

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

1 EXT. STREET. BATH - DAY

1

BELE parking the car on a road flanking a canal.

2 EXT. CANAL. BATH - DAY

2

BELE walking along a towpath, where a dozen or so narrowboats are moored, before finally stepping on to the gang plank of one of them. A blue narrowboat, named 'Lady of the West'.

3 INT. BARGE. BATH - DAY

3

And she walks in. A charming interior, ramshackle but cosy and loved.

And she looks so upset and tired and now pulls out a phone and rings a number. After a few rings, it answers.

JEN (O.S.)

Hello?

BELE

I'm going to have a drink, Jen.

A beat, then -

JEN (O.S.)

Okay.

BELE

I'm going to have a large vodka and then another one and that's just how it is.

JEN (O.S.)

Right.

A beat. And she sits.

JEN (CONT'D)

And if that's what you think you need to do, go for it. Just before you do, have you got five minutes to tell me what's happened?

And then her face crumples.

BELE

I hit him again.

And she starts to cry.

BELE (CONT'D)
I hit him really hard.

And out.

4 EXT. BISHOP STREET - DAY

4

Establisher.

5 INT. JESS' OFFICE. BISHOP STREET - DAY

5

SUNNY and JESS in her office, looking irritated as hell.

JESS
And how do we explain the
plasterboard?

SUNNY
No idea, but that's kind of in the
job description isn't it.
(he shrugs)
I mean obviously the bit you had
tested was from fifty years ago but
maybe a new bit was put over the
actual opening? From what I
remember at the house the board was
in a thousand pieces on the floor,
maybe you just chose the wrong bit.

JESS
So it was *my* fault was it?

He looks at her wearily.

SUNNY
It's no one's 'fault', D.C.I.
James, it's just how it goes
sometimes. But we move forward now,
yes? Because, I mean, six
years.....?

A beat. And then she gives the smallest of nods. What choice
does she have.

And he stands and gets to the door when -

JESS
Did you apply for this job D.I.
Khan?

On him. Woah. All fucking bets off now.

SUNNY

No.

And he turns.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

But I was *offered* it, multiple
times. In fact they fucking *begged*
me.

And then he turns and walks out. Out on her. Sags *again*. She
is screwing up *so* royally.

6 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY 6

SUNNY walking through the room, everyone very studiously *not*
looking at him.

7 INT. CORRIDOR. BISHOP STREET - DAY 7

SUNNY walking out in to the corridor and down and in to the
nearest lavs.

8 INT. LAVATORIES. BISHOP STREET - DAY 8

SUNNY walking in. The place empty. And he stands. Looks at
himself.

And then without warning he swivels on a sixpence and boots
the door of a cubicle with every bit of force he can muster.

Then does it again.

And again.

And out.

9 EXT. SYNAGOGUE. PARIS - DAY 9

KAROL walking out of a synagogue in a suburb of Paris, and as
he heads towards the exit gate, on to the street, he removes
his kippah.

And then he is on the pavement, where he does an instinctive
scan of the street, eyes checking all directions, and then
very briskly heads towards his car.

10

INT. JESS'S OFFICE. BISHOP STREET - DAY

10

The team assembled (including SUNNY) in her office. JESS sat behind her desk. The rest perched, sharing a chair, standing.

LINGLEY

...so the name attached to the debit card account, was 'Maggie Bowden'. Lloyds, whose card it was, weren't able to tell me a lot without a bank disclosure form, which I've now submitted, but what they *could* say was that Ms Bowden is still very much alive and well; that she still has the same account with Lloyds; and that she reported the card that was used to buy the dress as having been *stolen*, along with her handbag.

JESS

(shit, 'stolen')
Right. When and where?

LINGLEY

4th June, 2016. Don't know where from yet, need to speak to her or find the crime report.

JESS

Preferably both.

LINGLEY

I'll also check with the control room.

SUNNY

Wasn't the dress bought early June?

LINGLEY

(nods)
Also June the 4th.

SUNNY

So the thief steals the bag and uses the card quickly before it's cancelled?

LINGLEY

(nods)
Probably near to where she stole it.

JESS

(to Lingley)

Okay, well see if you can speak to Ms Bowden because there's surely a good chance our victim is also our thief. D.C Willets...

WILLETS

(identifying herself)

...here.

JESS

..can you speak to the developer who owned the house before the *current* owner please.

WILLETS

Already have, Ma'am. Very cooperative but he's not UK domiciled and was in Italy during Covid for the entire 18 months he owned the property - not sure he's going to have a lot to offer us.

JESS

Okay, the solicitors who handled the probate sale then, basically I want to know if there was any permitted access to the property between the time of the previous vendor's death and the developer's purchase in 2019. Maybe try the neighbours as well, did anyone on the street notice anything odd.

WILLETS

Ma'am.

JESS

On which front, D.S. Boulting, check C&C records, I want to know if there was any *police* activity connected to the property over the last five or six years.

BOULTING

Yep.

JESS

Okay, thanks everyone.

SUNNY

Sorry just one thing.

JESS
(a hint or irritation)
Yep.

SUNNY
Why do we think she was hidden in
the flue? We know she was tiny,
very light, so pushing her body up
there would have been *relatively*
easy ...but still not *that* easy, so
why choose there?

A good question. The team thinking.

WILLETS
Because she *died* in that room?

SUNNY
(nods)
Or at least *somewhere* in the house.
And putting her in the chimney was
easier than taking her out and
risking discovery.

WILLETS
Or pulling up floorboards or
digging a hole in the garden.

JESS
Yep, good thinking, we done?

SUNNY
We're done.

JESS
Okay, thank you everyone.

And now the others all stand and walk out -

11 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

11

- even as JESS stands and shuts the fucking door behind them.

LINGLEY looking over at SUNNY as he sits at his desk. The
pair of them clocking *that* shade. He smiles wryly, then 'work
to do'.

He picks up his phone and dials a number.

SUNNY

Oh hey, it's D.I. Khan, Bishop
street nick, you did some
plasterboard testing for us,
yesterday, you were dating it?

TECHIE (O.S.)

Oh yeah, how can I help.

On him as he flicks an ever so slightly nervous look to
JESS's office door, thankfully still shut.

SUNNY

We didn't test enough of it, we
think some might be more modern, so
if I get you more samples sent
over, could you get that done for
me asap?

And out.

12 EXT. HOUSE OF COMMONS. LONDON - NIGHT

12

Establisher of the Commons.

13 INT. BAR. HOUSE OF COMMONS / INT. RASHID'S OFFICE - NIGHT 13

TONY in the corner of a quiet Commons bar, having a drink
with MEHDI HUSSEIN, a junior Tory minister.

TONY

...trickle down, free trade,
deregulation, *all* held up for
decades as inviolable and yet all a
total failure in terms of
'levelling up'...

HUSSEIN

(wryly)

Is certainly *one* opinion.

TONY

And the fact that people like Dave
Gentle still spew this drivel out
knowing it is empirically untrue...

HUSSEIN

...to be fair, Tony, he mainly
quotes your speeches.

TONY
(checking his watch)
From twenty years ago, people can
change, even 'Mental Gentle.'

HUSSEIN
(winces slightly)
You can't say that.

TONY
I gotta go.
(downing his whiskey and
then standing)
So did you have that lunch with my
Zenith pal yet?

HUSSEIN
I did yes, very useful, and thanks
again for the intro.

TONY
(shaking his hand)
Let's do lunch next time, have a
proper chinwag.

HUSSEIN
Love to.

TONY
Say hello to Penny. Speak soon.

And he turns to go, and then, like it is a last minute
thought.

TONY (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry, one thing, my office
sent a CCM grant application over
yesterday?

HUSSEIN
Oh okay.

TONY
Not a biggie, 100k for a youth club
I'm on the board of from my
constituency days. If you had five
to have a quick squint at it
personally, I'd be so grateful.

HUSSEIN
Of course.

TONY
(exiting)
No problem if you're too busy. Bye
Mehdi.

And we are on him as he goes, such an operator. And then as he walks out, his phone buzzes. We see the caller ID 'Rashid'.

TONY (CONT'D)
Rash.

RASHID
D'you want to come in?

Fuck.

14 INT. BEDROOM. JESS'S HOUSE. SOUTH LONDON - NIGHT

14

JESS putting her son to bed.

JESS
Oh you know dad, always on his work things.

ELIOT
'Cos I heard you doing a shouty whisper yesterday?

JESS
('busted')
What did you hear?

ELIOT
I don't know, but it sounded like you were both really cross.

Which slightly kills her. But she buttons it down, because, right now, what choice does she have.

JESS
Everything's fine, Els, please don't worry, and I'll get him to call you in the morning okay?

ELIOT
Okay.

But he does not look particularly reassured, as she bends down to kiss him.

JESS
'Night night, sweetheart.

And then stands and walks out.

15 INT. HALLWAY. JESS'S HOUSE. SOUTH LONDON - NIGHT 15

And she walks out. Angry as fuck and starts to text.

JESS TEXT
You have CHILDREN!!! How DARE you
not call them OR me!!! CALL!!!

And then heads down the stairs.

New day

16 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY 16

BALCOMBE dissecting the viscera (removed now from the body)
in particular a desiccated shrunken lung.

And something she sees prompts her to go back to the cadaver,
and start to examine it again.

A sense she might be making a key find here.

17 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY 17

SUNNY walking in to the office, the first in. His phone
rings, he looks at caller ID and answers.

SUNNY
Leanne, how's it going?

18 EXT. JESS'S HOUSE. SOUTH LONDON - DAY 18

JESS walking out of the house, to head to the tube, to see
her husband, head down, lost in thought, coming down the
street, from the opposite direction, trailing his overnight
bag behind him.

JESS
What the hell??

STEVE
(looks up, surprised,
frowns)
Oh. You're still here.

JESS
I slept badly on account of you not
calling me or the kids...
(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)
(then she gets it)
...you thought I'd already have
left.

Bullseye.

19 EXT. PARIS - DAY

19

Establishers of Paris. And then KAROL's street, over which we
hear -

19A INT. KAROL AND ELISE'S FLAT. PARIS - DAY

19A

The kitchen in the flat.

ELISE is getting ready for work, as KAROL helps her daughters
AMY (8) and BEATRICE (6) who are all dressed and ready to be
picked up by their dad for school.

KAROL
(in French)
Amy, look in to these eyes....
(crosses them)
...do they look like lying eyes...
(off her relentless
giggles)
...I promise you, until 1967, it
was illegal to swear - my dad got a
week in jail for just saying
'bloody hell'...

ELISE
(French)
(walking past)
...he's talking bollocks.

KAROL
(French)
(fake horror)
Six months hard labour!!

As the doorbell rings, and ELISE looks at her watch and
tightens slightly as she walks out.

ELISE
(French)
You should already have your coats
on, girls, you know he doesn't like
to wait.

And KAROL quickly helps the girls grab their bags and coats
as we hear the voices at the front door.

KAROL
(French)
(helping Bea on with her
coat)
Okay, there we go, all ready?

SERGE
(English)
D'you wanna leave her alone.

And here is SERGE, a big fucker, standing at the door - the choice of words, clearly deliberate.

SERGE (CONT'D)
(English)
She needs to learn how to do it
herself.
(French)
Go and get in the car girls, daddy
needs to speak to mummy.

And they grab their bags and quickly walk out. At which SERGE turns to KAROL. This whole conversation is in English.

SERGE (CONT'D)
I need to talk to my wife
privately.

ELISE
Tough, this is my house.

But SERGE doesn't move. Just stares at KAROL, then suddenly feints a punch at his head, which makes KAROL flinch, which seems to amuse SERGE, and thus grinning, he pulls a letter out of his inside pocket.

SERGE
Here you go then, my lawyers and
me've changed our position a bit.

ELISE
(slight suppressed panic)
What do you mean 'changed'? It's
all agreed, I was about to sign the
papers.

SERGE
Yeah well...
(enjoying this)
...I've decided I want *shared*
custody now.

ELISE
(a moment of stunned
shock)
You *what??*

SERGE
(eyeballing Karol)
It's not right that prick gets to
see more of my girls than I do.
(walking out)
Have a nice day.

ELISE
(following him out)
Serge, no, please...

SERGE (O.S.)
(mock tender)
...see you tomorrow sweetie.

ELISE (O.S.)
Serge!!

But then we hear the front door slam.

And we stay on a horrified KAROL, before ELISE walks back in
to the room, tears coming, even as KAROL walks quickly to her
and puts his arms around her.

20 **SCENE OMITTED**

20

21 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

21

SUNNY and LEANNE in the lab with the corpse.

BALCOMBE
...the entry and exit wounds were
basically obscured by damage to the
corpse, either on removal from the
chimney, or from vermin, but then
when I looked at the viscera, it
became very clear. The bullet
passed through the left lung, then
into the right ventricle, more or
less cutting it in two, before
exiting through the middle of the
back, here.

A tiny hole in the back of the corpse.

SUNNY

And this would have been fatal,
yes?

BALCOMBE

More or less instantly.

SUNNY

So if she *was* shot in that house,
maybe even in that room, there's
going to be blood.

BALCOMBE

Lots.

SUNNY

But *more* to the point, if there's
an exit wound, then somewhere,
unless the killer removed it...
(looking up to see her
nodding)
...there'll be a bullet.

Out on this gem.

End of Part One.

Part two

22 **SCENE OMITTED** 22

23 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY 23

BOULTING on his desktop, logging in to the 'Command and
Control' site, and then going to '**Search**' and typing in '**64
Waterman Road, Hammersmith W6 7CC**'.

A message coming up 'Access code required'. Arse.

And so he stands and walks out as we track onto SUNNY,
standing in the doorway of JESS's empty office, his phone to
his ear as we hear -

JESS (O.S.)

This is D.C.I. James, please leave
a message.

SUNNY

(quietly)
Oh, hi, Ma'am, D.I.
(MORE)

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Khan, be good to catch up, some interesting developments on the case. Call me when you can.

And he clicks off. Wtf?

24

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

24

STEVE and JESS talking, both still with their coats on, like they are both about to leave.

STEVE

...there's been times when I saw more of your mum than you. Many times in fact, huge great *swathes* of time.

JESS

We both have full on jobs, that we love, you knew that was the deal when you married me.

STEVE

I did.

JESS

So?

He looks up, shrugs.

STEVE

Turns out that actually, that's not enough.

A beat.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Turns out that actually, I *don't* want to be married to someone who feels more like a flat mate.

JESS

Nice. Thanks for that. And so your solution to all this is to fuck someone else is it?

STEVE

Obviously not.

JESS

You didn't think about maybe trying 'to talk to me?'

STEVE

Of course. And maybe I should have tried harder. It just started to feel that for you difficult discussions like this were something to be won.

JESS

Crap.

STEVE

And you *will* always win because you're smarter than me.

JESS

Right. So your infidelity is my fault because I'm too smart?

STEVE

It's not about blame, Jess.

JESS

Little bit. Who is she?

STEVE

It's not important.

JESS

Who is she?

STEVE

It didn't mean anything, and it's over.

That we should read a flicker of hope on her face is revealing.

And then -

STEVE (CONT'D)

But the fact that it happened at all obviously *did* mean something. And my feeling is that we both need a bit of time apart, to work out how to move forward.

Oh. Wow.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Up to you how you want to play this, I'm happy to move out, but I don't want to leave you in the lurch with the kids.

JESS
You want *me* to move out?

STEVE
No, I'm just saying I'm not assuming anything.

JESS
I'm not moving out, how dare you.

STEVE
(hands up in surrender)
Fine. My brother's offered me his spare room...

A beat, then he heads to the door.

STEVE (CONT'D)
...I need to pack some things.

And he walks out even as her phone buzzes. She looks at it, three missed calls from SUNNY. Shit. Looks at her watch. Gone ten. It gets worse. She starts to dial.

25 INT. NEXT DOOR. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY 25

Police tape across the entrance to the leafy Hammersmith house (all the houses in this street are detached and have gravelled front gardens with parking areas). A uniform copper at the door guarding the scene.

And here is WILLETS, at the door of the next house, waiting, as the door opens, a middle-aged woman answers.

WILLETS
Oh good morning...
(badging her)
...D.C. Karen Willets, Bishop Street station, I was wondering if I could ask you a few questions about next door?

26 EXT. BLACKHYTHE. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY 26

The oil processing plants. The mud flats.

27 INT. JAY & CHERYL'S FLAT. BLACKHYTHE - DAY 27

JAY staring out of the window at the distant industry.

CHER (O.S.)

Jay?

On him. A question waiting for an answer.

CHER (CONT'D)

Will you?

On him still, what is he thinking? A long beat, then -

JAY

Sure.

And then he turns.

CHER

Thank you.

And he looks at her. Tender.

JAY

Something's got to change though
babe. 'Cos *this* ?

This room. This world. This life. And then he grabs his coat
and walks out.

JAY (CONT'D)

Back in a bit then.

We hear the front door open and close and we stay on her, as
she curls up in a ball to wait. Some sense that *she* hates
this too.

28

INT. NEXT DOOR. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY

28

WILLETS chatting with the neighbour, a middle-aged woman.

FLICK

...I mean if they'd been a bit
smarter, kept their heads down, I'm
not sure anyone would have really
noticed.

WILLETS

And when you say 'they'?

FLICK

'Crusties' I suppose you'd call
'em, pumping out trance music at
four in the morning.

WILLETS

And how many?

FLICK

They came and went, but maybe a core of about... four or five?

WILLETS

Did you ever speak to them?

FLICK

Couple of times, telling them they really shouldn't be in there.

WILLETS

And what were they like?

FLICK

Oh, rather sweet actually, bit smelly maybe but, y'know, essentially harmless. And they said they'd be moving on in a few days anyway so....

WILLETS

....and sorry this was when?

FLICK

Early summer 2016, right after we moved here.

WILLETS

And so how was it resolved?

FLICK

Tricia, her neighbour on the other side, said she knew a relative of Hazel's who'd visited her over the years and that she'd ring *him*. Which she did and then the next day there was a locksmith's van parked up outside, making the place properly secure.

WILLETS

And the squatters?

FLICK

She said the relative had got them out himself.

WILLETS

And which number is she at?

FLICK
Oh, Trish died a couple of years
back I'm afraid.

WILLETS
('arse')
Okay. And did you happen to get the
relative's name?

FLICK
(thinks, like she might,
then
No.

Dead ends.

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

29

SUNNY and a very distracted JESS, in her office.

SUNNY
...so I suggest we start in the
sitting room, floorboards up,
plasterwork examined, if we don't
find anything there, we work our
way outwards?

JESS
Yep.

SUNNY
Leanne also got rehydrated a very
small patch of skin, and found *some*
evidence of track marks.

JESS
Right.

SUNNY
With the loss of teeth and slim
build I'm thinking she was maybe a
user.

JESS
So this was a drugs deal gone
wrong?

SUNNY
Possibly. And if we can find the
bullet that killed her, striation
could give us a specific weapon.
Nabis could even link us to a known
offender.

JESS
Okay. Thank you.

SUNNY
Ma'am.

And he stands and walks out and we stay on her. Knows she is so off her game.

And she considers this for a moment. And then stands and walks out and through the office.

30 EXT. CAFE. WESTMINSTER. LONDON - DAY 30

JAY sitting at a small outside coffee area, surreptitiously checking various tables out.

And then he drains his coffee, stands, and as he does so, very deftly hooks a woman's bag (she is sitting on her own) off the back of a chair and walks on.

She will not even notice.

31 INT. OUTSIDE ANDREW'S OFFICE. BISHOP STREET - DAY 31

JESS standing outside ANDREW'S office. Knuckles poised to knock on the door.

To obviously go in there and resign.

And she hesitates.

And in the end, can't do it, and turns, and walks away.

32 EXT. STREET. WESTMINSTER. LONDON - DAY 32

A young woman walking down a quiet back street, watching an episode of Love Island (or something similar) on her phone held up in front of her, and suddenly it is swiped out of her hand, as a hooded figure rides past on a BMX bike.

Reverse on JAY slipping the phone in to his pocket as he cycles away, and in the far distance behind him, the woman starts screaming at him.

33 INT. MAIN ROOM. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - DAY 33

A team of forensic investigators, led by a man called MORTEN (a serious looking Dane) starting to move in to the sitting room, as instructed.

A montage of floorboards being numbered.

An officer descending in to a cellar.

Special lights being set up to illuminate blood spatter on walls.

Floorboards being carefully removed.

The 1st of many filled holes in the wall being examined.

34 INT. FENCE'S ESATE DOORWAY - NIGHT 34

JAY handing over his booty (two debit cards, one credit, the second hand phone) to a fence, and getting the princely sum of 50 quid.

35 EXT. RIVER - NIGHT 35

JAY smoking a fag by the river, a moment's rest, from the hard business of being and being hooked up with, a drug addict.

Looking at the dirty old river, and contemplating where he finds himself.

New day

36 INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - DAY 36

WILLETS with the probate lawyer, JOHN CAXTON. WILLETS has a very fat file in front of her, given to her by CAXTON.

WILLETS
(reading from the file)
So Hazel Dunmore died on the 12th
August 2015.

CAXTON
Correct.

WILLETS
But the house didn't sell till?

CAXTON
6th November 2019, because she died
intestate.

WILLETS
Right.

CAXTON

All the family could locate was a letter of wishes, stating the sale proceeds should go to her elder sister's children. Bearing in mind the house eventually sold for a few million, her *brother's* kids contested the letter, and it got tied up in the courts for a few years. The case was finally settled in spring 2019, and then the house sold six months later.

WILLETS

And we understand from neighbours we've spoken to, that it was broken in to, probably mid 2016 and squatted in?

CAXTON

(frowns, eyes narrow)
Okay, that does ring a vague bell, this wasn't my case, I inherited it but yes - there might be something about that in there somewhere.

WILLETS

(makes notes, then)
So I'm gonna need copies of all of this please?
(the files)

CAXTON

('tedious')
Not a problem.

And out.

37 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET/ EXT. PARK - DAY

37

LINGLEY talking to MAGGIE BOWDEN on the phone.

LINGLEY

...so unless I'm being dumb, I couldn't find a crime report on it?

BOWDEN

No, I mean I *did* report it, but no-one ever got back to me.

LINGLEY

(embarrassed)
Oh, right, sorry about that...

BOWDEN

...yeah, wasn't brilliant, 'cos the manager had also downloaded the CCTV for me on a link?

LINGLEY

Of the actual incident?

BOWDEN

And you could see the thief really clearly, which I informed you guys of when I reported it.

LINGLEY

Okay, apologies again, so was it a man or a woman?

BOWDEN

A woman, middle aged, small.

LINGLEY

You wouldn't happen to still have it would you, the footage?

38

INT. CANTEEN. BISHOP STREET - DAY

38

SUNNY and LINGLEY at the checkout in the canteen, him with a coffee in his hand he is now paying for.

LINGLEY

...so yes, the theft was near the vintage shop - less than fifty yards away in fact.

SUNNY

Boom.

LINGLEY

And she's going to see if she can find the e-mail with the footage link when she gets home tonight.

SUNNY

Nice one...

(and then quietly)

...and keep everything coming through me for now, yes?

And she shoots him a look. And off he heads.

39 INT. TONY'S CAR. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE - DUSK 39

A weary looking TONY swinging in to the driveway, and then describing the semicircle to the front door.

TONY opens the door, gets out and then leans in to get his case.

A cramp in his stomach. Fuck. Painful. But he buttons it down, grabs his bag, and then heads towards the ancient oak doors.

40 INT. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE. DUSK 40

And TONY walks in through the huge Elizabethan door, shuts it behind him. All quiet.

TONY
(calls out)
Emma?

Nothing. He walks towards the kitchen. Pokes his head through the door. Nothing.

TONY (CONT'D)
Em?

EMMA (O.S.)
In here, love.

From behind the drawing room door. And he walks forward and opens the double doors.

To be met by a cacophonous cry of -

ALL
SURPRISE!!!!

Shouted by thirty/forty of his best friends and family, all waiting in the (rather huge) Elizabethan hall/drawing room.

Out on TONY. Trying very fucking hard to look pleased.

End of part two

Part three

41 INT. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT 41

Caterers serving champagne and canapés, music playing, TONY absolutely 'on' as various old friends come up to say 'hello' in the very noisy busy room.

TONY
(to a friend)
...I'll come and find you in a bit,
Colin.

GRIMSHAW (O.S.)
Happy birthday young man.

And TONY turns to see DENNIS GRIMSHAW, an old school Labour firebrand. (Think Dennis Skinner).

TONY
(smiles)
Gripper - how lovely to see you.

GRIMSHAW
(as they hug)
You said that like you almost meant
it.

TONY
I absolutely do.

GRIMSHAW
Well, ditto - I'm a man who judges
others on their actions, Tony, and
I can honestly say that the work
you've done over the last five
years in Hallam and Repton and
Withenfield, all over the country
in fact, has made me very proud to
call you a friend...
(leaning in)
...you Tory bastard!!!

TONY
(delighted, taking his
hand)
Ha!!! Thank you, Den, I appreciate
that more than you know.

GRIMSHAW
(heading off)
Speak soon, lad.

EMMA (O.S.)
Hello?

TONY
(turning to see his wife,
smiles))
This is just brilliant, Em, thank
you so much.

EMMA
Got you didn't I.

TONY
(kissing her)
Completely, clever girl.

EMMA
I'm so proud of you, my darling.

TONY
Stop it. I mean 'don't' but...

EMMA
...seriously, you are everything I
could ever have dreamed of, so
thank you, and happy, happy
birthday.

And for the briefest of moments, he is speechless, and so
leans in to a hug, to hide the emotion rising in his throat.
And then mercy of mercies -

WILL (O.S.)
Happy birthday, grandad.

And he swings round to see his 16 year old grandson, WILL.

TONY
(hugging him)
Hello Will, how lovely to see
you...
(then, lightly)
...now then, you and I need to have
a little chat I hear.

And out.

42 INT. SUNNY AND SAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

42

SUNNY sat at the dinner table with SAL, *not* eating
yesterday's meal.

And we are on him. On muted disbelief. Then -

SUNNY
And d'you know...how far... ?

SAL
...oh early, very - six/seven week
max.

SUNNY

Right.

Some relief in his eyes?

SUNNY (CONT'D)

And your pill, I mean did you forget or....

SAL

...no no, I'm guessing it was when I had that bug and I threw up.

SUNNY

Right.

A beat.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

And so...how d'you feel about it?

SAL

Oh. I mean....shocked, obviously, bit stupid, for letting it happen.

SUNNY

Don't be daft.

SAL

But also...

A beat. She looks nervous.

SAL (CONT'D)

...a bit surprised I guess, that I'm not definitely, *instinctively*, thinking... I should have a termination.

And she looks up. On him.

SUNNY

Okay.

On her watching him.

SAL

Does that completely horrify you?

SUNNY

(too quick)

No no, just....

A beat.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
...I mean, yes, slightly, yes.

And he laughs. And then he looks up.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
Sorry if that's...not what you want to hear. But better to be honest. I think?

SAL
(too quick)
Of course.

SUNNY
I mean that's just my immediate reaction, obviously I need to digest it..

SAL
...absolutely.

SUNNY
...to 'mull'. Both of us I think.

SAL
Absolutely. Yes. Let's mull.

And she smiles brightly, and then stands to take the plates in to the kitchen.

And we are watching him watching her, hating that he knows he has just hurt her.

And then we are on her at the sink, sticking dishes in to the dishwasher, even as a solitary tear escapes her eye.

43 INT. STAIRS. JESS'S HOUSE. SOUTH LONDON - NIGHT

43

JESS sitting with her mum, on the stairs, half a bottle down, the kids in the bath, just down the hall.

JESS
I just feel very weird.

KATE
I'm sure.

JESS
'Cos this is not me. I don't do 'needy'.

KATE
(loaded)
No.

JESS
(looking up)
What does *that* mean?

KATE
(a beat, then, slightly)
reluctantly
People *like* to feel needed, Jess.

JESS
Really.

KATE
Yes, oddly they do.

JESS
(a beat, then she frowns)
Has he said something to you?

KATE
No.

JESS
He has hasn't he.

KATE
You're missing my point.

JESS
Am I, right, sorry what *is* your
point?

Should KATE go there. Then -

KATE
All your life, Jess, even when you
were little, you were this person
who could just....cope with
anything, who was so self
sufficient, so un-fazeable....

And then a wail from one of the kids in the bathroom.

KATE (CONT'D)
...and that's hard for people. For
me and your dad sometimes. For your
sister definitely. And maybe it is
for Steve?

Another wail. And then KATE walks off in to the bathroom. And we stay on JESS.

And actually, she looks *thrown* by that.

44

INT. STUDY. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

44

TONY speaking with WILL, in his study as the party goes on in the background.

TONY

I know what it feels like Will.
Distasteful as it might be for you
to contemplate, I know *exactly* what
being sixteen feels like.

And WILL smiles, good old grandad.

TONY (CONT'D)

And you're smiling, because you're
thinking this is our 'all lads
together' chat. Except here's the
thing. This is *not* funny.

And WILL's smile starts to fade.

TONY (CONT'D)

Taking advantage of a woman's
inability to say 'no' because she's
too drunk is *not* fucking funny. At
all. And that you don't
instinctively understand that is so
deeply morally disgraceful that I
almost struggle to know where to
begin. But let's try this. I am
still a very powerful man. I can
and will speak to your headmaster,
and I can and will make sure your
suspension is revoked. But. I
swear, if I ever hear even a
whisper about similar behaviour
again, I will make sure your
passage out of Wallingham, through
university, and in to life, is *not*
the ludicrously easy ride it will
otherwise be. Is that understood?

WILL

Yes.

TONY

Good. Now piss off.

And he exits, tearfully, passing, at the quickly opened door, his grandmother. She frowns, appalled.

EMMA

What did you say to him?

TONY

What his father should have years ago.

And he looks up at her, sad as hell, but unapologetic.

New day.

45 INT. CORRIDOR. BISHOP STREET - DAY

45

JESS on her mobile in a corridor, her phone to her ear.

JESS

Hey, Debs, it's me, not sure if you got my message Monday but... give me a bell will you. All sorts of shit going on at home and ...I need to drink wine with you....

(a beat then)

...miss you, babes.

And now we see LINGLEY walking quickly past her and we follow LINGLEY in to the CID room, and then we see JESS sort of follow.

46 INT. LAVATORY. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE - DAY

46

TONY throwing up, quietly, in his en-suite lavatory. Then -

EMMA

Love?

TONY

(composes himself, then)

Hey.

EMMA

(a beat)

You coming down for breakfast?

TONY

Yep, two seconds.

He waits. Has she twigged?

EMMA

You okay?

TONY

All good. Down in a jiffy.

And we just know he is not going to tell her.

47 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

47

LINGLEY walking in, towards SUNNY.

LINGLEY

Guv?

He looks up, JESS right behind her, hearing the 'Guv'.

LINGLEY (CONT'D)

She found the link.

JESS

What's that?

And LINGLEY swings round to see JESS right behind her, and who clearly heard LINGLEY deliver key info not to *her*, but to SUNNY - the 'Guv', which is a little bit irritating.

SUNNY

We think we might have identified
our thief.

48 EXT. CANAL. BATH - DAY

48

BELE grabbing a bag of logs from the roof of the boat, when she looks up to sees DAVE, standing fifty yards away, a dark bruise now developed over his eye.

Looks like he's been sleeping under a hedge. Which he has.

On her shame. And then he starts to walk towards her.

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

49

And here are JESS, SUNNY and LINGLEY, watching CCTV footage of a man and a woman drinking coffee at a table.

The atmosphere tense.

LINGLEY

So that's Maggie and her boyfriend.

And then we see a woman, late 30s, early 40s, small, lots of hair, at the counter, waiting to pay, but really, casing the table area for her victim.

And then we see her passing a woman we assume is MAGGIE BOWDEN and expertly hooking the bag off the back of the chair, attracting zero attention.

JESS rewinds and pauses on a really good still of her face at the counter.

JESS

Well the height and hair certainly look right. Because if this guy here...

(standing next to her in the queue)

...is anything like average height, then she's, what, nearly a foot shorter than him?

LINGLEY

(nods)

Four ten, four eleven?

SUNNY

So I guess this is what she does to pay for her habit.

JESS

Yes.

SUNNY

Meaning there's a good chance she's worked this patch for a few days either side of this offence?

JESS

(nods, good thought)

Yes.

SUNNY

So how about we search for all street and shop thefts within five hundred yards of the coffee shop maybe... a week either side of the 4th June 2016?

JESS

(nods)

Go for it.

And SUNNY and LINGLEY go to walk out, and indeed LINGLEY gets out the door, when -

JESS (CONT'D)
 And D.I Khan...
 (off his turn)
 ...key information should really
 come to me first please.

And he tightens. Because really, fuck *that* shit.

SUNNY
 When you're actually *in* the office,
 I can certainly make sure they
 bring you stuff first.

Ouch. SUNNY's turn to be a bellend. And out he goes.

Out on her.

50 **SCENE OMITTED**

50

51 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

51

The whole team together, with the incident board filling up.

SUNNY
 So nothing on any of the days we
 searched running up to the 4th, but
 then bingo, on the 5th, a woman was
 caught by shop security in a
 clothes shop called 'Pelagonian',
 trying to remove a purse from a
 woman's bag.

JESS
 And police were called this time?

SUNNY
 (nods)
 And she was arrested and charged.
 And how's about this ladies and
 gents - she gave the Hammersmith
 house as her address.

Smiles all around.

JESS
 Have we got a mugshot?

SUNNY
 We do.

And LINGLEY now pins up on the board a photo of a woman, early thirties (but looks much older) a pinched, drawn look to her face, under a big mop of curly hair.

She looks slightly Mediterranean (**possibly mixed race, but not obviously so.**)

LINGLEY

Her name is Precious Falade, she was born on the 15th January 1982, and would have been 34 at the time of the coffee shop theft.

SUNNY

I should say she had a long history of drug offences, multiple sex work and theft arrests and we do have a DNA swab on file which has gone to the lab notwithstanding the comparison difficulties.

LINGLEY

As an adult, she seems to have resided mainly in Wales, at least half of her arrests were there, but she was born and raised in London.

JESS

Any next of kin?

LINGLEY

Nothing on her file, but we'll do the usual trawl, might take a day or so though.

JESS

Okay, very good, thank you. Kat?

WILLETS

Kaz.

JESS

Kaz, sorry.

WILLETS

(smiles)

So we know there were squatters in the house in roughly May/June 2016. And we have a relative of Ms Dunmore's who would appear to have had some sort of engagement with them, at that time.

(MORE)

WILLETS (CONT'D)

Couldn't get a name from any of the neighbours, but I'm looking at the probate lawyer's files and seeing if there's anything there.

JESS

(to BOULTING)

Murray?

BOULTING

Still waiting on control to come back to me on any other police activity at the address.

JESS

Okay. Good stuff.

And she nods. SUNNY waiting.

SUNNY

I mean probably too early to be theorising about motives just yet..

JESS

(nods, absently)

...I think so.

And she is really not fully present, so he takes over.

SUNNY

...so let's make our priority finding next of kin. Kaz how about you take all Precious's Phoenix docs, Murray and Fran link in with them and PND for previous addresses, associated numbers, call histories etc. If we can get a result today that would be great. Happy?

(to Jess)

JESS

Absolutely. Good work.

And she heads back in to her office.

LINGLEY

(to Sunny)

Not sure why she even bothers turning up.

And he should slap that down. But doesn't.

52

INT. BARGE. BATH - DAY

52

DAVE and BELE talking. She looks bereft and deeply contrite.

DAVE looks fairly desolate too. Because this man, for whatever reason, still loves this woman.

DAVE

Pretty much the only thing stopping me packing a bag right now is the restaurant.

BELE

I completely understand. And again, I'm so sorry.

DAVE

Except you're *always* sorry, BELE, and then nothing changes. If anything it's getting worse.

BELE

I'm trying, I promise.

A beat.

DAVE

Did you have a drink?

BELE

No.

DAVE

Honestly?

BELE

(looks up, she clearly didn't)

I swear.

A long beat.

DAVE

So I'm giving you one last chance. But from here on in, our life has to be just that - *ours*, not just yours, *your* history, *your* family, *your* problems. I'm someone too. Okay?

BELE

Absolutely.

A beat. And then he stands.

DAVE

Okay. Well let's try and move on.
I'll see you for service, we're
full again.

And he exits.

BELE

I love you.

And he stops. A beat. And then, without turning.

DAVE

I love you too.

And then he is gone. Out on her. What sort of a shit bag is
she.

53 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET /INT. SOCIAL SERVICES OFFICE - DAY 53

The team all on computers working together as we track
through the room.

WILLETS

...oh hi there, my name is D.C
Karen Willets and I'm trying to
trace the next of kin of a woman
called Precious Falade and your
number came up on an arrest sheet
from 2004.....?

(listens)

...solicitors, okay, and so might
she have been a client of
yours.....

BOULTING

...and how long was she a patient
with you...

(listens)

...okay and did she ever give your
clinic any details of next of kin
or...

SUNNY

...sorry, no, if she still owes you
rent there's not much we can do
about that, could I just ask though
if she lived there alone or...

LINGLEY

...right, and when was this?

EDDIE

She was referred to us from
Caernarvon social services in 2013.

LINGLEY

And you specifically looked after
her?

EDDIE

I did, for a period.

LINGLEY

Okay, brilliant, so as I say, we're
looking for next of kin?

EDDIE

Well that would be her son or her
mother.

LINGLEY

Right, and would you happen to have
an address or number for either?

EDDIE

Hang on, let me just look in the
files...

(as he does)

...I should just say whilst I'm
looking that the last time I spoke
to her, in 2014, she was estranged
from both. Now that may have
changed after she transferred to
West London but I'm just letting
you know....

(the sound of typing)

...okay, so I've no idea if this is
current or not, but yes, I have an
address here for the mother, d'you
have a pen?

LINGLEY

Fire away.

LINGLEY'S hand goes up and they all look over as she starts
to write.

54

INT. JAY & CHERYL'S FLAT. BLACKHYTHE - DAY

54

JAY and CHER asleep on their skanky mattress, when suddenly
there is a violent banging on the door.

He stirs.

BANG BANG BANG. And then -

ELLIS (O.S.)
Police! Open up!!

On JAY. Eyes open. Not going to run, where to?

BANG BANG BANG!!

And then half asleep, JAY stumbles out of bed, in boxers and a T, and walks out of the bedroom.

ELLIS(O.S.) (CONT'D)
Police. Open up!!!!

JAY
(shouting irritably)
I'm comin' man!!

And down the hallway to the door, and opens it, to find two uniform at the door, one of whom he clearly knows.

ELLIS
You are such a twat, Jay.

JAY
(indignant)
What?

ELLIS
(as he grabs his hands to cuff him)
I am arresting you on suspicion of robbery and GBH...

JAY
(starting to resist hard)
...what are you talkin about...

ELLIS
...stop struggling...
(as the other one jumps on him)
...you do not have to say anything...

JAY
...gonna fuck you up, man...

ELLIS
...but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned, something which you later rely on in court...

JAY

...I never done no GBH...

ELLIS

...anything you do say may be given
in evidence....

JAY

...what GBH bro...

ELLIS

(breathless)

The woman you mugged, mate, you're
all over the CCTV in the
newsagents, okay, we're going to
complete a section 32 search under
pace

(nods to the other cop to
enter)

...your missus decent is she?

And in they go as he pulls JAY to his feet.

55

INT. RESTAURANT. BATH - DAY

55

DAVE in the kitchen, prepping service. BELE in the dining
room, on the phone, at the end of the call.

BELE

...ok, thank you, and yes, I'll
call you tomorrow to discuss next
steps. Bye now. Bye.

And she hangs up. And takes a moment. Whatever that
conversation was, she clearly is conflicted about it.

And then she walks toward the kitchen. DAVE hard at it, his
plongeur washing pots in a corner.

And she beckons him out, tears starting to pool in her eyes.
He frowns.

DAVE

You okay?

BELE

They still want to invest. The full
amount. They want to go ahead,
love.

And he looks astonished. And conflicted. And then she walks
forward and wraps her arms around him.

BELE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry. I
will change, I promise, I *can*
change.

On him, over her shoulder. Clearly remains deeply conflicted.

Even as, over *his* shoulder, she sees them.

SUNNY and JESS, crossing the road in front of the restaurant.
Slo-mo. The 'knock on the door'. And now we cut quickly
outside.

56 EXT. RESTAURANT. BATH - DAY

56

And just as SUNNY goes to open the door, a text lands on
JESS's phone. From STEVE - '**Can you call asap please**'.

Genius timing. Because then SUNNY is opening the restaurant
door and she is following him in.

57 INT. RESTAURANT. BATH - DAY

57

And now BELE is drawing away from DAVE, who turns to follow
her gaze, obviously thinking they are punters.

JESS
Good afternoon. So sorry to bother
you, we're looking for Ebele
Falade?

BELE
Yes, that's me.

JESS
Hello, Ebele...
(raising her badge)
...my name's D.C.I Jessica James,
this is D.I Sunny Khan and we
wanted to speak to you about your
daughter Precious?

And her face falls.

BELE
What about her?

JESS
Can we sit?

BELE
No, what about her?

A beat.

JESS

Ebele, I'm so sorry to have to tell you this, but two days ago, we found a body in a house in Hammersmith, and we have very good reason to believe that it's your daughter.

But before she has even got to the end, BELE begins a primal wail of mother's grief.

BELE

No no no no no....

And starts to pull at her hair, utterly wild eyed with horror and grief.

DAVE

Love...

And DAVE tries to grab her but she violently pushes him away, howling still.

BELE

...no no no....

And then starts to bang her head hard against the nearest wall repeatedly.

DAVE

(to Jess and Sunny)

Get out, get out, get out now!!!!

And then he is wrapping his arms tight round BELE, pinning down her flailing arms, as she screams, and screams, and screams, pulling her away from the wall.

And JESS looks to SUNNY and nods and starts to leave and (we sense) a slightly reluctant SUNNY follows.

A sense JESS has an ulterior motive to leave here.

End of part 3

Part 4

58

INT. RASHID'S OFFICE. PRIVATE HOSPITAL. CHELSEA - DAY

58

TONY with RASHID.

TONY

So best case worst case if we do
all the standard stuff.

On RASHID. Knew he would ask this.

RASHID

Best case, maybe a year, worst case
maybe three months.

Close on TONY, worse perhaps than he thought.

TONY

(to himself, eyes down)
Which is not enough.

And then he looks up. And RASHID nods.

RASHID

It's *never* enough, Tony, for
anyone.

A beat. Then -

TONY

Okay I don't care what it costs,
what you cost, what *anything* costs,
I want you to research every single
new possible therapy, treatment,
drug trial, whatever there is out
there, to help me buy more than
that, would you do that for me?

And RASHID looks at him. Not an uncommon reaction.

RASHID

I give you my word I will do
absolutely everything I *can*.

But do we think this is more balm than realism?

59 EXT. PARIS - DAY

59

The Metro. The Champs Elysees. Montmartre etc.

59A INT. KAROL'S CAR. ELISE'S CAFE. PARIS - DAY

59A

KAROL pulling up outside ELISE's cafe, to drop her off for
her shift.

ELISE

(English)

In the nicest possible way, it's really nothing to do with you. He just can't bear the thought that I'd ever love anyone but him.

KAROL

(French)

So what do we do?

ELISE

(French)

We fight him, tooth and claw. Because the girls don't want shared custody, I don't want shared custody, Jesus I don't even think he really wants it.

And she turns to him.

ELISE (CONT'D)

(French)

Yes?

KAROL

(English)

Of course, just ...lawyers are expensive.

And she nods. Something being left unsaid.

ELISE

(English)

Well let's talk. I guess it's all about priorities.

KAROL

(English)

Priorities?

ELISE

(checking her watch,
English)

I gotta run...

KAROL

(English)

...if we want a baby, Lise, we need a bigger place.

ELISE

(English)

Absolutely.

(MORE)

ELISE (CONT'D)
But let's speak properly later, I'm
so late...
(getting out, French)
....I love you.

And then she gets out of the car, and walks in to the cafe.

Out on KAROL, watching her go. Not happy.

60 **SCENE OMITTED**

60

61 EXT. RESTAURANT. BATH - DAY

61

JESS waiting outside the restaurant, a few yards away from
SUNNY, as she hears -

STEVE (O.S.)
I'm sorry, can't take your call
please leave a message.

JESS
(quietly)
I've called you back three times,
don't just text me and then not
pick up, I mean... what the fuck is
going on??

SUNNY (O.S.)
We should go back in.

And she turns. Clicks off.

JESS
(trying to peer in the
window)
Has she calmed down?

SUNNY
I don't really care, this is a
murder investigation, we shouldn't
have walked out.

JESS
(irritated)
Should we not? Felt the right thing
to me. I'll do the talking.

And she walks in, and he follows.

62

INT. RESTAURANT. BATH - DAY

62

DAVE looks up as they enter. BELE still has her head in her hands at a corner table.

JESS

I'm really sorry but we need to ask some quick questions.

DAVE

(appalled)

Can't it wait?

JESS

It'll only take a couple of minutes.

BELE

(looking up)

Was it an overdose?

JESS

(interesting)

It wasn't no.

BELE

What was it then? How did she die?

And JESS sits opposite her now and holds her eye as he says.

JESS

I'm very sorry to have to tell you that we think she was murdered.

On BELE, her hand to her mouth in shock.

BELE

No. How?

JESS

(a beat)

We think she was shot.

BELE

Oh my God....

(starts to cry again)

...who would do that to her?

JESS

Well, that's what we're trying to find out...

(as Sunny sits)

...can I ask when the last time you saw her was?

BELE
(a beat, then)
Why?

JESS
Roughly?

BELE
I've seen her maybe two or three
times in the last fifteen years.

JESS
(some surprise at that)
Okay. And the most recent time?

And she frowns, trying a bit too hard to 'remember'.

BELE
I don't know...maybe 2014...15?

JESS
So over seven years ago.

BELE
Approximately.

JESS
So you'd fallen out or...

BELE
...I didn't fall out with anyone.
She fell out with me.

JESS
Can I ask why?

BELE
Because I objected to her stealing
from me? To buy drugs? Because I
objected to her endless emotional
abuse of me. Because I objected to
her blaming me for everything that
was wrong in her life?

SUNNY
And the last time you saw her, did
she mention any ...conflicts she
was having with anyone? Anyone who
might have had some sort of a
grudge against her?

BELE
No. I mean I can't remember.

SUNNY

And she had a son we believe?

BELE

Yes.

SUNNY

Joseph?

BELE

Yes.

SUNNY

How old would Joseph be now?

BELE

(thinks)

Twenty four, twenty five?

SUNNY

(some surprise)

Oh okay. She had him very young?

BELE

Yes.

SUNNY

And do you have any contact with him?

BELE

No.

SUNNY

Any idea where he lives.

BELE

No.

SUNNY

Your grandson?

BELE

(looks up, hears the implied judgement)

Again, her call.

JESS

Okay.

(a beat, then)

Well, for now, thank you so much, we will..

SUNNY
(interrupting)
...sorry, just one last quick
thing.

And BELE looks at him for the first time. JESS not happy,
shoots him a look, which he totally ignores.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
(getting it out of his
rucksack)
I'd like to show you something, a
photo, of the house we found her
in?

And he slides it across to her.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
D'you recognise it at all?

She looks at it.

Flashback

A funnel. Nappies. A screwdriver. Crawling beetles.

End of flashback

BELE
No.

SUNNY
Have a good look.

BELE
I did.

SUNNY
You don't recall ever visiting her
there?

BELE
No.

But she's lying. And she knows he knows she's lying.

JESS
(standing)
Okay, well thank you for speaking
to us, our deepest condolences on
your loss.

BELE
Can I see her?

JESS
 (hesitates, then)
 Yes, of course. I should say we
 believe she'd lain undiscovered for
 several years so...
 (tails off, where does
 that go)
but yes, this is my card...
 (hands it to her)
 ...call me any time, and I can
 arrange a viewing.

And they exit and we stay on her watching them go.

And we are on DAVE watching her watching them.

And clearly alarm bells are ringing for him.

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EXT. RESTAURANT. BATH - DUSK

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JESS and SUNNY walking to a car.

JESS
 D'you want to give me a heads up if
 you're going to do stuff like that?

SUNNY
 Like what?

JESS
 The photo.

SUNNY
 It was instinctive. Like you
 walking out.

And she turns to him. The pair clearly dislike each other.

JESS
 I might have wanted to save it for
 when she was in a less febrile
 state.

SUNNY
 I think it told us what we needed.

JESS
 Which is what?

SUNNY
 That she was lying?

JESS

Maybe.

SUNNY

I didn't believe her initial
reaction either.

JESS

In what way?

SUNNY

Dunno. Just felt off to me.

JESS

Felt pretty normal to me.

SUNNY

(nods, then)

We'll have to agree to disagree
then.

And he gets in. On her. Under her breath.

JESS

Dick.

And him in the car clearly thinking the same, as she then
gets in.

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And as the car pulls away, we are watching from the POV of
BELE.

And we should know this woman has the secrets to hide.

End of episode two.