. Very funny.

\*  
\*  
\*

BOULTING

Hey boss.

And here is BOULTING heading towards them.

SUNNY

Hey Murray, what we got?

BOULTING

So the owner of the yard found the body here first thing, round the side of that heap there.

\*  
\*

(pointing at the white goods one)

I took the decision to move him down 'cos access was otherwise difficult...

\*  
\*  
\*

SUNNY

(nods)  
...good shout...

BOULTING

...but we marked and filmed the spot he was found in.

(turning to walk toward the tent)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOULTING (CONT'D)

Now they have very good security here - lots of valuable metal on site, so the owners don't think it could have been dumped illicitly - out of hours I mean.

SUNNY

So?

BOULTING

So, their best guess is, it came in with a standard drop off, maybe inside something?

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5 CONTINUED: (3)

SUNNY

(nods)

And what are their records like?

BOULTING

They've said fully compliant - I've asked for the last 48 hours to start with.

And SUNNY and LINGLEY enter the tent.

6 INT. FORENSIC TENT - DAY 1

6

And here is BALCOMBE looking at a thermometer as they enter.

SUNNY

...morning.

BALCOMBE

(looking up and smiling)

Hey Sunny, how you doing?

SUNNY

Yeah good thanks, Leanne.

And then let's allow him to look at the body. The awfulness of its condition.

And then he slowly gets down on to his haunches, to study the remains closer (lifts the sleeve of the T-shirt up a little with his pen, to reveal a distinctive tattoo of a lion and the letters 'MFC').

SUNNY (CONT'D)

What do we think, age wise, twenty, thirty?

BALCOMBE

Hard to say for sure without teeth but, from the general condition of the body, yeah, a relatively young adult male.

LINGLEY

And can you tell if these wounds were pre or post-mortem?

BALCOMBE

I think post, no obvious vital reaction around the wounds to the naked eye, but I'd need to look closer in the lab.

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

(nods)

And this sort of mutilation is usually done post mortem, to facilitate disposal and obscure ID.

BALCOMBE

Exactly.

SUNNY

Any obvious *cause* of death?

BALCOMBE

I need to get him back to the lab and open him up, but no, not that I can see. All I can see *externally*, that's odd, are these.

And she is pointing to various marks on the fleshy upper arm, and fleshy calf, where the skin is exposed, an odd wrinkling.

SUNNY

(frowns)

Looks kind of... wrinkled?

BALCOMBE

(nods)

And when I first saw it, I wasn't sure what it was but it sort of looked....familiar. And then after I took a temperature, I realised *exactly* what it was.....

And then she rummages for something, and finds it and holds it up. It is a broken thermometer, in two pieces.

BALCOMBE (CONT'D)

...this was my thermometer, it snapped in two when I tried to insert it. I was more careful with my spare and got a reading. The inside of the body is minus 15.

SUNNY

(frowns)

Right. I mean....that's *frozen* isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

BALCOMBE

Solid. And those marks - you know when you put a piece of meat in the freezer without wrapping it properly and it develops a kind of ...weird wrinkle pattern on the outside? I think that's what we have here.

Out on SUNNY.

7	MOVED (HAS NOW BECOME SCENE 12B)	7
8	MOVED (HAS NOW BECOME SCENE 12C)	8
9	MOVED (HAS NOW BECOME SCENE 12D)	9
10	MOVED (HAS NOW BECOME SCENE 12E)	10
11	MOVED (HAS NOW BECOME SCENE 12A)	11
12	OMITTED	12 *

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12A OMITTED 12A \*

12B EXT. SOUTHALL HOUSE - DAY 1 12B \*  
(PREVIOUSLY SCENE 7)

Establishers of Southall. The Town Hall. The market. The high street. Lots of colour.

12C EXT. STREET. SOUTHALL - DAY 1 12C  
(PREVIOUSLY SCENE 8)

And here is a Merc GT pulling up outside a Sari shop on a busy shopping street. The car pulls up on to the kerb on a yellow line, and the door opens emitting a blast of Bhangra, before it is turned off, and out gets RAM SIHDU (48), carrier bag in hand, and in a rush.

And he bleeps the car shut and heads quickly towards the front door even as he sees a traffic warden starting to walk towards the car.

And with the confidence of a man who is used to getting his own way, he holds up a solitary finger, waggles it 'no', and then splays his hand to say he will be no more than 'five' minutes.

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12C CONTINUED: 12C

And then with total confidence, he walks in to the sari shop. Significantly, as soon as the traffic warden realises who it is, he raises a hand in acknowledgement, and walks away.

12D EXT./INT. SARI SHOP - DAY 1 12D  
(PREVIOUSLY SCENE 9)

And now RAM is pushing through the front of the sari shop, nodding at a couple of workers, one pressing saris, one stitching a hem. \*

And then through to the back where a young kid is folding ironed saris into polythene bags.

And before he knows it, RAM has stuffed a fiver in to the lad's top pocket, and is moving on as we hear -

RIZ (O.S.)  
(grinning)  
Thank you chacha Ram!

And RAM is grinning and then is out the back and into another building and up the stairs...

12E INT. RAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE. HALL - DAY 1 (PREVIOUSLY 12E \*  
SCENE 10)

...and then unlocking a front door (to his mum and dad's flat above the shop) to see his brother walking from a kitchen \*  
(that we do not need to see) with two cups of tea, towards a \*  
siting room door. \*

(CONTINUED)

BAL  
You're late.

RAM  
(in English, quietly)  
Don't give me grief, mate, I've got  
a monster hangover.

And then he opens the door to the sitting room, to see his  
mum and dad, sitting on a sofa, watching TV. (Music playing  
in the background).

RAM (CONT'D)  
(walking over, in Punjabi)  
Hey mamma, it's your favourite son,  
the talented, handsome one.

MUM  
(English)  
Ramjeet, how are you gorgeous boy?

RAM  
Very well, Mama, and happy  
birthday, how are you today?

MUM

Oh, not so bad today, yesterday not  
so good but today.....

RAM

...well if I'd had as many 70ths as  
you, I'd be feeling pretty good you  
know.

\*

And he turns to his dad, who stares implacably ahead.

RAM (CONT'D)

Alright chuckles?

But he gets nothing, which makes RAM tighten, but he buttons  
it down, as he turns back to his mum.

RAM (CONT'D)

So who thinks they deserve a  
present?

And his mum giggles like a school girl, and we are out.

13 EXT. SCRAP YARD - DAY 1

13

And now SUNNY and LINGLEY are in front of a freezer.

\*

Important at this point (because we have cut the previous  
scene) that we see a row of half a dozen other freezers that  
have obviously all already been looked at by SUNNY and  
LINGLEY.

\*

\*

\*

\*

So the freezer they are about to look at, is about four feet  
high, the door is right now half open, but the most unusual  
thing about it, is there is a metal bracket attaching the  
door to the body, screwed in, effectively screwing the door  
shut, except the bracket has snapped off and hangs lazily  
down.

\*

\*

LINGLEY

Why the hell would you screw a  
freezer door shut?

And he opens the door fully. Inside, no shelves. And yes,  
probably just enough space to store a body.

\*

And now SUNNY pulls out his phone, activates the torch, and  
looks inside at the back.

And there, unmistakably, at the bottom of both sides, where  
the stumps of the wrists might have hung, smears of dark  
reddish brown (this is being filmed).

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

Okay. That looks very like blood to me...

\*

Track in on freezer

\*

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...and if it is, I reckon this is gonna have lots of lovely evidence in it.

\*

\*

\*

\*

And we are out.

\*

**End of part one**

**Part two**

14 INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY 1

14

CASSIE sat in a chair opposite ANDREWS.

ANDREWS

They just won't budge, I'm so sorry.

And she nods. Expected as much.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

As I say, they're very happy with the first six months as sick leave, and they're happy to go half pay for another six, but they just won't allow medical retirement, which obviously still makes you three months shy of your full thirty years.

She nods. A beat.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

And I'm as angry as you are, because I know five years ago they would have waived this through without a second thought. Maybe *in* five years they will. But right now, you know what it's like, Cass, they're still counting every single penny.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

So what was the figure again, what  
does it equate to exactly?

And he looks down at his print out, and reads it,  
embarrassed.

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(CONTINUED)

ANDREWS

One hundred and twenty four  
thousand, four hundred and sixty  
seven pounds.

CASSIE

That I'd lose. Despite me not being  
able to come back three months ago.

ANDREWS

(he nods)

Which they say, *they*, not me, is  
not the case.

CASSIE

And what the fuck do *they* know?  
Sir?

Oh. Slightly surprising.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

They're bean counters. Never done a  
*single* day on the job in their  
lives. Meaning they have not one  
single scintilla of an idea what  
thirty years - sorry - twenty nine  
years and nine months ...of doing  
this job does to a person. Twenty  
nine years and nine months of  
seeing the very worst things people  
can do to each other. Twenty nine  
years and nine months of having to  
mop up the ...blood and the tears  
and the ...rage and the despair, on  
a *daily* basis...

And her voice catches, more with anger than anything else.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

...this judgement does not  
recognise that, Sir. This judgment  
does not cut me any *slack*.

ANDREWS

And again, I am so sorry, Cass.

A beat. And then she stands.

CASSIE

Yeah, well....me too.

And she walks to the door.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREWS

I do need to go back to them. What  
do you want me to say?

A beat. And then she is walking out.

CASSIE

I dunno, I need to think.

And as she heads out of the door, her back to ANDREWS, she \*  
looks hollowed out and fucking *raging*. \*

15 OMITTED 15 \*

16 EXT. CAMBRIDGE - DAY 1 16 \*

High above the city, the cathedrals, the colleges, the  
quadrangles and winding streets. Ground and aerial  
establishers of Cambridge.

Pick out a woman, LIZ BAILDON (48) cycling through the back  
streets and then swinging in to a leafy quiet road of large  
residential houses.

17 INT. EILEEN'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 1 17

The front door of a large Victorian villa type house opening,  
and LIZ walking in. (LIZ is small and wiry, and we should  
observe over the next few scenes, that she is a bundle of  
energy, always on the move, always walking fast).

She hangs her coat on a hook, looks down a corridor, sees a  
mop being moved on a kitchen floor down the end of the  
corridor.

LIZ

(nice smile)

Hey Eugenia.

And a woman sticks her head forward, spots her and waves a  
friendly hand in greeting. (EUGENIA is Portuguese and heavily  
accented.)

EUGENIA

(friendly)

Hello Elizabeth.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ  
(heading upstairs)  
I'm going to head straight up?

Which EUGENIA registers with a nod, as LIZ walks quickly upstairs, allowing us to register the house has the whiff of a fusty academic's house, maybe undecorated since the seventies.

18 INT. EILEEN'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 1

18

And now LIZ walks in to a bedroom where a woman, her mother (EILEEN, 85) lies in bed, earphones on, listening to radio three.

LIZ  
(warmly)  
Hi mum.

And she walks over, goes to give her a kiss, but EILEEN holds up her hand to stop her, and so LIZ walks over to a sideboard, takes a tray, and some clean cutlery sitting in a mug, and start to take out a baguette and a soup from the bag and arrange the lunch on the tray, when -

EILEEN (O.S.)  
Sorry...

And LIZ turns to see the earphones being taken out.

EILEEN (CONT'D)  
...Mahler's 5th, last movement, you can't really cut it short.

LIZ  
Right.

And EILEEN is watching her daughter beadily.

EILEEN  
You never caught that particular bug did you.

LIZ  
What bug's that?

EILEEN  
Music.

LIZ  
(frowns)  
I love music.

(CONTINUED)

EILEEN  
Proper music I mean.

LIZ  
(walking over with the  
tray)  
Right, nothing but classical is  
proper is it?

EILEEN  
I know your father always found  
that rather disappointing, he would  
have loved to have shared his  
passion with you.

LIZ  
(handing it to her)  
Oh well, we found lots else to  
share.

EILEEN  
Not really.

LIZ  
(sitting in a chair by the  
bed)  
So what have you got planned today?

EILEEN  
Oh today I'm going roller skating,  
and then tonight I thought I might  
head in to town and try a club.

LIZ  
Okay, we're in that sort of mood  
are we?

EILEEN  
Today I shall be mainly lying in  
bed, Elizabeth, and wishing I was  
dead, because everyone I ever  
loved, liked, or enjoyed spending  
time with, already is.

LIZ  
Okay..  
(standing)  
...well thanks for that.

EILEEN  
Well if you will ask such asinine  
questions.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ  
Enjoy your lunch, I'll see you  
tomorrow.

And she heads for the door.

EILEEN  
Elizabeth....

And she stops, turns, perhaps some contrition, something  
softer?

EILEEN (CONT'D)  
...this soup's cold.

And she holds her eye. Testing her. But LIZ smiles brightly,  
and walks over and takes the soup cup.

LIZ  
I'll get Eugenia to heat it up.

And then she walks out. Out on EILEEN, the hint of a smile  
playing on her lips.

19 EXT. SCRAP YARD - DAY 1

19

SUNNY Googling something, as LINGLEY takes a photo of the  
serial number plate on the back of the freezer.

LINGLEY  
...okay I'm going to get straight  
on to that now boss...

\*

SUNNY  
(distracted)  
...no worries, I'll head back with  
Murray...  
(to the forensics team)  
...we're good to get this back to  
the lab now...  
(as she turns to walk off  
and he is reading off the  
phone)  
...so this model was only made  
between 1988 and 2008, discontinued  
twelve years ago.  
(looks up)  
Is that useful?

(CONTINUED)

LINGLEY  
(stopping, turning)  
In terms of working out how long  
he's been dead you mean?

SUNNY  
(nods)  
Cos it could also have just been  
stuck in this one a week ago.

BALCOMBE  
Just pulled this out of the back  
pocket of his tracksuit.

And they turn to see BALCOMBE walking over with something in  
an evidence bag, which they both look at more closely (it is  
a brown confectionery wrapper).

SUNNY  
(smiling)  
Oh man, a 'Marathon'.

LINGLEY  
What's a Marathon?

SUNNY  
A Snickers, that's what they used  
to call them.

LINGLEY  
(frowns)  
They called Snickers *Marathon*?

SUNNY  
(to Balcombe)  
Didn't they do a reboot of Marathon  
last year...

BALCOMBE  
(frowns, remembers)  
...did they...  
(peers closely at the  
wrapper)  
...this looks like paper though,  
wouldn't the recent one have been  
plastic...

SUNNY  
(peers also)  
...yeah, maybe....when did it  
change, originally I mean?

(CONTINUED)

BALCOMBE

God, no idea, ten years ago?  
Twenty?

And he is pulling out his phone again.

SUNNY

What did we do before Google, how  
was life even worth living?

20 EXT. ROCHESTER - DAY 1 20

Tracking across the Medway Estuary, toward Rochester, toward  
the cathedral. Ground and aerial establishers of Rochester.

21 INT. DEAN & MARNIE'S HOUSE. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY 1 21

A man, DEAN BARTON (47, and with traces of his working class  
London roots still in his accent) is in an office at his  
house, about to write something in a card with a pen, even as  
he speaks on a speaker phone to someone.

DEAN

...there are three ways you make  
money from a charity event, Jill -  
before, on, and *after* the night. By  
far the most important of those is  
*after*, that's where the real  
money's made. So yes, it'd be great  
to have some more auction lots but  
we have less than a week to go and  
our priority now *has* to be to get  
the last two tables sold - and the  
richer the better please....

(smiling, nodding)

...okay, lovely to speak to you  
too, and thanks so much for all  
your hard work so far, I'll see you  
Wednesday.

And he signs off, then looks down, and we see his pen was  
hovering over a Mother's day card.

And then, finally he writes - '**Hope you and dad are both  
well. Deano.**'

He looks at it. And for whatever reason, he is clearly deeply  
conflicted about this.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

But then finally, he puts it in the envelope, already addressed (we will clock the address, Colindale, North West London) and sticks a stamp on and seals it, when he hears.

MARNIE (O.S.)

Dean?

And he turns to see his wife, MARNIE (42) at the door.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

You got to see this.

And he quickly puts the card in a briefcase but under other files (almost like he is hiding it, which she clocks) and then walks out following her.

22 INT. DEAN AND MARNIE'S HOUSE - DAY 1

22

And walks down the stairs of his fairly substantial house, as music starts to filter up '**Heads, shoulders, knees and toes**'.

And he starts to smile as he walks in to a large open plan living area, where a rather joyous sight greets him.

His son, JACK, who is severely disabled (a non specified chromosomal abnormality - meaning JACK, although 20 years old, is less than five feet high and has very limited speech) is singing and dancing along to the song on a kids TV channel, with utter glee.

DEAN

(mock cross to his son)

I thought we were practising  
spelling our names today!!!!

JACK

(bouncing up and down  
gleefully)

You sing!!!

DEAN

I can't stand here and sing, Jack,  
I've got very important meetings to  
go to, I'm a very important man.

JACK

You sing!!!

And he throws a look at MARNIE.

(CONTINUED)

MARNIE

Oh I think we all want to hear you  
sing, sweetheart. And dance?

And she has her phone out, and is starting to film.

DEAN

If this goes on Facebook, you are  
dead to me.

And then he grabs JACK's hand, and starts bouncing up and  
down with him, and belting out.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Heads, shoulders, knees and  
toes.....

And out on this scene of uncomplicated joy.

23 INT. BISHOP STREET. CANTEEN - DAY 1

23

SUNNY and CASSIE in the police station canteen.

SUNNY

I'm so sorry.

CASSIE

Yeah.

SUNNY

So what are you going to do?

CASSIE

What *can* I do?

SUNNY

(shrugs)

There's always projects Cass, just  
jump on one of those. Or take a job  
in admin or...

CASSIE

....I'm not taking a job in fucking  
'admin'.

SUNNY

(smiles)

Okay come back with us then.

CASSIE

And lose it again?

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY  
That was one man.

CASSIE  
Oh you think.

And she looks down.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
It was everything, Sunny. It was  
Finch, it was thirty years of doing  
this shit, it was the Walker case,  
what I did...

SUNNY  
...what we did.

CASSIE  
It was everything. And being away  
from it...

A beat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
...well the questions fade. They  
don't go away, but they *fade*.

A beat, and then he shrugs.

SUNNY  
I don't know what to say, Cass.

CASSIE  
No. Me neither.

A beat. Then -

SUNNY  
How's John?

CASSIE  
Yeah good thanks.

SUNNY  
The boys?

CASSIE  
Adie's driving me nuts but, yeah,  
all good in the broad scheme of  
things.

SUNNY  
And your dad?

(CONTINUED)

And she wilts slightly.

CASSIE  
I told you it was rapid onset?

SUNNY  
Yes...

CASSIE  
...yeah, well, it really is. So  
lots of memory issues, obviously,  
but lots of anger too, and  
depression.

SUNNY  
And how aware d'you think is he of  
it all?

CASSIE  
Oh, often very, which is where the  
mood swings come from, it's  
completely terrifying for him.

SUNNY  
Cass that's just shit, I'm so  
sorry.

She nods, a beat, and then -

CASSIE  
I'd better head....  
(standing and starting to  
put her coat on)  
...ran in to Jake earlier, he told  
me about the case.

SUNNY  
Fiver if you know when they changed  
Marathon to Snickers.

CASSIE  
(thinks, then)  
2000?

SUNNY  
Way out, 1990.

CASSIE  
Wow. Where did my life go?

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

So the victim had a Marathon wrapper in his pocket which we're checking for DNA.

CASSIE

And Jake said you think he'd been kept in a freezer?

SUNNY

(nods)

Pretty sure now, the lab's just confirmed there are traces of blood inside a freezer we found near the body.

CASSIE

So you're thinking he's been in the freezer *since* the nineties?

SUNNY

Dunno.

CASSIE

Man, weird, why would someone keep a body for thirty years?

(off his shrug)

You know yet how it got to the dump?

SUNNY

Murray's going through their records, we're also starting to run checks on mispers two years either side of 1990 - the victim has a Millwall tat on his arm which will help.

And she nods, but her mind is really elsewhere.

CASSIE

I gotta go...

(leaning down to kiss his cheek)

..lovely to see you, sorry I'm grumpy.

SUNNY

Well luckily I'm very nice, so I forgive you.

And she almost smiles, then -

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

When you find the right vehicle,  
check what else they dumped? There  
might be a second freezer - that  
has the rest of him in it?

SUNNY

(pulling out his phone,  
smiles)  
Still got it.

And she acknowledges his remark with a raised hand as she  
walks off, and we go out on him as he starts dialling  
BOULTING.

24 INT. SOUTHALL HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 1

24

RAM in a top bedroom (obviously his old bedroom, now chock a  
block full of saris) sitting on the window sill, smoking a  
joint, looking down at the vibrant street below. The door  
opens, letting in the sound of the party below. It's BAL, his  
brother.

BAL

Ah...  
(grins, walks in, shutting  
the door)  
...of course.

And he flops in to a battered old chair as RAM turns back to  
the window.

RAM

Reminds me where I came from, bro.

And he looks down to the street below.

RAM (CONT'D)

Reminds me of a day, forty years  
ago, sitting here, looking down,  
feeling half petrified and half  
'fuck yeah'.

And he smiles at the memory.

RAM (CONT'D)

First time ever, that we showed 'em  
we weren't just the smiley waggly  
headed 'It ain't half hot mum'  
twats they wanted us to be...'

And he turns.

(CONTINUED)

RAM (CONT'D)  
...and it's good to be reminded of  
that every once in a while, 'cos we  
both know it ain't over. No where  
near.

And we are close on him, as we intuit a deep seated rage  
still burning.

25 INT. BISHOP STREET. C.I.D - DAY 1

25

FRAN at her desk finishing a call.

LINGLEY  
...okay, no no, that's brilliant,  
thank you so much.

And putting the phone down and turning to SUNNY.

LINGLEY (CONT'D)  
(reading from her notes)  
So the serial number links it to a  
purchase made in August 2001, from  
a branch of Curry's in Croydon.

SUNNY  
Tell me you have a name?

LINGLEY  
(smiles)  
I have a name, a Mr Robert Fogerty.

SUNNY  
Brilliant, address?

LINGLEY  
The address is no longer existing,  
it was a block of flats which were  
demolished seven years ago.

BOULTING  
(coming off his call)  
Sorry did you say Fogerty?

LINGLEY  
(both turning)  
Yeah.

BOULTING  
Okay, so I was just speaking there  
to the firm that dumped the  
freezer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOULTING (CONT'D)

They're a house clearance company,  
and although they were actually  
contracted by Haringey council, the  
house they *cleared*, the house the  
freezer *came* from, was owned by a  
Mr Robert Fogerty.

LINGELY

*Get in!*

SUNNY

'Was'?

BOULTING

He died two months ago.

Fuck. And out.

**End of part two.**

**Part three.**

26 EXT. ROCHESTER - DAY 1 26

DEAN driving. Aerial shots of Rochester as Dean drives  
through.

27 EXT. BUSINESS PARK. ROCHESTER - DAY 1 27

DEAN pulling in to a business park in Rochester, sited in a  
collection of old Victorian warehouses.

28 INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY 1 28

An office with maybe fifty desks, which he walks through, and  
towards a P.A. at the last desk before his office door.

CLAIRE

Hi, Dean.

DEAN

Hey Claire.

And she hands him a pile of mail.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

These need signing, it's the Morrison's contracts, and these are the VAT exemptions for the Belgian deal, and then a man called Felix called?

And DEAN looks up, and we should notice a tightening.

DEAN

Felix?

CLAIRE

No message, just asked if you could call him asap. He said you'd know what it was about.

DEAN

Right, thank you....  
(and he hands her the card he had from his briefcase)  
...can you drop that in the post room please.

And he walks in to his office.

29 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY 1

29

And he walks in, puts the various files and post down, sits at his desk (we might clock various awards on the wall 'Importer of the year 2012', 'Import Gold Award 2016' etc).

And he pulls out his phone, goes to contacts and scrolls down to 'F'.

FARLEY, FATIMA, FRAMPTON, FINLAY, FOXTONS, FRANCOISE, FRANK....

....but no FELIX.

Which, for whatever reason, is not good. So he quickly opens his desk top, scrolls across to a file called 'contacts', and opens it.

We leave him searching for a number, and in no doubt that he needs to call this man.

29A EXT. FOGERTY'S HOUSE - DAY 1

29A

Establisher.

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY (O.S.)  
...and he lived here alone?

\*  
\*

NIGEL (O.S.)  
And the house was disgusting,  
rubbish everywhere, one of the  
neighbours said he drank from  
morning to night.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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31 INT. FOGERTY'S HOUSE. CELLAR - DAY 1 31 \*

SUNNY and COLLIER with NIGEL TAZIKER in a cellar. \*

Standing looking at a plug socket, and a square shape in front of it on an otherwise dusty floor.

(will need to ADR various lines here) \*

NIGEL \*

So the freezer was still plugged in, electricity still on, but it had this odd bracket on it, so you couldn't open it. \*

SUNNY

Right. And you didn't think it was... unusually heavy?

NIGEL

(shrugs)

I didn't really give it any thought to be honest, the money was shit - always is for the council, and matey had been lying there for six weeks so you can imagine how the house smelt, it was a get in and get out job..... \*

COLLIER \*

...and there was definitely no other freezer in the house? \*

NIGEL \*

Nope. \*

SUNNY

And everything else, all the furniture, all his personal possessions? \*

NIGEL

At our warehouse waiting to be sorted. \*

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

No relatives took anything before  
you came in?

NIGEL

There were no relatives, no will  
apparently, no nothing.

SUNNY

(making notes, then)  
Okay, so D.C Collier here is going  
to need to go through everything  
you removed from the house.

NIGEL

(slightly arsily)  
Why?

SUNNY

(looking up)  
'Cos the body we found from this  
freezer wasn't whole, sir. And you  
might be storing the rest of him?

Out on NIGEL's expression.

32 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - DAY 1

32

CASS walking through the front door, taking off her coat when  
she hears.

JOHN (O.S.)

Heya.

Which is a pleasant surprise.

CASSIE

(calling out)  
Hello....

And she walks down in to the kitchen

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(confused but pleasantly  
so)  
...you're not meant to be here?

JOHN

I changed the interview to next  
week.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Oh my love.....  
 (and walking over and  
 wrapping her arms around  
 him)  
 ...that is very sweet of you and  
 thank you, I'm so pleased you're  
 here, what a shit day I've had.

JOHN

(disbelief)  
 They didn't.

CASSIE

Oh yes they did.

JOHN

(stunned)  
 'Cos of three lousy months??

CASSIE

Listen I need to be at my dad's in  
 half an hour so I'm gonna have a  
 quick shower, and then I'll tell  
 you about it on the way.

And she is walking out, and we are out on his concern.

33 EXT. PEAK DISTRICT - DUSK 1

33

High above Snake Pass in the Peak District. And heading down  
 to the small town/village of Buxton. Ground and aerial  
 establishers.

34 INT. EMPTY BUILDING - DUSK 1

34

And let us meet GEOFF TOMLINSON (52) and FIONA GRAYSON (49,  
 and GEOFF's other half) measuring the width of an empty room.

FIONA

4.4.

And he makes a note in a note pad, and then looks up.

GEOFF

And are we *sure* about carpet?

(CONTINUED)

FIONA

(nods)

It's warmer, makes it feel more welcoming, more like you're at home.

GEOFF

(nods, then)

Although maybe people don't want to feel like they're 'at home'. Maybe they want to feel like they're in a medical setting.

FIONA

Well we can't afford real wood and veneer looks shit so...

GEOFF

....I'm just saying for the consulting rooms.

FIONA

Oh give it a bloody rest, Geoff, please.

GEOFF

Hey, it was just a suggestion.

FIONA

I mean I don't even want to be here, this is not even my idea so...it's hard enough as it is, without you spending money we do not have.

GEOFF

(hands up in surrender)

Sorry, carpet it is.

(as his mobile rings)

And he checks the caller I.D 'MARK' and then answers.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Hey mate...

(listens)

..yeah yeah.....hang on...

(cups the phone, then to Fiona)

...can you zip over to my brother's office tomorrow after work?

FIONA

Why?

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF

Just mortgage stuff, last few forms.

FIONA

Is there a problem?

GEOFF

Apparently you've been laundering for the Ruskies?

(off her 'hilarious' face)

Sorry, six okay?

FIONA

(turning away to measure an alcove)

Fine.

GEOFF

(back in to the phone)

Yeah that's cool, we'll be there at six....

And as he walks out in to the hall, to continue to chat to his brother, we stay on FIONA, and we might sense there is 'stuff' going on here.

35 INT. JOHN'S CAR - DUSK 1

35

JOHN and CASSIE driving to her DAD and JENNY's. JOHN driving.

CASSIE

Bottom line, I know, unequivocally, that I don't want to go back. That I've already given the job everything I have.

And he nods. Gets it.

JOHN

So the only other option is giving up the money. For what it's worth, I think we could absolutely manage without it.

CASSIE

And if it were just you and me, yes, I think we could. But I have no idea what my dad might need in the next year or two.

(CONTINUED)

A beat. And then.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
So I think I actually have no  
choice.

And he drives on, and we know she is seething.

36 INT. BISHOP STREET. C.I.D - DUSK 1

36

SUNNY at his desk on the phone, LINGLEY at the desk next to  
him. BOULTING typing in to a misper search engine.

**Gender Male. Age 20-30. Ethnicity. White. Distinguishing  
features. Millwall tattoo upper right arm. PERIOD. 1988-1992**

And then presses 'Go' (this is a national search).

And waits, and then thirty one possibilities show up. Which  
is clearly surprising to him.

BOULTING  
(to no-one in particular)  
So I've got 31 blokes here, who  
actually chose to get a Millwall  
tat. 31. I will never cease to be  
surprised by the vagaries of human  
nature.

No-one listening. And now tracking over to SUNNY on the  
phone.

SUNNY  
...so no obvious cause of death.

37 INT. MORTUARY/INT. BISHOP STREET. C.I.D - DUSK 1

37

BALCOMBE in the mortuary. The body naked now.

BALCOMBE  
Not with what I have, nothing from  
toxicology either, which would  
suggest if there *is* anything to  
find, it's going to be with the  
head.

SUNNY  
So we need the rest of him.

BALCOMBE  
Please.

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

I'll call you.

And he hangs up, even as a search on PNC pings up a result.

Which says '**FOGERTY - ROBERT ASHLEY JAMES**'. **March 30th, 1990.**

Which piques his interest, and he starts to pull the files up.

38 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

38

JOHN, JENNY, CASS and MARTIN, on coffee after supper.

MARTIN

...well I think they're perfectly within their rights.

And CASS smiles, a look from JOHN, shakes his head almost imperceptibly, do not engage.

CASSIE

Really.

MARTIN

Listen, they want and need people to stay for thirty years, so if you start making exceptions for anyone who's just had enough...

CASSIE

...'just had enough'?

MARTIN

...then some bloke comes along tomorrow and says 'oh well can I finish six months earlier?'

CASSIE

I think you're slightly missing the point, dad, I haven't 'just had enough', I've been off sick.

MARTIN

Well exactly, that's another con....

CASSIE

...another *what*?

JOHN

Cass...

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

...I mean you lot take a day off if  
you break a...

(looking at his fingers)

...a thing, a ...what's that on the  
end of....

JENNY

...a fingernail...

MARTIN

...a fucking *fingernail*! And we're  
all paying for it of course, bloody  
muggins taxpayers, your sick pay,  
your pensions, Christ I'd have *died*  
for a pension like you get.

CASSIE

Which I have been paying in to for  
thirty years.

MARTIN

Twenty nine years and nine months I  
think you'll find.

A beat. Then.

CASSIE

We should be heading, early start  
tomorrow.

39 INT. SUNNY'S OLD HOUSE - NIGHT 1

39

SUNNY sitting in his sitting room, light mainly off, eating a  
takeaway on his lap, clearly utterly knackered.

All around him, packing boxes half full (the girls are  
obviously already in bed).

A sense, as he eats, and surveys, of the journey he has been  
on, and of the changes on the way. Daunting.

40 EXT./INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

40

JOHN walking to the car, JENNY collaring CASS just as she  
walks out.

JENNY

Sorry about that, it's not him,  
it's....

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

(stopping her)

...I know, it's fine, and you must get it so much worse than me.

JENNY

No, he seems okay with me.

Oh. Nice.

JENNY (CONT'D)

And listen, obviously tonight wasn't the right time, but when you have a moment - I know he wants to talk to you about his will.

And CASSIE turns to her, that came out of the blue.

CASSIE

His will?

JENNY

He keeps mentioning it and it's making him stressed so....how about I call you and get a date in the diary.

A beat.

CASSIE

Sure, whatever. Good night, Jenny.

And she walks back toward the car, deeply pensive.

**New day**

41 INT. FIONA & GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY 2

41

A Victorian Terrace. Breakfast time in the home of FIONA and GEOFF, and their two kids, SAM and MOLLY. GEOFF is quickly gathering his stuff (coat, briefcase) even as he listens to his daughter quietly.

MOLLY

(putting on her school coat)

...and then each month is basically a montage of all the photos I took of her in that month the previous year...

(CONTINUED)

GEOFF  
...Molls that is so lovely, thank  
you, she's going to love that...  
(as a sullen headphone,  
Sam walks in)  
...did you hear that, matey?

And he is looking at SAM, and so he removes a bud.

SAM  
What?

GEOFF  
(hushed)  
Have you sorted something out for  
Mother's day?

SAM  
(frowns)  
Mother's day?

GEOFF  
Oh my God, Sam, I have reminded you  
a thousand times.

And here is FIONA walking quickly down the stairs.

FIONA  
Okay come on guys, we're late.

And GEOFF throws SAM a look as he follows his mum out of the  
front door.

42 INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY 2

42

CASSIE with ANDREWS.

ANDREWS  
...well if you're sure - cos there  
are any number of projects I could  
assign you to - your skills would  
be invaluable and...

CASSIE  
...no if I have to be here I might  
as well do what I do...  
(standing)  
...and I'm up to speed on the  
Fogerty case so I'll start straight  
away on that if that's okay.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREWS

Sure. And I'll get occ health to  
devise a structured return  
timetable, ease you in.

CASSIE

Whatever.

ANDREWS

It's only three months Cass, be  
over before....

But the door slams, she's gone. Out on him. Fuck.

43 INT. CAR - DAY 2

43

The kids dropped off, the pair driving to work, FIONA deep in  
thought, GEOFF driving through the valley, then -

FIONA

It's a good thing to remind them  
of, even if it feels forced.

GEOFF

Sorry?

FIONA

Sunday, mother's day.

GEOFF

(smiles, 'red handed')  
Oh. Yes.

FIONA

The messed up families I see on a  
daily basis...

(close on her)

...and never having known my own  
parents? Fuckit, it's good for them  
to be reminded just how lucky they  
are.

(Part of scene moved to scene 43A.)

43A INT. CAR - DAY 2  
(PREVIOUSLY PART OF SCENE 43)

43A

And Fiona's car is pulling up outside a small drive way where  
we see a sign detailing 'The Hartbrock Family Therapy  
Clinic'.

(CONTINUED)

FIONA  
(getting out)  
Have a good day.

And she walks toward the building as GEOFF pulls away.

44 INT. EILEEN'S HOUSE - DAY 2

44

LIZ walking down the stairs having just visited her mum.

EUGENIA  
Elizabeth?

And she turns to see EUGENIA walking towards her.

EUGENIA (CONT'D)  
Do you have five minutes?

LIZ  
(smiles)  
I am actually in a bit of a rush  
Eugenia but...sure, fire away,  
what's up?

Not the best start.

EUGENIA  
I'm thinking of leaving.

LIZ  
Oh. Right, gosh, sorry to hear  
that, do you mind if I ask why?

EUGENIA  
(deep breath, nervously)  
The work is...hard, your mother can  
be...difficult, I am sure you know  
this.

LIZ  
Yes.

EUGENIA  
But it's a good job, it is  
satisfying and worthwhile I hope,  
and I am lucky, I know this.

LIZ  
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENIA

But....I am strugglng, with the money. I have been here three years, and my pay has only gone up by one pound an hour in that time.

LIZ

Which is actually more than inflation and more than the going rate for the job.

EUGENIA

(nods)

Yes, I'm sure...

(a beat)

...all I can say is....

(a beat)

...I struggle. I'm not greedy, but...rent goes up, heating bills go up, and I am working as many hours as it possible to work and....life is very hard for me and my daughter, very hard.

And there are tears in her eyes.

LIZ

And I don't want to lose you. Can I think about it, and speak to you ...maybe at the end of the week?

EUGENIA

Please, I would appreciate that very much.

LIZ

Okay, no problem.

EUGENIA

And thank you for listening.

And she turns and walks back toward the kitchen as LIZ heads out in a rush.

45 INT. BISHOP STREET. C.I.D - DAY 2

45

CASS outside the office, deep breath, and then she walks in, to find only a handful of people there, LINGLEY, COLLIER, BOULTING and then SUNNY.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

And as she walks back in, no-one makes a big deal, they all look up, and offer a friendly, but not over the top 'Hi', or 'Hey boss', or 'Welcome back'.

And then as she walks past SUNNY, and in to her office, he gets up and follows her in.

46 INT. BISHOP STREET. CASSIE'S OFFICE - DAY 2

46

And she walks back in, looking around. He follows behind her. She turns.

CASSIE

So what did you say to them?

SUNNY

What you told me to, that you didn't want a fuss.

CASSIE

Yeah more of a fuss than *that* - that was like I went out to get a cup of bleedin' tea.

And he grins, 'cos she is joking (ish).

SUNNY

You okay?

CASSIE

Yeah.

No.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Just gonna keep my head down, Sunny. Do the job, not get too involved....it'll be fine.

SUNNY

It will.

And they sit, neither remotely convinced by what she just said.

CASSIE

So. Fogerty, where are we?

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

Okay, so one little tickle on the intel system, a PNC record for a drink drive conviction from March 1990.

CASSIE

1990? Marathon year, okay, interesting.

SUNNY

Exactly, it says there are further details on microfiche so I've made an application for them.

CASSIE

Good.

SUNNY

Jake's with the house clearance company, going through everything they took and *didn't* dump.

CASSIE

Yep.

SUNNY

And then, most importantly, we're pretty sure we've identified the victim.

Oh. And out.

**End of part three**

**Part four**

47 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 2

47

COLLIER standing in the warehouse, looking at a room twenty feet by maybe fifty, that is packed to the gunnels with stuff. Beds, table, chests chairs, everything you might find in a home.

All of this is the contents of FOGERTY's house.

And in a box, we spot some photos in frames, one of which COLLIER now picks up, to reveal a man (tall, unusually so, six four/six five) standing outside a pub, with an older man (his father), pint in one hand, squinting towards the camera. (This, we will learn in time, is ROB FOGERTY.)

48 EXT. HOSPITAL. WEST LONDON - DAY 2 48

High above Ealing hospital and west London.

49 INT. SCAN ROOM - DAY 2 49

And here we are with a sonographer doing a scan, on the baby inside RAM's wife (ANNA's) belly.

NURSE

...and that's its heart there.

RAM

(grinning)

Oh my God, you never get blasé about seeing their little hearts for the first time do you.

NURSE

(smiles)

What number's this then?

RAM

My third, her *first*.

NURSE

(to Anna)

Oh congratulations...  
(conspiratorial)  
...my first day on this unit so...

ANNA

(smiles)

...oh well, we'll stick together then.

RAM

And they said on your site you could tell us the sex?

NURSE

We can, but not this early I'm afraid.

ANNA

Oh dear, he may well literally explode with impatience.

NURSE

Well, at least he's in the right place.

(CONTINUED)

And out on their smiles.

50 INT. BISHOP STREET. C.I.D - DAY 2 50

CASSIE and SUNNY and LINGLEY and BOULTING, discussing the victim, a misper report in front of them.

BOULTING

So we think his name is Matthew Kieran Walsh, known as Matt, that he was 24 years old when he disappeared, and that he was an apprentice electrician.

(and he slides a photo over to Cass)

This was one of several photos given to the original investigation by his girlfriend at the time, a 'Karen Chambers...'

And there is a photo of a grinning young man, with a bunch of Millwall fans, holding his upper arm toward a camera.

BOULTING (CONT'D)

...and if you compare his tattoo there to the autopsy one...

(which he holds next to the other)

...you can see this distinct snake, which is pretty unique, I went on a Millwall tattoo website and didn't see anything else like it.

CASSIE

When did he go missing?

BOULTING

Last sighting was late on the evening of 30th March 1990, near a place called Copsefield Park in West Hendon, about a mile from where he lived in fact.

CASSIE

And any good leads at the time?

BOULTING

I'm trying to locate the original files, this was just what I found on the misper database.

CASSIE

Okay..  
(looking at the photo)  
....and do we have any next of kin?

BOULTING

We're looking for up to date contact details right now.

51 EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREETS - DAY 2 51

LIZ cycling quickly through the back streets of Cambridge, and then pulling in to a college, which she is clearly known at.

52 EXT. CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE - DAY 2 52

LIZ padlocking her bike, as a window above opens and a head appears.

JANET

I'll come straight down.

And LIZ turns and smiles as she locks her bike.

53 EXT. STREET. CAMBRIDGE - DAY 2 53

LIZ and JANET (LIZ's fiancée, 55) walking through Cambridge town centre.

JANET

...well listen, it's not too late, I mean she's going to hate it anyway.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

Oh she'll be fine as long as we sit  
her near *your* friends, it's just  
*mine* she'll be unbearably snobby  
to.

And JANET smiles as they stop outside a wedding gift shop.

JANET

All I'm saying...  
(and she slips her arms  
around her waist and  
draws her close)  
...is that this is meant to be the  
happiest day of our life.

LIZ

Which it *will* be.

JANET

And I just don't want that evil old  
cow to spoil anything.

LIZ

I have to invite her, babe, she's  
my mum. And she won't spoil  
anything, I promise, I won't let  
her.

And JANET nods, smiles, what can you do, then she leans  
forward and kisses LIZ on the lips.

JANET

You're a mystery to me sometimes  
Elizabeth Baidon, I would have put  
her out to pasture years ago. Come  
on.

And she turns and walks in. And we stay on LIZ, as the easy  
grin she just showed her fiancée, slips, and fades in to  
something else for a moment.

And then she follows her in.

54 INT. BISHOP STREET. CASSIE'S OFFICE - DUSK 2

54

Getting to the end of the day. SUNNY, half reading files in  
his hand, as he walks slowly in to CASSIE's office (she is  
catching up on e-mails).

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

So this just came through and it's interesting...

(as she looks up)

...it's the top page of the Fogerty drink driving stop?

CASSIE

Oh yeah?

And he lays out some paperwork on her desk.

SUNNY

So first of all, the date, and the time he was pulled over...

(pointing)

...11.37 at night, on the 30th March, 1990...

(and he locates another piece of paper from another file)

...turns out, it was less than...

(checking)

...yeah less than one mile from the location of the last known sighting of Matthew Walsh - which was walking down Townmead Road, NW4, at 10.55 - so less than one mile away...

(looks up)

...on exactly the same night.

CASSIE

(surprise)

Oh. Okay. So this is good, no?

SUNNY

I think so, cos here's Walsh, spotted alive and well, just before 11.00, and here's the man whose house we find Walsh's *body* in, stopped in his car just down the road, forty minutes later.

CASSIE

(nods)

With, we might reasonably presume, Walsh's *body* now *in* his car?

SUNNY

If you were a gambling man, you'd have to say that was a good possibility.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY (CONT'D)

So that all fits, that's all good.  
No, what's *curious*, is that when  
you look at the traffic officer's  
notes on the arrest...

CASSIE

(as he slides over  
paperwork)  
...what's the cop's name.

SUNNY

...Alan Hamilton, so when you look  
at his notes, there, you'll see  
that when Fogerty was pulled  
over...

CASSIE

(reading)  
...oh wow...  
(looking up)  
...there were four other people in  
the car with him.

55 INT. SCAN ROOM - DUSK 2

55

The young sonographer doing the nuchal translucency  
ultrasound, and there is clearly something not quite right,  
though she is doing well to appear breezy.

NURSE

Just remind me of your age again,  
mum?

ANNA

Forty six.

And she goes back to the screen. On RAM. Intuiting something.

RAM

Why d'you need to know her age?

NURSE

No no, all good, tell you what,  
just wait ten seconds and I'm gonna  
have a quick word with my  
colleague...

RAM

(as she opens the door)  
...your....  
(as she exits)  
...why d'you need to...

(CONTINUED)

But she has gone, as RAM turns to ANNA.

RAM (CONT'D)  
(tries to smile)  
Can't get the staff these days.

And she smiles thinly, because they both know, that something is wrong.

56 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DUSK 2

56

And here is DEAN, alone in his huge office, the sound only of a cleaner buffering a floor, his mobile pressed to his ear.

And then it obviously answers.

DEAN  
Oh. Hello, is that Felix?

FELIX (O.S.)  
Yup.

DEAN  
Felix it's Dean, Dean Barton.

FELIX (O.S.)  
(very friendly)  
Dean Barton, hey mate, long time,  
thanks for getting back to me.

DEAN  
No problem, sorry it took a while,  
I couldn't find your number  
anywhere.

FELIX (O.S.)  
No worries.

DEAN  
So what's up?

FELIX (O.S.)  
Right, well, listen, Dean, bottom  
line, I need a massive favour.

DEAN  
(a beat, then)  
Yeah? What sort of a favour?

(CONTINUED)

FELIX (O.S.)  
I've been let down with a shipment.  
With its passage I mean, from  
Calais to here. And I was  
wondering....if you could possibly  
help me out.

A beat.

DEAN  
I don't do that any more, Felix.  
You know that. Eleven years now.

A beat.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
I don't have the contacts any more.  
I'm just an ordinary businessman  
these days.

A beat.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
So I'm the wrong guy, you need  
someone else.

A beat. A long beat. A really long beat. And then finally.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
I mean how much are we even talking  
about?

57 EXT. PUB - NIGHT 2 57

SUNNY and CASSIE crossing a road toward a pub.

58 INT. PUB - NIGHT 2 58

Early evening, 6.15 in a quiet pub, of which ex copper ALAN HAMILTON (64) is now the landlord. And he is looking at names on a police file, looking at the top piece of paper from 30 years ago.

And then he looks up.

HAMILTON  
Well, weirdly, I actually remember  
this incident extremely well.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE  
(smiles)  
Oh okay, 'good', why?

HAMILTON  
'Cos it was so unusual. Nothing like it had ever happened to me before - or indeed ever happened again.

CASSIE  
(surprised)  
Wow - go on.

A beat as he takes a moment to collect his thoughts, then -

HAMILTON  
So as it says here, the car was speeding, that's why we pulled it over, and then when the driver got out..  
(checks their files for the name)  
...Fogerty, I could smell alcohol on his breath. He didn't seem drunk, but we did a test and he failed, so obviously I had to nick him, which was when he started to cry. And he was a big lad, tall, but he was crying like a child, like he was...utterly broken hearted.

On him as he is back in the moment.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)  
And it was upsetting, y'know, 'cos he seemed like a nice enough kid, I mean he'd been silly, but as I said to him, he'd get some points on his licence and a one year ban - but it wasn't the end of the world. Which was when he told me.

And he looks up.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)  
That he was driving back from a party in *Hendon*. A celebration party.

And he is looking at her like she should already have got it. Except she hasn't.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE  
A celebration party for what?

HAMILTON  
Passing out.

And she looks at him. And then suddenly the penny drops.

CASSIE  
No.

HAMILTON  
(nods)  
He was a probationer who'd just  
qualified, and he was crying 'cos  
he knew...  
(he shrugs)  
...well, he knew he'd just fucked  
his entire career.

A million thoughts whirring through CASSIE's head. And then a  
key one occurs -

CASSIE  
And the others, in the car..

\*

59 EXT./INT. RAM'S CAR - NIGHT 2 59

Cut away to RAM driving home from the hospital with an ashen  
ANNA, staring out of the window, wiping tears away from her  
eyes.

60 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 60

Cut away to DEAN BARTON in his office, alone, pacing the  
floor.

61 INT. EILEEN'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT 2 61

Cut away to LIZ BAILDON dutifully washing her mother's hair  
in the bath.

62 INT. MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 62

Cut away to FIONA filling in legal forms at her brother in  
law's office with MARK looking on. (Have cut Geoff)

\*  
\*

63 INT. PUB - NIGHT 2

63

CASSIE

...had *they* been at the same party?

HAMILTON

Yeah. And that's why it's stuck in my head all these years. 'Cos all *five* of them, were newly qualified coppers.

Out on CASSIE and SUNNY.

**End of episode.**

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