

SCRIPT TITLE

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1 EXT. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY 1

Outside a large, old, detached, victorian house, undergoing a big renovation.

Various tradesmen and women walking in and out, hi-vis jackets, helmets etc as we see skips being filled, spoil being wheeled out, wood being sawed, tiles being angle grinded outside etc.

2 INT. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY 2

Inside the same, as we track through the busy site, glimpsing walls being plastered, wire circuits being laid, plumbing being installed etc. And we track through a hallway and you are in to -

3 INT. DRAWING ROOM. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY 3

- a large drawing room at the back of the house, giving out on to a good sized London garden, where a team of two guys in liveried work clothes are sticking various rods up a recently revealed fireplace. No mantle or surround (we will later learn this was stolen) just bare brick and a large opening.

The walls in this room have recently been stripped of wallpaper, leaving the old bare plaster, various small holes in the plaster, all around the room.

SCOTT

(twisting and jabbing the
rod up the flue 45
degrees to the left)

...yeah it's.....

(trying to push it harder)

...feels like it's about three,
four feet up, just on or past the
smoke shelf...?

PAUL (THE OWNER)

...could it be a squirrel or a
rat...

SCOTT

...give me the twenty mil,
Wozza.....

And his mate (WARREN) hands him a fatter shorter rod and he starts to feed it up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
...feels way bigger than that, we
actually had a fox up one the other
day...
(jabbing harder now)
...must have got up on to the roof
and then....

And then a sudden discharge of soot, some small bits of
brick, some dust, and then a larger object falls down in to
the fireplace and on to the white sheeting with a small thud.

And they both lean forward to look at it.

To see it is a desiccated human lower leg, from the knee
down.

PAUL
(recoiling)
Oh my Christ.

Titles

4

INT. KITCHEN. JESS'S HOUSE. SOUTH LONDON - DAY

4

A woman (JESSICA 'JESSIE' JAMES, 40) is standing in front of
a suited, overcoated man (STEVE, her husband) in a kitchen.
Her mouth is half open in shock, her eyes starting to pool.

The crayon drawings stuck to the fridge and the noise of kids
just off (in the sitting room) tell us they have young
children ELIOT (10) and JACK (7) and indeed the whole
conversation is in a weird whisper so the kids do not hear.

STEVE
(eyes to the floor)
I didn't mean to tell you like
this, Jess.

JESS
Oh you had a *plan*?

STEVE
No, I mean...

JESS
...who?

A beat. On him. Eyes still down, shaking his head in
disbelief it has played out like this.

STEVE
....it doesn't matter who...

JESS
...it does to me!

And then the doorbell goes. The pick up by her friend and school run sharer.

JESS (CONT'D)
(shouting upstairs)
Magda!!

STEVE
It's her day off.

And she wants to just ignore it, but of course she can't.

On her. Cannot process where she is. He looks toward the door.

STEVE (CONT'D)
D'you want me to...

JESS
....no!!

And she quickly wipes her eyes as best she can and walks out. And we stay on him.

JESS (CONT'D)
(as she goes)
Kids?

And we hear young feet heading to the door. And we stay on him. Looks awful, how did he end up doing this now?

Hear the muted sounds of her having a bright chirpy convo at the door with a fellow mum.

JESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hi Susan, how you doing, they're
all ready, bye kids, see you
tonight, thanks, Sue you're a star,
see you Thursday, love to Tim

And then the front door shuts.

Quiet.

He listens.

And then footsteps.

And she reappears.

Her at the doorway, the tears there again. She looks at her watch, shakes her head again in disbelief.

JESS (CONT'D)
I literally start my new job in
fifty four minutes.

And she looks up.

JESS (CONT'D)
How could you *do* this?

A beat.

STEVE
I'm really sorry. Like I said, it
wasn't planned like this, love...

JESS
...don't fucking call me 'love'.

On him. He sags. No point to this.

STEVE
I have to go, I'll miss my train.

JESS
You're not seriously still going?

STEVE
I can't not go, Jess, it's a
massive client...

JESS
...no, you need to tell me *who*, you
need to tell me *why*.

And for a nanosecond he considers this option. But then.

STEVE
(heading for the kitchen
door)
I'll call you this evening.

JESS
(blocking his path)
No...

STEVE
(trying to keep walking)
...Jess, please....

JESS
(grabbing him)
...you're not going....

STEVE
(trying gently to detach
her hand from his arm)
.....Jessie..

JESS
(ugly, messy, scrappy
struggle)
Steve, please just.....

STEVE
...Jess let me go!!!

And finally he shakes her violently off. On her shock. At him. At her own behaviour.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I'll call you this evening.

A beat.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I'mreally sorry.

And he walks out, leaving her ...a wreck. Humiliated, in tears, with heavily mascara smudged eyes.

What the fuck just happened?

She looks wild eyed with shock.

She looks at her watch.

52 minutes now, till she is meant to be at her first day in a new job.

And she considers all her options. And in about two seconds realises she has only one.

And she starts to grab her coat, her briefcase, her handbag....

5 EXT. COFFEE KIOSK. LONDON - DAY

5

A woman behind the kiosk is smiling.

COFFEE SELLER
Sir?

And on the reverse we see she is talking to SUNNY, who is standing at the front of a queue of two or three people, a million miles away, cheeks wetted by tears.

And now he looks up. Sees her. And frowns, fuck, how long has he been standing there. He wipes his eyes quickly.

SUNNY

Sorry, miles away, how much?

COFFEE SELLER

Four eighty please.

And as he takes his card out of his wallet, to tap and pay, his phone rings. LINGLEY.

SUNNY

Hey Fran....

6 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET/EXT. COFFEE KIOSK. LONDON - DAY

6

LINGLEY at her desk. In early, the only one so far. Cut between the two as he walks out of the shop.

LINGLEY

...hey, boss. So I just had a call from Hammersmith nick, who've got suspected human remains found in a house on their patch.

SUNNY

Right.

LINGLEY

They were found in a chimney flue and they think they've been there a while.

SUNNY

Okay, text me the address, I'll head straight over there.

LINGLEY

And should I call D.C.I James?

SUNNY

Oh. Wow. Yeah it's today isn't it.
Yeah I guess you should.
(tapping to pay for the
coffee)

LINGLEY

Cool, I'll see you there in an hour then?

SUNNY

Yep. Good stuff. Thanks Fran.

And he signs off, the payment has gone through, and sitting by the side of the till, he now sees are *two* coffees. Fuck. Then he takes one, and heads for the tube.

7

INT. WAITING ROOM. PRIVATE HOSPITAL. CHELSEA - DAY

7

So let's meet TONY HUME, 75 years old, as he sits in a waiting room, reading a Guardian article. HUME has an open warm face, he is someone you instinctively 'like'.

RASHID

Never had you down as a Grauniad man.

And TONY looks up. Smiles.

HUME

(standing)

No-one's more surprised than me, Rash.

RASHID

Come on through, how are you?

HUME

Well I was rather hoping you were going to tell *me* that, the vast amount of dough I pay you.

And they walk down the corridor together, clearly a lot of mutual affection here.

8

EXT. AIRPORT. PARIS - DAY

8

Establisher. Caption. '**Charles de Gaulle Airport. Paris**'

9

INT. AIRPORT WAREHOUSE. PARIS - DAY

9

And we are in a commercial cargo warehouse somewhere on the airport grounds, where a bunch of workers are on a break drinking coffee and chatting.

And we are with KAROL WOJSKI, 34, born in Krakow, lived in UK for twenty four years, now Paris resident who is sat on a storage crate, translating an English email into Polish to a fellow Pole.

Karol is trilingual, speaks English as his first language (with no accent) mediocre Polish, and very mediocre French, these skills will determine which language he speaks at various times. When it is not English, it will be subtitled.

KAROL

(reading in Polish)

...'and we are missing you, daddy,
and are all looking forward to
seeing you in three weeks and
giving you a big kiss. Lots of
love, Julie and Boo Boo' And
then...

(counting them, English)

...six kisses.

SZYMON

(Polish. Frowns)

There were twelve on Wednesday.

KAROL

(English)

But four hugs today.

SZYMON

(English. Unconvinced)

What's the rate again?

KAROL

(English)

Two hugs to one kiss today so
actually you're two up on the deal
fella.

And a klaxon goes off, to signal the end of the break.

SZYMON

(Polish. Grinning as he
stands)

Listen, man, thanks, appreciate it.

KAROL

(Polish. Standing)

Any time.

And the team of workers, maybe half a dozen, from all over the world (they will speak English as the lingua franca) start to walk over to various pallets, and lift various boxes down on to smaller loaders, to take them (ultimately) to freight lorries.

And out as we see KAROL starting to manhandle a crate on which has stamped all over it -

'Fragile.'

(N.B. What vehicles and action we populate this scene with, will remain fluid)

10

INT. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY

10

SUNNY and LINGLEY standing with the fire fitters. BALCOMBE in the background.

And they are both looking on a laptop at footage taken with a camera on a flexible rod, pushed up the chimney, the images are blurry and poorly lit, but just about discernible.

SCOTT

...and if you look here...

(a shape on the screen)

...it's hard to make stuff out clearly, obviously, but that mass you are looking at there...is about...

And he points to a point four feet above (and at a forty five degree angle to) the fireplace.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

...here, sitting on the smoke shelf.

Half way up the wall and to the left.

JESS (O.S.)

Why don't we just take the breast off?

And SUNNY turns to see D.C.I. JESS JAMES.

SUNNY

Oh, morning, ma'am....

JESS

(tightest smile)

...morning, nice to see you again.

SUNNY
(introducing Fran)
This is D.S....

JESS
(to Scott)
...can we get this wall off?

PAUL
We're not taking the breast down.

And she turns to see the owner, PAUL.

JESS
Sorry who are you?

PAUL
(bristling)
The man who owns the room you're
standing in?

JESS
Right, well, sorry, but I own this
scene now so.....
(to Scott)
...I mean is there a way of getting
the body out and keeping it intact
without removing the wall?

SCOTT
Not guaranteed, no.

JESS
Okay, well better get some Acrows
up then...

PAUL
....hang on...

JESS
...where's the body part?

Wow. Everyone slightly lost for words.

BALCOMBE
Over here, Ma'am.

And out.

11 EXT. BLACKHYTHE. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY

11

Establisher. Oil refineries. Estates. Estuary. Grinding
poverty.

12

EXT. STREET. BLACKHYTHE. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY

12

A mum of two, SOPHIE COULSON (35, a nurse) walking down a quiet street, ear buds in, heading home from the tube, after a night shift.

And walking towards her, a lad, hoodie on, Covid face mask on.

And as he passes her, he suddenly grabs the handbag she is carrying over her shoulder.

SOPHIE

Hey....!!!

And it should be a quick theft that is relatively painless for both involved but she holds on to her bag. *The dialogue here should be messy and overlapping and to a degree improvised.*

LAD

...let go man....

But SOPHIE is not giving it up easily.

SOPHIE

(shouting)

Get off me!!! Help, help!!!!

LAD

... 'fuck sake!

And then he has had enough and so he punches her once in the face. Hard. She goes down instantly.

LAD (CONT'D)

(like it was *her* fault)

'kin bitch, man.

PEDESTRIAN

Oi!!!

A pedestrian is running towards them from fifty yards away. The lad sucks his teeth, irritably, and then in no rush, he walks away, pimp roll, not that fast, not that bothered.

And as the pedestrian arrives, we see a pool of blood has started to pool by SOPHIE's head, we might hear 'shit', and then he pulls out his phone and starts to dial 999.

13

INT. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY

13

JESS, SUNNY and BALCOMBE. The leg sitting on the same sheet it came down on, but carefully moved now, to an area BALCOMBE has screened off.

In the background, Acrow Jacks going up.

BALCOMBE

...so obviously the footage already suggests there's more up there, but also this...

(pointing to small marks on the skin and bone)

...these are bite marks. My guess is this is how the leg came to be separated?

JESS

Bite marks from?

BALCOMBE

(shrugs)

Rats I'd guess.

JESS

Right.

BALCOMBE

So first glance - it's small.

SUNNY

Adult small or child small?

BALCOMBE

Could be a child.

SUNNY

Okay. So the obvious question is could this be Victorian?

JESS

(frowns)

That's the 'obvious' question?

SUNNY

(smiles, but bristling)

A child's body in a Victorian chimney?

JESS

Ah. Dick Van Dyke's little brother you mean.

SUNNY
Just a thought.

JESS
Okay..
(standing)
...you want a lift back to the
nick, we could talk?

And she is walking out, and SUNNY, throwing a look at
LINGLEY, is following her. A baptism of fire.

14 EXT. STREET. BLACKHYTHE. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY 14

The nurse, SOPHIE COULSON, being put in to an ambulance. She
is unconscious.

15 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL - DAY 15

RASH and TONY sitting together. TONY head down, he has just
been 'told' and is digesting. Then finally -

TONY
So if this *is* a secondary, given my
history, what's the likelihood
there are in fact *multiple* growths?

RASHID
(nods)
Every case is different of course.
But yes, it's possible.

TONY
Percentages?

RASHID
I'm not going to give you
percentages, Tony, and anyway,
we're getting ahead of ourselves.
We need a whole lot more scans, and
then let's see where we are.

And we are on TONY. A look in his eye that says he knows
exactly where he is. It is devastating.

16 INT. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY 16

LINGLEY with PAUL, the owner of the house.

LINGLEY
...and you completed when?

PAUL

'Bout two months ago.

LINGLEY

And the previous owners?

PAUL

Developer. He was going to turn it into flats, but went bust 'cos of Covid.

LINGLEY

Right.

PAUL

He'd bought in a probate sale.

LINGLEY

Okay.

PAUL

Some long running family will dispute I think - by the time I got it, it had been unoccupied maybe five years?

LINGLEY

And d'you know if it was secure during that time, when it was unoccupied?

PAUL

Not sure it was, one of the neighbours said something about some squatters at some point but...you'd have to speak to them.

On her. Fuck.

LINGLEY

Okay, thanks for your time, Paul.

17

INT. JESS'S CAR. BISHOP STREET - DAY

17

SUNNY and JESS in the car. Been driving in silence. It's awkward as fuck, *such* a contrast to how him and CASS used to natter.

And he is not going to start, why should he?

And on her, clearly, actually, thinking about her own personal issues.

On him. Why did she invite him to share a car with her?

And then she is pulling in to the station. And it's like she comes out of a reverie.

JESS
Sorry, I slightly forgot you were there.

SUNNY
(smiles)
'Why thank you'.

Nothing. And she pulls in to a space. Turns the ignition off and he is about to get out when -

JESS
Listen, D.I Khan...

And he stops and turns.

JESS (CONT'D)
...all I wanted to say was....I *am* aware of the boots I'm filling. And I sincerely hope to do her, and all of her team, justice.

On him. And tears are coming, which he does not want her to see. So he turns away.

SUNNY
Yeah 'course.

And gets out and walks quickly across the car park.

On her. What did she say wrong?

Is this the worst first morning in the history of employment?

And then she gets out and follows.

End of part one

Part two

18

INT. CORNER SHOP. BLACKHYTHE. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY

18

And now let's meet a young lad walking in to a shop. Meet 'J' (**referred to as 'JAY'**) 24.

JAY
Large bottle of Vladvosa please,
and forty reds.

And as the shopkeeper gets those, JAY grabs a couple of noodle pots and a carton of orange juice, and then pulls out a card (not in a wallet) and because the bill is under £100, he can just tap it.

JAY (CONT'D)
Cheers, man.

And he walks out.

19 EXT. SHOP. BLACKHYTHE. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY 19

Watching JAY walk away past a rubbish bin outside the shop, out of which we can see the black leather strap of a woman's handbag hanging.

20 EXT. BATH - DAY 20

Establisher Bath. The town centre. The Crescent. The countryside.

Then a back street in the city centre.

21 INT. RESTAURANT. BATH - DAY 21

Meet BELE (EBELE) FALADE (nickname pronounced Beh-lay), (58, mixed race) and her partner DAVE (55, white English), during lunch time service at their vegan restaurant.

So BELE is front of house, and DAVE (hints of his recent-ish 'crusty' past in the beard and druid tattoo) is head chef (two other chefs in with him) in an open kitchen visible to all the customers.

But let's see some snap shots now of the service that suggest the manic but very lovely vibe. All the dialogue is overlapping.

DAVE
(plating two beautiful
dishes)
Service!

Cut to

BELE
(to two disappointed
customers at the door)
...I'm really sorry, if you haven't
booked....

Cut to

DAVE
(reading a ticket)
Two channa dall, one mushroom
raclette, one akara.

Cut to

BELE
(on the phone)
Next available for Saturday night
is looking like June now I'm
afraid.

Cut to

DAVE
How long on the aubergine please?

Cut to

BELE
(seeing a customer out)
Thank you so much, hope to see you
again soon.

And she shuts the door on the last customer and turns to see
a tired (but exhilarated) DAVE walk out from the kitchen.

DAVE
How was that?

BELE
How is it ever? I just don't know
how you do it.

As he flops in to a seat, coffee in hand, lighting up an
illicit fag. On her. He's in a good mood.

BELE (CONT'D)
So d'you want to do ten minutes on
tomorrow?

DAVE
(frowns)
No?

BELE
(lightly)
Please?

DAVE

We can do it in the car on the way
up, it's a three hour drive.

BELE

(tightening)

Sure. Just it would be so nuts to
go unprepared.

And he takes a long draw on his fag, and a slug of black
coffee, then, with a smile -

DAVE

It's you they'll want to hear talk
anyway, I'm just the talent
'darling'.

And he walks back in to the kitchen with his coffee. And we
stay on her. Buttoning down frustration.

22 EXT. ESTATE. BLACKHYTHE. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY 22

JAY walking across a vast open space between four huge high-
rise blocks. Carrier bag of his supplies in his hand.

23 INT. STAIRWELL. HIGH RISE. BLACKHYTHE - DAY 23

JAY walking up a piss stinking stairway.

24 INT. DOORWAY. HIGH RISE. BLACKHYTHE - DAY 24

JAY handing over a twenty pound note to a dealer at a
fortified door. Then a fist bump.

JAY

Safe, man.

And turning away and walking back down the corridor.

25 INT. 'CASSIE'S OFFICE'. BISHOP STREET - DAY 25

JESS standing in CASS's office. In the background we might
see BOULTING and WILLETS, all doing well not to look over.

SUNNY

So, yeah, this is it. And obviously
it's all been cleared out of her...
(stops himself)

(MORE)

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...I mean we've already had two interim D.C.I's here as well so...shouldn't be too many ghosts.

But fuck, there are thousands.

JESS

So I thought we'd have a proper briefing with the team once we've got the body out and know what we're dealing with?

SUNNY

Sounds good.

JESS

But full disclosure...

And she looks up now.

JESS (CONT'D)

...I don't intend to run this team like she did.

SUNNY

Okay.

JESS

I mean, this has obviously now become the go to team for historical cases. Which is great. But these cases have hoovered up ridiculous amounts of resourcesthat I believe could be better spent elsewhere.

SUNNY

Right.

JESS

As does Supt Andrews I should say. So if this body turns out to be your 'sweep'. Or just thirty years old. Maybe even twenty. I'm afraid I'd give it minimal time, I'd rather we spend our *always* limited resources on murders that happened today.

SUNNY

(he nods, he smiles, then)
Well obviously I'd advocate we can do *both*. That two ideas can co-exist in the same world.

JESS

In the same *ideal* world, yes,
maybe. But we don't live in an
ideal world do we. We live in a
shitty one.

Doesn't he know it.

Doesn't she.

SUNNY

Is there anything else?

JESS

Not for now, thanks.

And he walks out. And we stay on her. And she plonks her
briefcase on her desk.

And then just sags. Fuck. Sits in the chair with her back to
the team. Gets out her mobile. Rings a number on speed dial.
'My Gorgeous Hubby'. It answers -

STEVE

Hi, this is Steve James, please
leave a message.

But she doesn't. She just hangs up.

And then, with her back to the CID office, she angrily wipes
away a single tear off of her cheek.

26 EXT/INT. STREET/CAR. CHELSEA - DAY

26

TONY walking towards an anonymous looking Merc and getting
in.

Stay on him, deep in thought, we might imagine, about his
impending mortality.

Before he sticks the key in the ignition, and pulls away.

27 INT. CORRIDOR. BISHOP STREET/ INT. SUNNY & SAL'S - DAY

27

SUNNY talking to SAL on the phone.

SAL

I mean...maybe all she's saying is if you *do* have to prioritise, and I guess sadly, these days you do, maybe it's better to be living in the here and now a bit more. Not looking back so much.

Some very loud subtext here. But SUNNY is not hearing her, maybe because he doesn't want to.

SUNNY

Yeah well, I don't like her.

JESS (O.S.)

They've got the body out.

And he swivels to see JESS standing right behind him. Did she hear what he said?

JESS (CONT'D)

I'll drive.

And she walks away down the corridor. Arse.

SUNNY

(quietly)

I gotta go.

SAL

You still good for dinner tonight?

SUNNY

(watching James,
distracted)

Yeah fine.

SAL

'Cos then I'm away on the team jolly for two nights.

SUNNY

Sure.

SAL

7.30?

SUNNY

I'll see you then. Love you.

And SUNNY signs off and follows JESS down the corridor. A sense he did not really listen to a word SAL was saying.

28

INT. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY

28

The whole chimney breast removed. The ceiling jacked up with Acrows, rubble piled neatly to one side.

The chimney flue, a 12 inch square flue, completely exposed all the way up to the ceiling. On a wall, thirty or forty polaroids of the excavation taken by the police photographer. Revealing how the body sat, on the slight diagonal path of the flue.

They are strangely unsettling and emotional images, which JESS is studying carefully, even as SUNNY, on his haunches with BALCOMBE, examines the corpse, knees pulled up to the chin, fairly skeletal, but with a *thin* covering of dried flesh and skin.

The corpse has long hair, and wears a dress. Flowery, cotton, and is stained darker in places with what might be soot.

SUNNY

Stupid question I'm sure but...
(does he flick a look at
Jess?)
...it is female?

BALCOMBE

It is.

JESS

(turning)
And any obvious trauma on the body?

BALCOMBE

Again, hard to say yet, it wasn't easy getting her out and I need to try and work out what damage is what.

JESS

What about age, roughly?

BALCOMBE

The cartilage I can see, on the leg, has turned to bone, so she's older than late twenties, and again, from what I can see there's no evidence of arthritic degeneration, so I'd guess somewhere between thirty and maybe...sixty? Obviously dental tests will give me a more accurate picture.

SUNNY

So she *is* small for an adult.

BALCOMBE

She is, tiny, no more than four nine, four ten I'd guess.

JESS

Wearing underwear?

BALCOMBE

Nope.

JESS

And there were no shoes, no socks?

BALCOMBE

No. Nothing else on her at all, for ID purposes - DNA comparison's gonna be hard too, the tissue's very degraded.

SUNNY

And all this discolouration on the dress is what?

BALCOMBE

Body fluids I'd guess, and soot?

SUNNY

From a fire or from the sides of the flue?

BALCOMBE

It's very uneven, if it were from a fire, I'd expect it to be all over.

And JESS stands. Looks around. SUNNY watching her. How is this going to play?

And she is looking over at the rubbish. The rubble, the plasterboard.

An old electric fire.

JESS

Is the owner around?

LINGLEY

Yeah he's...

(sticking her head out the door of the sitting room)

....Mr Bradley?

And footsteps and then PAUL appears.

PAUL

Hi.

JESS

When I came earlier, there were some battoning marks on the chimney breast.

PAUL

Yes.

JESS

And that was how it was when you bought it or....

PAUL

...no no, the whole breast was covered in plasterboard, we exposed the fireplace.

And she looks over to the rubble pile and behind it, broken fragments of plasterboard.

SUNNY

What are you thinking?

On her, cogs indeed are whirring.

JESS

I dunno. Just wondering if the board was specifically put up to make sure no-one ever looked up there.

SUNNY

By whoever *put* her up there.

JESS

Would explain why there's not more soot on her. And so then I'm thinking building regs.

(turns to him)

My husband works in construction so I know regulations change with the wind and I'm wondering if we might be able to date the plasterboard from its chemical components?

SUNNY

Good shout.

JESS

So yeah, let's try and date the board, and if it's cheap and easy, same with the dress cos it looks old to me, like thirties or forties old....

And her phone rings. Caller display 'Mum'.

JESS (CONT'D)

...and then hopefully if we can prove that, we can get her off the books quickly. Thanks guys....

(walking out, quietly)

....hi mum, hang on one sec.....

And as she leaves, SUNNY looks up at LINGLEY.

SUNNY

Ask Kaz to find out all the owners going back to.. the war?

29

EXT. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY

29

And here is JESS walking out of the front door.

JESS

....heya...

KATE (O.S.)

Hey, love, I got your message, is everything okay?

JESS

Not exactly. My dirt bag husband's been having an affair.

And she is walking out to her car.

End of part two

Part three

Montage

30

EXT. AIRPORT WAREHOUSE. PARIS - DAY

30

KAROL clocking off.

- 31 INT. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY 31
BOULTING taking samples of the plasterboard and putting it in evidence bags.
- 32 EXT. AIRPORT CARPARK. PARIS - DAY 32
KAROL driving his car out, and flicking on his taxi Computer. So he is doing two jobs. And then he does the same with a food delivery app. Three jobs.
- 33 EXT. LARGELY DERELICT ESTATE. BLACKHYTHE - DAY 33
JAY walking across scrubby grass, at speed, towards a building.
- 34 INT. KAROL'S CAR. CENTRE PARIS - DAY 34
KAROL driving various customers. A drunk. A kissing couple. A businessman. Shades of taxi driver here. And we might think he is a loner. And wonder why.
- 35 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY 35
WILLETS online, going through town hall records related to the building.
- End of montage**
- 36 INT. JAY & CHERYL'S FLAT. BLACKHYTHE - DAY 36
JAY walking in to a flat on the sixth floor of a very run down high rise.
- JAY
Cher?
- CHERYL (O.S.)
In here.
- And he walks in to a 'sitting room' (the term used loosely). The room has a broken, stinking sofa, and there is rubbish and dirty clothes all over the floor.
- On the sofa sits an emaciated girl (CHERYL, 26) under a duvet, sores on her face, teeth yellowing.
- CHERYL (CONT'D)
D'you get it?

JAY

Yeah. And some food.

CHERYL

Come on then.

And she sits up, and he sits down, and he starts to prepare the heroin which they are both addicted to (her much worse than him). Today they are inhaling ('chasing the dragon' rather than injecting).

A brief montage of the process, the ceremony of it all.

And then the foil is lit and he (rather tenderly) holds it for her. And she inhales deeply. And then falls back on to the sofa, 'better' for a few more hours.

And then him doing the same.

And *he* falls back.

And we track in on his face.

What does this drug do for him? What wrongs is it righting for this lost young man?

37 INT. KAROL'S CAR. PARIS - DAY

37

KAROL parked up on a side street in Paris, a coffee in hand, and talking to his English mum. The conversation and tone are 'easy'. All in English

KAROL

...it was a two and a half very unhappy years, mum...

REBECCA

....rubbish, you're completely exaggerating...

KAROL

...well, I kind of think I'm best placed to know how I felt...

REBECCA

...after three years at uni and God knows how many thousands of....

KAROL

(stopping)

...okay can we move on cos, y'know, touchy subject, how's dad, how was the trip...

REBECCA
...good, he's home now, but
everyone was fine. Your uncle's
moving back apparently.

KAROL
To Krakow?

REBECCA
Wants a nice Polish girl.

KAROL
He's fifty nine.

REBECCA
On which subject.

KAROL
Amazingly *still* single. Just like
yesterday.

REBECCA
I spoke to your father about it and
we think we know where you're going
wrong.

KAROL
Bliss, off you go then, I could do
with a kip.
(tucking in to his donut)

REBECCA
(fade down on)
Well, and don't take this the wrong
way, sweetheart, but I think you're
way too *picky*, I think you need to
be more realistic about the sort of
girl you could get...

Nice.

38 EXT. YOUTH CENTRE. WALWORTH - DAY 38

A youth centre just off East Lane, in Walworth.

39 INT. YOUTH CENTRE. WALWORTH - DAY 39

And inside, here is TONY HUME playing table tennis, in his
shirt sleeves now, with a young Somali lad (maybe 15 years
old, MUSTAFA).

And the lad is perfectly good for his age, the surprise is that TONY is actually giving him a game and, perhaps even more so, that he is clearly still very competitive.

TONY
(pretty breathless with
exertion)
So Tony Hume serving now to stay in
the match.

And he is being watched by a load of Somali lads all slightly bemused by the old white man pretending to commentate on the match.

And then he serves and they have a good rally before TONY goes to smash it but times it wrong and it goes in to the net.

TONY (CONT'D)
Aghhhhhhh!!!!
(before a broad grin
spreads across his face
and he walks round to
shake the lad's hand)
Well played young man.

MUSTAFA
(grinning)
And you, *old* man.

TONY
(and he laughs)
But I shall be demanding a rematch
so you'd better get practising.

And then TONY turns and walks toward a clothes hook, as a woman (a third generation Somali) who runs the youth club, throws him a wry look, which he heads off.

TONY (CONT'D)
(grabbing his coat, still
breathless)
Show me a good loser and I'll show
you a loser, Yasmin...
(grinning as he walks out)
....I'll call you on the
application end of the week, got a
drink with a mate who vets them
Tuesday, so fingers crossed.

And he is walking out. And then as he goes, the Somali kid looks up, and catches his eye.

A moment between them, a connection, the kid's defiance. TONY smiles, raises a hand, the kid grins back and nods. They 'get' each other.

40 EXT. BELE & DAVE'S CAR. M4 - DUSK 40

A car driving down the M4.

41 INT. BELE & DAVE'S CAR. M4 - DUSK 41

Inside, DAVE and BELE driving down to London. DAVE at the wheel. BELE going through the details for tomorrow.

BELE
(checking her notes)
...well the menus will already be
on their desks when they walk in,
so they can look at them as I'm
doing the general hello and
intro...

DAVE
...sorry, remind me when I set up?

BELE
(tightening)
Dave, I literally just went through
that - the pitch starts at one...

DAVE
...yeah I know *that*....

BELE
...but we're allowed in the room
from twelve.

DAVE
Got it.

And she looks over at him.

BELE
And remember you've got a haircut
at nine.

DAVE
I remember.

A beat.

BELE

Please let's not mess this up,
sweetheart...

DAVE

..love.....

BELE

...I need you to play your part.

DAVE

And I will, I promise....
(a hand to her knee for a
loving squeeze)
...I will.

And on they drive. On her staring out of the window lost in thought. On her palpable need.

42

INT. KITCHEN. JESS'S HOUSE. SOUTH LONDON - EVENING

42

KATE (64) JESS's mother, talking quietly with her daughter, the kids upstairs in bed.

KATE

...and has he rung back?

JESS

Briefly, he had a dinner meeting. But basically he said he didn't want to talk about it on the phone and we'd discuss it properly when he gets back. Like we're discussing whether to buy a new sodding sofa or something.

Her mum shaking her head in disbelief.

KATE

And have you told your sister, maybe she could come and stay for a few days?

JESS

I left a message, she's not rung back yet. I mean what do I do, mum? I am not one of those people who can just ...*forgive* this sort of crap. Or maybe I can *forgive* it, but I can't forget it. Meaning we will never be able to go back to any kind of normal. Even if he wanted to, which I don't even think he does judging by this morning. Which means ...we're done. What I thought was my completely normal, happy marriage until....ten hours ago, is over. Just like that.

A beat.

JESS (CONT'D)

And if it is, if this really *is*
it...I think I'm just going to have
to resign and take something less
pressured, something more nine to
five, or take leave or...*something*.
I just...

A beat.

JESS (CONT'D)

...for the first time in my life, I
don't know what to do.

And out.

43 INT. KITCHEN. JAY & CHERYL'S FLAT. BLACKHYTHE - EVENING 43

And here is JAY in the kitchen - a fairly filthy room, with
not much more than a single camping gas stove, 'cos they have
sold pretty much everything else they own to buy drugs.

And he is pouring boiling water from a small pot in to the
two noodle pots, and then he puts them on a make shift tray
(a broken cupboard door) with two glasses of vodka and orange
juice, and takes it next door.

44 INT. SITTING ROOM. JAY & CHERYL'S FLAT. BLACKHYTHE - EVE 44

CHERYL on the sofa, coming down, arms wrapped around her
legs.

JAY

Here we are.

CHERYL

Not hungry.

JAY

You got to eat, Cher, man, you
haven't eaten since Monday.

CHERYL

Where's the rest of the gear?

JAY

(a beat, then)
Not until you've eaten something.

A beat, and then very irritably she takes her noodles, and starts to eat it, washed down with the vodka, as he props his phone against his glass, and they start to watch a video together.

Out on this scene of 'domestic bliss'. Hard cut to -

45 INT. SAL AND SUNNY'S HOUSE - EVENING 45

- a beautiful table set, a half bottle of champagne in a bucket, something in a pot bubbling away on the cooker, which SAL stirs and then turns off.

Looks at her watch. 20.05.

She looks at her mobile again, no text, no nothing. She picks it up and rings again.

46 INT. SUNNY'S CAR. LEAFY LANE - EVENING 46

A phone, ringing out, on a car seat. SUNNY's phone.

47 EXT. LEAFY LANE - EVENING 47

Pull back to reveal his car parked up in a dark country lane that looks vaguely familiar.

48 EXT. CHURCH YARD - EVENING 48

And now we recognise where we are. In a graveyard. CASSIE's grave yard.

And sitting there, on a bench, in the dark, head in hands, is SUNNY.

49 INT. SITTING ROOM. JAY & CHERYL'S FLAT. BLACKHYTHE - NIGHT 49

JAY, waking from a deep sleep, and opening his eyes, groggily, to see a now empty bottle of vodka in front of him.

Fuck, they drank the lot.

Looks round, to see CHERYL, also asleep next to him, but she is lying awkwardly across the sofa, in a way that suggests she is perhaps not just asleep.

He frowns. Some instinct kicking in.

JAY

Cher?

And even as he squeezes her shoulder, he quickly checks his jacket pocket, to discover it is empty....

JAY (CONT'D)

...oh, man.

...meaning that CHER has obviously stolen the remaining heroin wrap after he fell asleep.

JAY (CONT'D)

Cher?

And he lifts her eyelid to reveal her pin prick pupils.

JAY (CONT'D)

Chrissakes man, Cher, wake up,
Cher!!!!!!

But she is not waking and his experience tells him she has overdosed.

JAY (CONT'D)

Oh, man....

And he quickly fumbles for his phone and then manages to dial 999.

JAY (CONT'D)

(very groggy himself)
...yeah I need an ambulance please,
42 Arkbridge Court, Marshbank
estate....
(listens)
...yeah I think my girlfriend's
overdosed.

And out.

50

INT. SUNNY'S CAR/INT. SAL AND SUNNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

50

SUNNY getting in, and seeing his phone on the seat and picking it up to see three messages from SAL. 'Dinner ready', 'where are you??' 'Are you coming?'

SUNNY

(to himself)
Fuuuuuk.

He forgot. And instantly he calls. And it answers.

SAL

Hello?

SUNNY

Oh Sal, I'm so sorry.

SAL

What happened?

SUNNY

I was working late on the case, I left my phone in the car....I'm really sorry.

SAL

...right.

Him wincing.

SUNNY

What did you cook?

SAL

(a beat, then)

Nothing special, there's a bowl for you in the fridge if you're still hungry.

SUNNY

Definitely, I'm leaving right now.

SAL

Yeah I'll be asleep, I've got that Leeds things tomorrow, seven o'clock train so....

SUNNY

...yes, of course. Listen, sorry again.

A beat, then -

SAL

No problem, love you.

SUNNY

I love you too.

And he signs off. On him. *Shit*. On her. Worried.

51 EXT. QUIET RESIDENTIAL STREET. PARIS - NIGHT 51

And here is KAROL, parking up in a quiet residential street, then getting out and walking in to a fairly typical apartment block, his breath misting in the frosty air now.

52 INT. KAROL & ELISE'S APARTMENT. PARIS - NIGHT 52

And he walks in to darkness. Takes off his coat. Pads quietly down a dark corridor toward a door.

Opens it, silently undresses in the dark.

And then he walks over to a bed, pulls back the duvet, and gets in...

...as a woman (ELISE, 41) stirs slightly, even as he curls himself around her.

ELISE
(sleepily, in French)
'Night night honey.

KAROL
(French)
Night, night, baby.

And we stay on him as he settles.

And we might wonder why he told his mother he was single.

New day

53 EXT. BISHOP STREET - DAY 53

Establisher

54 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB/INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY 54

SUNNY on the phone in a corner of the lab, talking to LINGLEY at her desk.

Her screen showing various Google searches and numerous photos of the victim's dress.

LINGLEY
...so the main label says
'Delmuir', which I've researched,
and which was a fairly well known
couture label just after the war.

SUNNY

Right.

LINGLEY

Had a shop in Kensington from 1946
to 1962 when it went out of
business.

SUNNY

And sorry you said '*main* label'?

LINGLEY

Yeah there's a smaller label on the
hem which just says 'Shaper'?

SUNNY

Right. So like a ..a sub brand or a
line or...

LINGLEY

...yeah I guess.

SUNNY

Okay, well just check that will
you, thanks Fran - good work.

And he signs off. On cogs whirring in his head. And we look
up to see he is in the Pathology Lab with BALCOMBE and JESS.

He walks over as JESS turns. We'll see the corpse on a
gurney, still in a foetal position.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

So looks like the dress *is* from the
forties or fifties.

JESS

And the plasterboard?

SUNNY

Still waiting on that.

JESS

Okay...

(turning back to Balcombe)

...sorry you were saying?

BALCOMBE

Yes, so no obvious cause of death
as yet, hope to get more when I
open her up.

(MORE)

BALCOMBE (CONT'D)

In terms of her age, very few teeth to work with, most had gone, but dentine thickness suggests an age somewhere between late twenties and early forties.

SUNNY

And was that not unusual even back then, to have lost most of your teeth?

BALCOMBE

Not particularly. No fluoride in the water, poor dental hygiene, poverty.

SUNNY

And height?

BALCOMBE

Four ten, four eleven.

SUNNY

And could *that* be poverty, malnourishment I mean?

BALCOMBE

No signs of that in the bones, but there seems to be very little subcutaneous tissue, even taking into account the post-mortem changes, so I'd say she was pretty skinny.

SUNNY

And ethnicity?

BALCOMBE

No clear indicators I'm afraid. In terms of more specific ID, we *could* possibly retrieve fingerprints with some new hydration techniques the labs have developed. They're quite pricey but can be a...

JESS

...I'm gonna stop you right there, I mean obviously we can revisit when we get the results of the plasterboard tests, but if they confirm we are looking at a body from 70 or 80 years ago - we're not going to be trying to retrieve fingerprints.

BALCOMBE

Okay.

JESS

(to Sunny)

Agreed?

SUNNY

Absolutely. Just one thing I *would* throw in. Could the dress have been a vintage buy? Quite a thing these days apparently.

JESS

Big on your vintage are you...

SUNNY

...no no, I just...

JESS

...what's the name of the officer handling the plasterboard tests?

SUNNY

That's D.S. Boulting, ma'am.

JESS

Okay, well maybe I'll chase that one down myself..

(turning to go)

...but thanks for now guys.

BALCOMBE

Sorry, one last detail...

(Jess turns)

...she has a C section scar?

SUNNY

Oh.

BALCOMBE

It's slightly concealed by her position but that there...

(as she indicates it)

...is the edge of a caesarean scar.

A beat as they digest the import of this, then -

SUNNY

So if this dress *is* 1950s, and she had the kid, let's say when she was mid-twenties in the 1930s.....

(doing the maths)

(MORE)

SUNNY (CONT'D)
...her child could very easily
still be alive.

And he turns to JESS. And does something shift in her eyes as she considers that. If it does, she shuts it down very quickly.

JESS
Okay, useful to know, thank you.

And she walks out.

And SUNNY shares the briefest of looks with BALCOMBE, and then he too exits.

End of part three.

Part four

55 INT. JESS'S CAR. CARPARK. BISHOP STREET - DAY

55

And here is JESS, parked up in Bishop Street car park, finally speaking to her husband. We do not see his side of the call.

JESS
...all I want to know, Steve, all
I'm asking, is are you still seeing
her.

STEVE (O.S.)
And I'm just going to say the same
thing, Jess, can we speak tomorrow,
properly, when I'm back, your
signal is terrible, you keep
cutting out, this is not the way to
do this.

And we are on her, really trying to be reasonable, really trying hard. Except -

JESS
You know what, no. I'm sorry, but
you tell me now or you don't *come*
back.

STEVE
Jessie....

JESS

...I mean it, this is a dick move,
so you tell me now if it's over
with whoever this woman is, or
you'll find a suitcase on the
doorstep when you *do* get back.

And she waits.

JESS (CONT'D)

Steve?

A beat.

JESS (CONT'D)

Steve?

But the call has ended. Did he hang up or did the line just
go.

And she slams her hands down on the steering wheel in utter
frustration, even as a couple of uniform coppers walking past
see her, to add to her total humiliation.

56 EXT. TOWN HOUSE. BROADSHAW STREET. LONDON - DAY

56

Establisher of a town house at the far end of Broadshaw St.
The legend above the door says 'Ellis and Blunt Capital'.

57 INT. TOWN HOUSE. BROADSHAW STREET. LONDON - DAY

57

And inside the building, we are in a gorgeously designed room
(we should clock posters on the wall of food brands ('Itsu',
'Meat Liquor' & 'Chop Shop' etc) which is set up like a mini-
restaurant, complete with a small open kitchen at the end.

And in the room, two people (SEEMA and TAI) are just
finishing food that DAVE has clearly just cooked for them.

And SEEMA, now looks up.

TAI

Okay. Best vegan dish I think I've
ever eaten.

DAVE

(grins)
Thank you.

SEEMA

(to Tai)

And this is not a one off, I've eaten there maybe a dozen times and every meal is as good as this.

TAI

So look, we're interested. You did a great presentation, BELE, you'd done your homework, on us, on the business, I like your branding, I like you both...

And there is a fucking big 'but' coming -

TAI (CONT'D)

...the big question is can we scale you. My worry is that what we *most* like about you, the food, the brand, the unique feel, is innately tied to the fact that you are a tiny little business doing thirty covers on a busy night.

SEEMA

(nods)

Would it still work doing three thousand a night over ten sites.

BELE

We think it would.

SEEMA

Good.

BELE

We think that if you -

SEEMA

(cutting across her)

And what do you think Dave?

BELE

He agrees and -

TAI

Can we just let Dave answer?

And her smile freezes, and she turns to DAVE, her back to the others, her eyes imploring him. A long beat. Then -

DAVE

I don't underestimate how hard it will be to recreate a few key aspects of what we do at scale. My sort of food is labour and ingredient intensive. And that costs. So yes, that *is* a challenge.

BELE

(to him)

But one that we can and will overcome.

DAVE

Indeed.

And then she turns back to them. And we go close on her. behind the slightly forced smile, a sudden hint of decades of pain -

BELE

(her eyes pricking)

Because let me tell you, we have both overcome so much more than that to get here today...

(then too brightly)

...so please, believe in us. We do.

But she knows doubt has been sown with DAVE's answer.

58

INT. TONY'S CAR. LEAFY LANES. SURREY - DAY

58

TONY driving through leafy Surrey lanes, listening to the Radio and an interview with an academic.

RADIO ACADEMIC

...the rather painful truth is that the electorate in very many western democracies have now become entirely disengaged from politics. They no longer believe the system can positively influence their lives and instead view politicians simply as figureheads, as vague representations of, often, their baser instincts.

And TONY suddenly swings the car over and pulls up sharply, opens the door, gets out, walks over to the grass and discretely vomits.

We watch this from a distance, hearing the radio still

RADIO ACADEMIC (CONT'D)
And so the idea that a prime
minister would ever need to offer
any kind of *moral* leadership these
days...well, it's for the birds I'm
afraid....

And then he straightens, wipes his mouth with his
handkerchief, walks back to the car, gets in and pulls away.

59

INT. BELE & DAVE'S CAR. WOODS - DAY

59

DAVE and BELE driving back from London on a single lane road
through woods.

They are rowing and BELE is incandescent. She should feel
like a completely different person to the woman we have
already met. DAVE has clearly experienced this shift before
and seems 'braced'.

DAVE
...I was just being honest.

BELE
No-one's interested in honesty,
David. People are interested in
passion, in self belief, in
ambition. What they want to hear is
that yes, of course it's going to
be *hard*, but that we one hundred
percent believe it is totally
achievable. I mean *lie* for
chrissakes, like the *rest* of us.

DAVE
Sorry, I obviously don't find it as
easy as you do.

BELE
Oh hilarious.

DAVE
It wasn't a joke.

BELE
It's like you don't even *want* to be
successful.

DAVE
We already *are* successful, BELE,
what I *don't* share, is your desire
to make everything 'bigger'....

BELE
....well that would certainly
explain why you were living in a
fucking tent when I met you...

DAVE
...classy...

BELE
...and why I've had to bankroll you
for the last three years....

DAVE
...you've 'bankrolled' me have
you?? Right, sure you have, or are
we not supposed to talk about
the...

BELE
(screaming)
...shut the fuck up!!!
(and she starts to hit
him)

DAVE
BELE!!!!!!

BELE
(screaming, madly,
punching him)
I will not be spoken to like
that!!!

DAVE
For Chrissakes, I'll crash the...

And then he absolutely *slams* on the brakes and the car goes
in to a mad skid before coming to a crazy halt.

BELE
Jesus David!!!

And then the door flies open and he gets out.

BELE (CONT'D)
David!!

And speeding cars hooting as they hurtle past and as he walks
round the front of the car, and then hops over a small
barrier, and starts to walk in to some woodland flanking the
road.

BELE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!!

And now she is getting out. But he has already gone twenty yards in to the thicket.

BELE (CONT'D)
David !!!!

And then he has disappeared in to the undergrowth.

And we're on her. And suddenly the anger disappears almost as quickly as it came.

And almost to herself now, quietly exhausted.

BELE (CONT'D)
David please.

But he has gone. Out on her. Suddenly heartbreakingly desolate.

60 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

60

WILLETS and SUNNY, sitting at WILLETS's desk (LINGLEY in the background). SUNNY poring over printed out files about the house.

SUNNY
And our 'spinster of this parish',
Hazel Dunmore, she died...

WILLETS
...2015.

SUNNY
And she bought it in..
(checking in a file)
...1979, from John and Mary Garton.

WILLETS
Who were the polar opposite, they
raised five kids there.

SUNNY
And bought it in...
(checking)
...okay 1947. So if we're saying
the dress is late forties earliest,
let's leave anyone before the
Gartons.

And he leans back, his back to the door. A sense this kind of spitballing is when he is at his happiest.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

I mean obviously anything's possible but an adult woman being put in a chimney in a house with five kids around - doesn't feel *that* likely a scenario.

WILLETS

But ditto our spinster?

SUNNY

Yeah, I guess, alth...

JESS

(interrupting)

...what are you doing?

And they turn to see a (already) very fucked off D.C.I. JAMES standing behind them.

SUNNY

Just going through the history of the house, ma'am?

JESS

Why, the dress was forties, we *know* that.

SUNNY

Well, we know the dress was *made* then, that doesn't necessarily mean that...

JESS

...and the plasterboard was made sometime between 1951 and 1967, I just got the results.

SUNNY

(fuck)

Right.

And she stares at SUNNY, the whole office slightly looking over.

JESS

This isn't therapy, D.I. Khan, this is not your chance to somehow...

(stops herself)

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)
 ...listen, I am very sad for the
 lady that died, but it was at least
 fifty five fucking years ago.
 Probably more.

A beat. A sense she regrets immediately swearing, and in public.

JESS (CONT'D)
 So the case is closed, as of now.

And she walks on through in to her office and slams the door behind her.

All eyes on SUNNY. Did not deserve to be humiliated like that.

61 INT. JESS'S OFFICE. BISHOP STREET - DAY 61

JESS sitting at her desk. Knows she fucked up there. Knows everyone hates her.

And then she opens up her desktop. And starts to type.

62 INT. TONY'S CAR/ EXT. DRIVEWAY. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE - DAY 62

And here is TONY, driving down a gravel drive toward a beautiful Elizabethan mansion, nestling in front of a lake and expansive lawns.

And we see a woman in her late seventies (EMMA) returning from a dog walk, before hearing the tyres on the gravel, and looks over to greet her husband of fifty something years.

And we are on TONY.

What did he do to deserve all this?

63 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 63

JAY sitting outside the hospital, smoking, when the automatic doors open, and he looks up to see CHERYL standing there.

And she looks absolutely *dreadful*.

And he walks over, looking vaguely irritated.

JAY
 What d'you do that for man, I told
 you so many times.

CHERYL

I'm sorry.

JAY

Let *me* tell you how much you can have, you ain't got a clue, Cher.

CHERYL

Have you got anything, I'm sick, man.

And almost involuntarily, he puts a tender hand to her cheek. Then -

JAY

Come on, let's get you home.

And he takes her hand, and they start to walk away, quickly.

64 INT. KITCHEN. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE - DAY

64

EMMA and TONY eating in a large country kitchen. EMMA talking, TONY distracted.

EMMA

...listen, I'm not excusing his behaviour at all, it's bad manners apart from anything else, but I do also find myself asking why these young ladies drink so much.

On TONY, mind on other things. Then he looks up.

TONY

Maybe I should speak to him. And the school. Their response needs to be proportionate. Tea?

And he is standing and picking up plates, and she is watching him and worrying. Does she sense something is wrong?

65 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

65

Close on a letter on a computer screen. Words being typed, we must guess, by JESS.

LETTER

(being typed)

...and so, having considered all of the options, I have decided, with deep regret, that I would like to offer my resignation....

And we pull back to see it is actually being typed by SUNNY.
And he hesitates as he sees it there in black and white.

LETTER (CONT'D)
...effective from...
(he hesitates, deletes the
last two words)
...I am happy to work three months
noti...
(deletes that, thinks)
...effective immediately...

LINGLEY
It wasn't 'Shaper', it was
'Snaper'.

And he looks up to see LINGLEY walking in, slightly
breathless.

SUNNY
I'm sorry?

LINGLEY
On the other label, on the victim's
dress?

And he flicks a look back at JESS's office nervously, and
puts a finger to his lips for LINGLEY.

SUNNY
(quietly)
Go on.

LINGLEY
I had it stuck in a spectrograph,
and it revealed it actually said
'Snaper'. And 'Snaper & Co' is a
vintage shop that opened in early
2010.

SUNNY
(stunned)
No.

LINGLEY
I just came back from the shop now,
and they've confirmed that's their
label, and here's the zinger, they
did a search on their website, and
they've found the actual dress.

SUNNY
The *actual* dress?

LINGLEY

Yep.

The others in the office starting to look over.

LINGLEY (CONT'D)

It was the only Delmuir one they've ever had, and it was sold, for twenty nine ninety nine, at their Portobello shop, in early June 2016.

SUNNY

How was it paid for?

LINGLEY

(she smiles)

Debit card.

And she hands him a print out of the page from 2016. As he reads.

LINGLEY (CONT'D)

So unless someone redressed the corpse, our victim died no more than six years ago.

And he holds it, deeply emotional.

SUNNY

Game on then I'd say.

LINGLEY

Game on indeed.

Then down to business. Looks at his watch. 17.23.

SUNNY

Call the bank, see if they can identify this card number...

And then we see him very deliberately *saving* the draft resignation letter, before standing.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...and you are a star, Fran, a bloody star.

And then he walks through in to JESSICA JAMES' office and we remain outside as we see her look up, and him shut the door quietly behind him.

End of episode one.