

SCRIPT TITLE

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1 EXT. LAMBETH BRIDGE - DAY

1

A man striding across Lambeth bridge, early doors.  
It's TONY HUME, heading towards Walworth.

2 INT. JESS'S HOUSE. SOUTH LONDON/ EXT. STREET - DAY

2

The kids eating breakfast as JESS gets her stuff together.

JESS  
...how many times, I'm not buying  
you Coco Hoops.

ELIOT  
But why?

JESS  
Because they're not good for you.

ELIOT  
They are.

Her mobile rings. It says 'DEBBIE'.

JESS  
They're not good for me then, coats  
and bags ready...  
(answering)  
...there you are.

DEBBIE  
Sorry work's been mad.

JESS  
Did you speak to mum, did she tell  
you what happened?

DEBBIE  
Yeah listen what time do you finish  
work today, can I come and meet  
you?

JESS  
Er...maybe six but I can't  
guarantee anything I'm right in  
the...

DEBBIE  
...how about that pub we met in  
before we saw Dolly.

JESS  
Er....sure but..

DEBBIE  
...sorry I'm running in to a meet,  
I'll see you there at six?

JESS  
Debs.....

But she has hung up. All a bit weird. But then -

JESS (CONT'D)  
...okay kids, leaving in five....

3 INT. SAL AND SUNNY'S HOUSE - DAY

3

SUNNY, coat and rucksack on, grabbing a cereal bar from a cupboard.

SAL sitting at the kitchen table, reading a work document as she eats toast and drinks coffee.

And then SUNNY is walking out and heading to the door. And she realises he is going without saying goodbye.

SAL  
Sunny?

And he swings round. In shock. Had sort of forgotten she was there.

SUNNY  
Shit, sorry, love.

SAL  
(slightly embarrassed)  
'Bye then'.

SUNNY  
Absolutely miles away...  
(and he walks back, gives  
her a kiss)  
...have a good day.

SAL  
You too.

SUNNY  
And let's talk tonight yes?

SAL  
Sure.

His phone rings. He looks at the ID.

SUNNY

Sorry I've got to take this...

(walking to the door)

...but I'll get back early, love  
you.

(answering)

The plasterboard, what you got for  
me....

And then the door is shutting behind him.

Out on her. This is not feeling good.

4 INT. YOUTH CENTRE. WALWORTH - DAY

4

Keys in a door.

Pull back to TONY letting himself in to YASMIN's office,  
looking for something (it's not even nine, the place is  
empty).

And then he finds it, in a filing cabinet, an address on a  
club application form.

On the reverse we see it is '**Mustafa Ali**'. On TONY.  
Contemplating something.

And out.

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

5

DAVE and BELE driving back down to London (to identify the  
body).

BELE's eyes red from endless crying.

DAVE puts a hand over to her as he drives, takes her hand in  
his, offering a smile of support.

6 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

6

WILLETS on the phone to the lawyer CAXTON. On her desk are  
the two huge boxes of solicitor files, and right in front of  
her, three brief hand written notes on headed notepaper.

WILLETS

....and around the time we're specifically looking at, we've found three handwritten notes, two dated the 27th May and one the 30th June, detailing three phone calls, with an 'L.A.'....

7

INT. CID. BISHOP STREET/SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

7

And now we cut between the two. And does CAXTON look a little shifty now?

CAXTON

...right.

WILLETS

The notes are very brief, but do seem to be referencing a squatter issue and making the building secure and then most importantly, in the note dated the 30th, dropping off some new keys?

CAXTON

Okay.

WILLETS

Except 'LA' doesn't seem to match the initials of any of the nine relatives I can see detailed in the files.

CAXTON

Doesn't ring any obvious bells with me either.

WILLETS

Okay, so you said you inherited the case, would it be possible to speak to who might have made those original notes?

CAXTON

No I took over from Amanda Greaves who died of Covid in February of last year sadly.

WILLETS

Right, sorry to hear that. Okay. Plan B, the first note says...

(reading)

(MORE)

WILLETS (CONT'D)

... 'LA called, will ring back at 2.00.' So this is one of the ones on the 27th May 2016, how would you feel about us looking through your firm's phone records?

And out on CAXTON. How would he feel indeed. Our guess is, not very happy.

8 INT. FORENSIC LAB - DAY

8

The floorboards being sprayed, one by one, with Luminol, in a darkened room, by forensic scientist, MORTEN.

9 INT. POLICE STATION. BLACKHYTHE. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY

9

JAY sitting in an interview room, a blanket around his shoulders, cold, tired. A slightly grizzled duty brief (KEITH MITCHAM) by his side, and both opposite an equally weary looking D.C. (PHIL WELLINGS). As we join, WELLINGS is holding up a debit card in a see-through exhibit bag.

WELLINGS

Showing the witness exhibit DS1, a debit card, in the name of Sophie Coulson, found in the kitchen of the suspect. D'you recognise that?

JAY

No comment.

WELLINGS

Not yours though is it.

JAY

No comment.

WELLINGS

So how did this lady's card get there, in your kitchen?

JAY

No comment.

WELLINGS

Did you find it in the bag you stole from her?

JAY

No comment.

WELLINGS

How *else* could it have got there?

JAY

No comment.

WELLINGS

Okay.

(swinging a laptop round)

Showing the suspect exhibit DS2,  
CCTV footage from the convenience  
store 'Treasure Corner'.

And he presses play and we see on the laptop, CCTV footage of the lad we saw in the first episode, buying Vodka and pot noodles. JAY barely glances at the laptop.

And as the figure in the footage taps the card reader with his card, WELLINGS presses pause and magnifies the image to better feature the lad (JAY).

WELLINGS (CONT'D)

So I think that's you there, fella.

JAY

No comment.

WELLINGS

'Cos you have a tattoo on your hand  
exactly just like this one...

(points at the footage)

...here, don't you?

JAY

No comment.

WELLINGS

I can see it on your hand now,  
right in front of me.

JAY

No comment.

WELLINGS

So that *is* you, isn't it, using her  
card, stolen ten minutes before,  
half a mile away. Yes?

JAY

(yawns)

No comment.

WELLINGS

D'you find this boring?

JAY

No comment.

WELLINGS

I wonder if you find it boring that the woman you mugged was four months pregnant and very nearly lost her baby. Is *that* boring?

And JAY leans back and yawns.

JAY

Can I have a cup of tea, man, fuckin' parched.

And out on that.

10 EXT. ELVINGTON ESTATE. CAMBERWELL - DAY 10

TONY getting out of a cab. Checking the address on the piece of paper he took. And then heading toward an estate of huge bleak high-rises.

11 INT. FORENSIC LAB - DAY 11

A number of floorboards, all numbered up, have been tested, and the scientist, MORTEN, is now on number 13.

And a result is now finally showing - a patch fluorescing, from the middle to the edge of the board.

MORTEN methodically moves on to the next two boards (numbers 14 and 15) and starts to spray them.

11A INT. CANTEEN. AIRPORT. PARIS - DAY 11A

KAROL in a work canteen with his friend SZYMON, finishing lunch.

SZYMON

(Polish)

My brother lived there for ten years and *loved* it.

KAROL

(Polish)

Good for him. And hey, maybe it was just me, but I promise you, London nearly *killed* me.



SZYMON  
(Polish)  
Are you serious?

KAROL  
(English)  
The loneliness, the inequality, the hostility at the time I was there. It wears you down, man. And down. And down. Till you become someone who isn't you, someone you don't even *like*....

His phone rings. He looks at it to see 'Banque Août'

KAROL (CONT'D)  
...but apart from that...  
(smiles, stands, Polish)  
...go for it, fella, move there, I'm just giving you the heads up.  
(into the phone, French)  
Hello, Karol Wojski.

BANK EMPLOYEE (O.S.)  
(in French)  
Good afternoon, Mr Wojski, it's Julien Renard, calling about your mortgage application...

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

12

JESS and the rest of the team in her office. She is sitting behind her desk, a set of written crib sheet notes in front of her. A sense she is really *trying* to get a grip.

JESS  
...her friends, her family, any criminal associates, where did she live, if she worked *where* did she work, basically the more we know about her the more chance we have of working out how she died.  
(checks her notes)  
So, Murray, let's see if she had a bank account, ditto mobile phone, I want to know when everything stopped, her last phone call, her last bank transaction, both could help determine date of death.

BOULTING  
Ma'am.

JESS

Any update on the C&C check on the house?

BOULTING

Coming later today apparently.

JESS

So we've now obviously identified her mother and had a preliminary chat with her, Karen, anything on Ebele Falade on PNC.

WILLETS

Just a bit. Multiple arrests, all apart from one seem to be alcohol related, two D&D convictions, several thefts, several community penalties, but then back in 1986, we have an ABH charge, against a doorman in a City stock brokers' office, but here's the thing - it involved a firearm.

Intakes of breath all around.

JESS

Any details on it?

WILLETS

We're seeing what we can dig up with the intel team.

JESS

When did the other offences range from?

WILLETS

Early eighties to 2016?

JESS

Okay. We also now know she had a grandson, Precious's son, Joseph, did you get anything more from social services on him, Frances?

LINGLEY

Not a lot, ma'am, other than he was born in 1998, in Wales.

JESS

Okay.

LINGLEY

Again though, quite a criminal record. We have various theft charges, lots of drugs, possession and supply, and then a gang related battery charge, for which he did a six months at Prestwythn Young Offenders in 2014. No current address for him.

JESS

Okay. Let's go back to social services, see if we can find him through them in Wales. Am I right in remembering Precious was transferred to West London Social services at some point?

LINGLEY

(checking notes)  
October 2015.

JESS

So speak to them, see what *they* can give us, again check PNC and link in with intel, there's obviously a common thread of drink and violence emerging here which could be germane to Precious's death.

LINGLEY

Ma'am.

JESS

Any more for any more?

SUNNY

Just one thing, Ma'am - I got the rest of the plasterboard tested and actually it *is* all 60s, there was no modern bit.

JESS

Right, how does that work then, given we now *do* know the victim is from 2016 at the earliest.

SUNNY

So the lab tech thinks it'd been re-used...

Her mobile buzzes notifying her of a text from BALCOMBE saying '**Ebele Falade is here**'.

JESS  
...sorry carry on.

And as he does, she quickly texts back **'Don't let her see the body till I'm there'**.

SUNNY  
...because it has 'patches'. Bits of scrunched up newspaper, pushed in to fill bits that must have broken off when it was taken down from wherever it was originally.

JESS  
Why would you re-use plasterboard, costs nothing.

SUNNY  
Maybe if you were completely skint?  
Maybe if you didn't want any trace of you buying it?

JESS  
I guess.

SUNNY  
The more important thing though, is that the newspaper has dates on it. Which means if it was patched at the same time as it went up...  
(and he shows her a photo of it on his phone)  
...the fire breast was covered up on the 12th July 2016.

And the photo is of an un-scrunched piece of the Mirror. Dated 12th July 2016.

And the first hint of a smile from JESS.

JESS  
Okay, I like that.  
(then standing and grabbing her coat)  
Thank you all, just one quick thing please, can we lose the 'Ma'am' everyone - 'Guv' is fine.

And it was said pleasantly enough, but there was also irritation behind it. And she heads out, leaving them all in her office.

And they all look at SUNNY, waiting to take their lead from him in response to her request.

Close on SUNNY. Not in a brilliant place himself.

SUNNY  
'Guv' it is.

And although he has not resisted it, he has made his feelings perfectly clear.

And he stands and walks out (and the others follow) and into -

13 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET/ INT. FORENSIC LAB - DAY 13

...the main CID room even as his desk phone rings.

SUNNY  
(picking up)  
D.I. Khan.

MORTEN  
Sunny, it's Morten at the lab. So  
we've found blood. Lots.

And out.

**End of part one**

**Part two**

14 EXT. ELVINGTON ESTATE. CAMBERWELL - DAY 14

Watching TONY, from a distance, walk along a third floor gangway of a estate block of flats, checking for a door number against the piece of paper in his hand.

And finally he stops.

15 EXT. DOOR. ELVINGTON ESTATE. CAMBERWELL - DAY 15

TONY outside number 49. A moment's hesitation, and then finally, he rings on a bell.

Waits.

And then footsteps, and it opens. It is MUSTAFA, from the table tennis match. Who is, to put it mildly, surprised to see him.

TONY  
Hello.

MUSTAFA  
(fairly stunned)  
Alright?

TONY  
It's Mus isn't it?

MUSTAFA  
Yeah.

TONY  
I'm Tony, we played...

MUSTAFA  
...I know who you are.

A beat. MUS waits.

TONY  
I just....

And now he is here, he is not entirely sure why he is here.

TONY (CONT'D)  
...I got your address from the  
club.

MUSTAFA  
Right...  
(ever more baffled)  
...why?

And then they are both saved by MUSTAFA'S mother. ALAYA.

ALAYA (O.S.)  
(in Somali)  
Mus who is it?

And then she appears.

ALAYA (CONT'D)  
(English, frowns)  
Hello, can I help you?

TONY  
Hello, my name's Tony, I'm a friend  
of Mustafa's, from the Elwood  
Centre and...I was just passing.

And she is also obviously wondering what the fuck is going  
on, and finally, in the absence of anything else, she offers  
up that old English favourite.

ALAYA

Would you like a cup of tea?

Equilibrium restored.

TONY

Yes please.

And she steps aside and ushers him gratefully in. Much to her son's very palpable embarrassment.

16

INT. VIEWING ROOM. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

16

BELE looking at the atrophied body of her daughter (the body covered in a sheet, but for the head) DAVE by her side, her hand in his.

And she is obviously incredibly tearful, her head shaking in horrified disbelief.

BELE

...the things they do to us, the way they treat us....

DAVE pulls her tighter to him.

BELE (CONT'D)

...how do they get away with it, just.....how are they allowed to keep doing this?

And then -

JESS (O.S.)

They?

And BELE swings round.

JESS (CONT'D)

Who do you mean 'they'?

And JESS emerges from the shadows.

BELE

D'you mind, this is a private moment with my dead daughter, can you leave please!?

JESS

Who did you mean?

And she holds JESS's eye, the grief slowly morphing into a muscle memory defiance and aggression.

BELE

Who do you think? 'Men'. Because  
that's who it'll be. A man. It's  
always a man isn't it.

On JESS. Isn't it just. And then -

JESS

I'll wait outside.

BELE

Don't bother.

JESS

(holding her eye, gives  
zero fucks)  
Well it'd be good to talk in more  
detail about a few things. The  
station's only ten minutes away.

And she exits, and BELE watches her go.

Again, DAVE watching BELE.

17 INT. CORRIDOR. POLICE STATION. BLACKHYTHE - DAY

17

PHIL WELLINGS talking with JAY's brief, KEITH MITCHAM outside  
the cells.

WELLINGS

(approaching)

So the CPS are happy to charge, if  
you're cool, we'll get that done,  
and then we can put him before the  
court in the morning for a remand  
application?

KEITH

What about bail?

WELLINGS

(frowns)

He's not getting bail, Keith.

KEITH

Why?

WELLINGS

(slight disbelief)

Why d'you think? His record, the  
crime, his total lack of any  
remorse...



KEITH

...he actually *is* remorseful, he just struggles to show it..

WELLINGS

(almost amused)

...yeah well, maybe he can take some acting classes inside.

KEITH

Funny.

WELLINGS

(stops, turns, irritated)

Listen, I know you're only doing your job but really? You want to fight for a bloke like that?

KEITH

And I know you're only doing *your* job, but yeah, I do, Phil, you have literally zero idea of his story.

WELLINGS

I don't *care* about his 'story', I care about the woman who nearly lost her child because of him.

(and he is walking away)

But listen, mate, go for it, apply for bail, and we'll turn it down.

Out on KEITH. This system.

18

INT. 64 WATERMAN ROAD / INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

18

MORTEN with SUNNY. The floorboards all up, duck boards to help walk across the joists.

MORTEN

So 13, 14, 15, and 16, which were here to here.

A space approximately ten feet away from the fireplace, toward the rear window of the large room.

SUNNY

And this was the sort of pooling you'd expect from a gunshot wound?

MORTEN

Under a prone body, yes. We also found evidence of smearing between here and the fireplace.

SUNNY

Had anyone made any attempt to clean it?

MORTEN

We think so, we found traces of cleaning materials, but the blood had soaked deep in to the wood, so whoever tried to get rid of it, just wiped away the surface blood.

SUNNY

And can we test it for DNA, is there enough material?

MORTEN

Absolutely, we're doing comparison tests with the victim now.

SUNNY's phone rings. D.C.I. JAMES.

SUNNY

(to Morten)

Apologies.

(answering)

'Guv'.

JESS

Ebele Falade has agreed to come in and chat.

SUNNY

Okay, wow, so soon.

JESS

(irritated again)

You couldn't get enough of her yesterday. We'll be back at the nick in twenty if you want to join me.

Out on him as she hangs up. Christ she's irritating him.

19

INT. FLAT. ELVINGTON ESTATE. CAMBERWELL - DAY

19

TONY drinking tea, with ALAYA and a still bemused MUSTAFA.

ALAYA

...the work he *could* get was all minimum wage and the money selling drugs was just too tempting.

TONY

How long did he get?

ALAYA

Six years. He's done eighteen months, should be out in another eighteen if he behaves himself.

TONY

And Mus, you're avoiding the same pitfalls?

MUSTAFA

Of course.

ALAYA

For now. The problems don't go away though.

And TONY nods.

TONY

So you must think I'm very strange just turning up like this. And in many ways, I'm not entirely sure why I knocked on your door, but I just...

Close on him. A sense a lot is going on here for this man.

TONY (CONT'D)

...I played a game of table tennis with your son a couple of days ago, and I saw something in him, a certain...fire in his belly, that reminded me of myself when I was his age.

And he is looking at MUSTAFA. And his eyes are pooling.

TONY (CONT'D)

But I know life is tough around here, and so I guess, I just wanted to ask...

A beat.

TONY (CONT'D)

...is there anything I can do for you, Alaya? For Mus, for your family. Financially or...in any other way.

And she looks at him. Smiles.

ALAYA

I studied economics, Lord Hume,  
back in Mogadishu, so I knew who  
you were even before Mus talked  
about you.

TONY

Oh, okay.

He smiles, did not expect that, looks vaguely uncomfortable.

ALAYA

And I'm grateful for your kind  
offer, genuinely. But your money's  
not what we need. I mean that might  
help *us*, but what about our  
community? Our schools, and  
hospitals, our social care, in fact  
*all* the things your party de-funded  
for so many years. Who's going to  
sort *those* out?

So this was *not* the response he expected. And then she  
stands. Time for him to leave.

ALAYA (CONT'D)

So I'm sorry, but I suspect money  
from you would really be more for  
*your* benefit than ours.

Said sweetly, but with utter steel in her eyes. On him. And  
his expression tells us she was right on the money.

The question is what stain on his conscience was this an  
attempt to salve.

20 EXT. ELVINGTON ESTATE. CAMBERWELL - DAY

20

High above the estate, we watch TONY HUME walking away across  
a bleak quad.

He looks utterly lost.

20A INT. KAROL AND ELISE'S FLAT. PARIS - DAY

20A

KAROL and ELISE, over a coffee, discussing the phone call he  
had with the bank earlier. This conversation is in English.

ELISE

(shocked)

...twenty percent ?

KAROL

Yeah.

ELISE

Babe, we were struggling to find a ten percent deposit.

KAROL

I know but....

( 'what choice do we have' )

...if we want a baby we need a bigger place so..we'll just have to tighten our belts won't we.

And he looks to her for agreement. And she takes a sip of coffee, clearly less convinced than him. Some tensions here.

21      **SCENE OMITTED**

21

22      INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

22

Close on BELE, now being interviewed, with SUNNY and JESS. SUNNY leading.

SUNNY

So we're just trying to get as much information as possible about your daughter, about what sort of a life she was living at the time we think she might have died.

BELE

D'you know yet when she *did* die?

SUNNY

We're pretty sure now it was sometime between the 4th June 2016 and the 12th July 2016.

BELE shakes her head, tears coming again.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

(sliding tissues across)

Here.

(waits for her to compose herself, then)

So when we spoke yesterday, you were a little uncertain about when you think you last saw Precious. You thought possibly 2014 or 15?

BELE

It was actually January 2016, her birthday, the 15th - I checked an old diary.

SUNNY

Right.

BELE

She'd moved back down from Wales and was living in emergency accommodation in Shepherd's Bush.

SUNNY

Oh okay, so she was homeless?

BELE

Yes.

SUNNY

She never lived with you?

BELE

She had done at various points in the past, but it had got too difficult, with her issues.

SUNNY

And that last time you saw her, was she with her son at this point?

BELE

No, he'd stayed up in Wales.

SUNNY

Right. And did you ever visit her there?

BELE

Once, many years ago.

SUNNY

Okay, why just the once?

BELE

Because of *them*.

SUNNY

'Them'?

BELE

The cult.

SUNNY

The *cult*?

BELE

(nods)

When she was fifteen, she was  
abducted by a cult.

And on that gem, we are out.

**End of part two**

**Part three**

23

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. BISHOP STREET - DAY

23

As we were. SUNNY and JESS with BELE. SUNNY leading the  
interview.

BELE

...they recruited members in  
London, and they found her bunking  
off school in a park in Ealing, and  
yeah, they just brain washed her.

SUNNY

And which cult was this?

BELE

'The Family of Blessed Light' they  
called themselves.

SUNNY

(making notes)

And you reported this to the  
police?

BELE

No, she said she *wanted* to go with  
them.

JESS

Sorry, you just said she was  
'abducted'.

BELE

Right, that's what she said a  
decade *later*, when it was suddenly  
all *my* fault. At the *time*, she said  
she *wanted* to go.

JESS

When she was fifteen.

BELE

(sucking up the inference)

She was a very strong willed young woman, very difficult to control, endlessly suspended and expelled from many schools. In the end I actually thought it might be good for her. Hard work, on a remote farm, out of London.

SUNNY

So this was when she first moved to Wales?

BELE

(nods)

I should say also she was pregnant at this point.

SUNNY

Okay. By who?

BELE

She never said specifically, but I think it was him, the leader, David Bell. Forty two when he met Precious.

SUNNY

(makes notes)

And she lived in Wales for how long?

BELE

On and off for maybe ten or fifteen years. She'd get sporadically tired of it, and come back to London for a year or two, but be unable to find work, or a place to live, so she'd steal, or do escort work, and when that failed, she'd go back. That cycle was repeated many times.

SUNNY

And would she return to Wales voluntarily?

BELE

How do you mean?

SUNNY

No-one ever came looking for her, the boy's father I mean.



BELE

Not that I specifically saw, but he'd call her a lot, and she was scared of him, definitely, and he may well have come down on occasion. And year after year I tried to help her, at a time when I had my own challenges, with alcohol - all long since sorted - but eventually, you have to look after yourself, you have to help yourself don't you. And so I cut her off.

SUNNY

Okay. And you cut her off after that last meeting?

BELE

Yes.

JESS

And that would be on her birthday.

BELE

(tightens)

Yes.

SUNNY

And she was using at that time?

BELE

Yes.

SUNNY

Just meth?

BELE

I'm not sure.

SUNNY

Did you know any of her dealers?

BELE

(appalled)

No.

SUNNY

And how did her son fit in to that life.

BELE

He didn't. From what I understood from her, he was raised between the cult and care.

JESS

Did you ever help her with him?

BELE

(some guilt)

No.

SUNNY

Okay. And one last question. Can I ask you about your 1986 firearms charge?

And she holds their eye, clearly very unhappy to be asked about that.

BELE

I'm sure its all in your files, so unless you're going to arrest me, I think I've answered enough.

And she is standing and walking out.

24

INT. WEST LONDON SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY

24

LINGLEY sitting with a woman, called JUDY, a social worker.

JUDY

...Precious had multiple issues, drink and drugs obviously, but her primary issue was her FASD.

LINGLEY

(frowns)

FASD?

JUDY

Foetal Alcohol Spectrum disorder.

LINGLEY

Oh okay, we didn't know about that.

JUDY

It was a huge part of her life. Arguably the cause of most of her problems. Her learning difficulties, the problems she had sustaining relationships, the self-medication, the fractured relationship with her mother obviously, the list goes on.

LINGLEY

Her mother never mentioned this to us when we spoke to her.

JUDY

From what I understood, the mother refused to accept the diagnosis.

LINGLEY

Okay, and what was her *general* relationship with her mother like?

JUDY

Terrible. They fought all the time, Precious carried huge anger towards her. Which, oddly, her mother reciprocated.

LINGLEY

What was the *mother* angry about?

JUDY

The accusation I guess. In my professional experience I'd say it was displacement for her own guilt.

LINGLEY

At what she'd done to her child?

JUDY

Yes.

LINGLEY

D'you know if they ever fought physically?

JUDY

All the time.

LINGLEY

Okay. And would you say there was like ...one aggressor or was it both or..

JUDY

...I never had any experience of Precious being violent. Again, from what *she* told me, the aggression came entirely from Ebele.

Interesting.

25 INT. CORRIDOR. BISHOP STREET - DAY

25

SUNNY watching BELE exit. JESS checking her mobile, for a text from STEVE which has still not come. Then as BELE disappears -

SUNNY  
What did you think?

JESS  
(walking back to the office)  
I think she really didn't want to discuss her firearms offence, and I think I want to know more about the grandson and this cult.

And in to the office where -

26 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

26

- BOULTING is at his desk in an otherwise empty office.

SUNNY  
Well if you fancy a coffee, maybe we could throw around some ideas?

JESS  
(to BOULTING)  
Did the C&C on the house come back?

BOULTING  
I'll chase again now.  
(so 'no')

JESS  
(ffs)  
And the phone and bank records?

BOULTING  
Just made the applications, waiting for them to come through.

JESS  
(irritably)  
Where is everyone, where's D.C. Willets?

BOULTING  
Still trying to identify the relative who did the security work so had keys to the house?

JESS  
And Lingley?

BOULTING  
(wtf is this?)  
Chasing stuff down, Guv.

JESS  
Do you guys always work at this  
pace, 'cos this is fucking *glacial*.  
(walking to her office)

SUNNY  
It takes how long it takes, ma'am.

JESS  
'Guv', how many times, *Jesus*.

And she walks in to her office and slams the door. SUNNY  
looks at BOULTING.

SUNNY  
Sorry about that.

BOULTING looks at him. 'Gets it'.

BOULTING  
Not a problem.

And he looks over to JESS's office. Clearly considers going  
in to speak to her. But then he turns back to BOULTING.

SUNNY  
Apparently Precious Falade belonged  
to a cult in Wales called 'The  
Family of Blessed Light', can you  
see what you can find out about  
them please.

BOULTING  
On it.

And then he walks out.

27 EXT. BLACKHYTHE. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY 27  
Oil refineries. Estuary mud. The river.

28 INT. POLICE STATION. BLACKHYTHE. THAMES ESTUARY - DAY 28  
JAY waiting in the interview room, his brief, KEITH, walks  
back in.

KEITH  
Just need to get a couple of quick  
signatures from you please.

And he sits, with his files, sets his phone on the table, as  
he opens a folder.

JAY  
Is that Friesz?

And KEITH looks up, sees JAY looking at his (KEITH's) phone.  
His screensaver, a painting.

KEITH  
You like him?

JAY  
I like Dufy more. Or Derain. But  
Friesz is gully.

And then JAY signs. On KEITH. Amused at his own surprise.

KEITH  
Who got you in to the Fauvists?

JAY  
My dad.

He hands the forms back.

JAY (CONT'D)  
D'you know what it means, fauvist?

KEITH  
(tries to remember, then)  
Is it 'beast' or something?

JAY  
(nods)  
'Wild beast.' Wonder why he thought  
I'd like 'em.  
(smiles)

And KEITH starts putting the files in his case. JAY watching  
him, then -

JAY (CONT'D)  
Listen, man, my girlfriend needs  
help - with her habit and shit. Is  
there any chance you could call my  
social worker and ask him to visit  
her?

The door opens.

CUSTODY SERGEANT  
(to Jay)  
Your carriage awaits, Sir.

And KEITH looks back at JAY. Above and beyond. Then -

KEITH  
I'll see what I can do.

And out.

29

INT. ANDREWS OFFICE. BISHOP STREET - DAY

29

SUNNY and ANDREWS sat in his office.

And in truth this should play as a bit of an overreaction -  
this is as much about SUNNY's issues as it is about hers.

ANDREWS  
Her last team loved her.

SUNNY  
Good for them.

ANDREWS  
And her references are all  
exceptional.

SUNNY  
Did you check the name at the top?

ANDREWS  
(ho ho)  
It's not even been a week.

SUNNY  
And each day is worse than the  
last. She's rude, she seems  
*permanently* distracted, she's  
unpleasant to my team...

ANDREWS  
...*your* team...

SUNNY  
...I mean I didn't even *want* to  
'ease her in', Sir, I did it as a  
favour to you...

ANDREWS  
...after you'd turned the job down  
*yourself*....

SUNNY  
(not hearing)  
...but these fast track uni  
kids....

ANDREWS  
(wtf?)  
...she's thirty nine.....

SUNNY  
...they just don't have the hours  
on the clock, Sir, and when that  
inexperience impacts on my ability  
to do the job.....

ANDREWS  
..just give it a...

SUNNY  
...so I'm thinking maybe Fran  
should step up, she's more than  
capable but... you just need to  
know, that right now, this is  
*really* not fucking working for me.

And he is standing and walking out. Out on ANDREWS. All he  
needs.

30 INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

30

WILLETS sitting with various different printed phone  
bills/call records, from 2016.

The first line, has no calls at 2.00 On that day, the 2nd has  
none, and then the third, has a call at 14.03, which lasts  
just 97 seconds, from a mobile number.

She checks the 4th line in, nothing at that time. Out on  
WILLETS as she starts to write the number down.

31 INT. WEST LONDON SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY

31

LINGLEY still with JUDY, who has case and client files in  
front of her now.

JUDY  
I looked after her from October to  
Feb, then was on maternity leave  
till early June. When I came back,  
my cover and I shared  
responsibility for her whilst I got  
back up to speed.



LINGLEY

And what was the name of your cover please?

JUDY

That was Karol Wojski.

LINGLEY

And is Karol still here?

JUDY

No he left.

LINGLEY

Okay, when was that?

JUDY

Mid 2016.

And LINGLEY looks up. The timing interesting.

LINGLEY

So he moved to another department or..

JUDY

...he left social work completely I believe.

LINGLEY

Okay. Does that happen a lot?

JUDY

It's a pretty stressful job, huge responsibilities, zero resources - thank you government.

LINGLEY

(smiles)

Join the club. And this...

(referencing a photocopy  
of a desk diary page in  
front of her)

...this was the last appointment anyone had with Precious?

JUDY

Correct.

LINGLEY

And this was on June 26th, and the address given here as her new 'home address' is Waterman Road.

JUDY

Yes.

LINGLEY

So Karol took this appointment?

JUDY

Yep.

LINGLEY

And he details seeing her at the house.

JUDY

And these are his brief notes on the meeting. These would normally have been written up in detail.

And she hands over another photocopied sheet.

LINGLEY

'Son wants her to go back to sex work'.

(she looks up, horrified,  
then looks back down to  
read)

'I will investigate rehab, Precious is keen'. 'Mother assaulted her again' Wow. So why were the notes not written up properly?

JUDY

Karol resigned the next day.

Oh.

LINGLEY

Be good to get contact details on Karol if you can please.

JUDY

Sure.

And out.

32

INT. CANTEEN. BISHOP STREET - DAY

32

SUNNY having a coffee with BALCOMBE.

SUNNY

...and if she *did* do it  
deliberately...

BALCOMBE

...she didn't do it deliberately...

SUNNY

...then why didn't I see, why  
didn't I do more to help her?

On BALCOMBE, a hand instinctively going over to wrap around  
SUNNY's.

BALCOMBE

Cass's death was not your fault,  
Sunny. It was just...life. Random,  
cruel, life.

On him. He nods. Eyes down.

BALCOMBE (CONT'D)

(a beat, then)

Do you talk to Sal about this?

SUNNY

(almost dismissive)

No.

BALCOMBE

D'you think you should? Or *someone*.

SUNNY

She finds it hard enough as it is.  
I know she thinks I should have got  
over it by now. I know everyone  
does.

BALCOMBE

I don't.

He looks up. His eyes red and raw.

BALCOMBE (CONT'D)

I think about her too. All the  
time. It still absolutely winds me.

A beat.

BALCOMBE (CONT'D)

So if you don't want to see someone  
about it, talk to me. I'll always  
listen. I'm always here.

And out on that gesture of friendship.

33 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

33

WILLETS on the phone, with a highlighted phone number on the solicitor phone records.

PHONE COMPANY EMPLOYEE (OS)  
....so you need...

WILLETS  
...it should be on the  
authorisation request, just the  
name and address.

PHONE COMPANY EMPLOYEE (O.S.)  
Oh yeah, I got it, so what's the  
number?

WILLETS  
(reading the highlighted  
number)  
Okay, so it's 07700...

PHONE COMPANY EMPLOYEE (O.S.)  
..yep...

WILLETS  
900....

And out.

34 INT. CORRIDOR. BISHOP STREET/ EXT. BISHOP STREET - DAY

34

SUNNY heading out of the nick, his phone rings. D.C.I. JAMES.  
Does he answer? Then -

SUNNY  
(answering)  
Guv.

JESS  
Listen, first up...

On her. *Really* not good at this.

JESS (CONT'D)  
...sorry if I snapped earlier.  
Uncalled for.

On him. A long beat. Then.

SUNNY  
Yep.

Ooh. Childish. She tightens.

JESS

So I've just had an interesting conversation with Frances about Precious's social worker - how would you feel about a quick trip to Paris, where he lives, to speak to him?

SUNNY

(frowns)

Can't we just Zoom him?

JESS

We could, but as of now he's the last person to have seen her alive. And the day after he did, he resigned. A few weeks after *that*, he left the country. I think you'd want to see the whites of his eyes.

On him. Her instincts good. The same as his in fact.

SUNNY

Sure, why not.

35

INT. CAFE. PARIS - DAY

35

ELISE in the cafe where she works, KAROL on a chair at the bar, as she polishes glasses during a lull. **In English.**

KAROL

...I mean you keep skirting around things, but really, why don't you just say it.

ELISE

Say what?

KAROL

That you don't want a child with me.

ELISE

(frowns, wtf?)

Because it's not true.

KAROL

So why do you keep mentioning money and 'priorities' and making me feel shit about it all?

She looks around. Is anyone hearing this. Her manager? Not yet.

ELISE

(quietly)

I'm really not trying to make you feel shit, I'm just trying to articulate some of the very real, practical difficulties facing us. But please, if you can see a simpler solution...

KAROL

...I'll work more hours.

ELISE

You're already working too many, as am I, between us we do five fucking jobs for chrissakes.

And he takes a slug of his beer.

ELISE (CONT'D)

I mean I don't want it to be like this any more than *you* do, but given he *is* now going to make me spend money on a lawyer, that really does have to be my priority, you see that don't you.

His head down, knee bouncing up and down on his bar stool. He is super stressed. And she puts her hands across the bar, takes *his* hand and squeezes it.

ELISE (CONT'D)

And I don't need to have a baby with you to prove to myself, or, I hope, to you, how much I love you.

KAROL

And what *I* need, does that count for anything?

ELISE

Of course it does, I know it's incredibly important to you but...  
(she half smiles)  
...'I refer the honourable gentleman to my earlier answer'.

KAROL

You think this is funny?

ELISE

No.

KAROL

Because this is not a joke to me,  
Lise...

ELISE

I know and...

KAROL

...that you had two kids with that  
baboon and won't have one with me?

ELISE

(whispered)  
Karol, please...

KAROL

(standing)  
...I mean am I not good enough for  
you? Is that what this is? The  
*untermensch*?

The manager looks over. She starts to cry.

ELISE

I cannot believe you just said  
that.

Nor can he really. Ashamed. Angry.

And unable to deal with it all, he turns and walks out,  
pushing the door noisily open, leaving her stunned, and  
crying, where the hell did *that* all come from.

36

INT. JESS'S OFFICE. BISHOP STREET - DAY

36

WILLETS with JESS in her office.

WILLETS

...and so the relative who used to  
pop round and check up on her, and  
the 'LA' in the lawyers note?  
That's 'Lord Anthony', as in  
'Hume'.

JESS

(surprise)  
*Tony* Hume?

WILLETS

(nods)

Yep.

JESS

The Tory guy...

(off his nod)

...man, my local library shut down  
cos of that twat.

WILLETS

(grins)

Well, his wife is the late owner's  
youngest sister.

JESS

And he had keys to the property?

WILLETS

It was him that changed all the  
locks.

JESS

Okay.

Digests.

JESS (CONT'D)

So what on earth could connect the  
Tory lord and the sex worker?

(off WILLETS's smile)

Okay, get digging on him...

(looks at her watch gets  
out her phone and grabs  
her coat as she starts  
dialing)

...and find me his address please  
and text it to me?

WILLETS

Sure.

VOICE MESSAGE (O.S)

Hi this is Debbie, please leave a  
message.

JESS

(walking out)

Hey babe, it's me, sorry, I gotta  
bail tonight.

And out on that as she exits.

**End of part three**



**Part four**

37 INT. EUROSTAR / INT. SUNNY & SAL'S HOUSE - DAY

37

SUNNY on the train. His phone ringing. It's SAL. And he clearly hesitates to answer. Interesting. But then does.

SUNNY

Hey love.

SAL

Where are you?

SUNNY

Sorry, I was about to call you, I'm actually on the Eurostar, I have to speak to a possible suspect in Paris, back tomorrow.

SAL

I think I'm miscarrying?

Stunned.

SUNNY

Oh God. Oh Sal, I'm so sorry...

SAL

...I'm heading to my mum's...

SUNNY

...d'you need to go to hospital, in fact shall I come back, I can come straight back....

(waits)

Sal....?

(waits)

....Sal?

But the train has gone in to the tunnel and the signal has gone.

On him, sits back, horrified.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Shit.

38

INT. AIRPORT WAREHOUSE. PARIS - DAY

38

KAROL at work, looks low, doing electronic paperwork on a large pallet of boxes, with a scanner, which is reading bar codes.

And as he does this, we slowly realise he is also surreptitiously checking to see who is looking at him, in the cargo bay.

And then, when it is clear no-one is around or watching, he walks to the back of the pallet, out of sight of everyone, and gets down on his haunches, to 'check' the last of one stack of boxes.

A film sealed foot square box, with 'Bregt' clearly stamped across the top.

And very quickly, he draws out a blade and elegantly swipes the seal, allowing him to quickly lift the flaps off the top, and to reveal eight Bregt watch boxes. On him.

SZYMON (O.S.)  
(in Polish)

Kaz?

And he turns (obscuring the box) to see SZYMON approaching.

SZYMON (CONT'D)  
(hands him a docket. In  
Polish)  
Need this signed off please.

KAROL  
(Polish)

Sure.

And he signs and then hands it back. And then looks up. And SZYMON is looking at him.

SZYMON (O.S.)  
(Polish)  
You okay?

And KAROL nods, smiles.

KAROL  
(Polish)  
Fine.

SZYMON  
(Polish)  
Quiet today.

KAROL  
(Polish. frowns)  
No.

A beat, then -

SZYMON

Any time, man, if you need to talk.  
I'm here.

And then SZYMON is walking away, and we stay on KAROL. Was he just busted? He turns back to the box. What will he do?

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

39

TONY sitting in the study of his country pile, writing an e-mail to **a Swiss e-mail address**, when he sees lights coming down the drive.

He looks up as the lights slow and then stop.

Slo-mo as a figure walks across the drive to the door. And three heavy bangs on the door.

The knock on the door.

Close on him. That sense he has been waiting for this for many years.

40 INT. HALLWAY. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE - DUSK

40

And now we are with TONY, walking towards EMMA talking to someone at the front door.

EMMA

...I think he's in his study would  
you like me to...

(turning to see him)

...oh, hello darling..

(pulling a face of 'wtf?'  
at him with her back to  
Jess)

...this lady is a detective and she  
wants to talk to you about my  
sister's old house?

And TONY frowns, walks nearer, to reveal JESS at the door.

TONY

(offering a hand)

Hello, Tony Hume.

JESS

(shaking his hand)

Sorry to disturb you so late.

TONY

Not at all, Hazel's house did you say?

JESS

(nods)

I believe you were a key holder after she died?

TONY

I was.

JESS

Just need to ask a few questions about that period.

TONY

Sounds intriguing. Well come in...  
(stepping aside)  
...you can at least grill me in comfort.

JESS

Thank you.

And she walks in.

JESS (CONT'D)

What a beautiful home.

TONY

Yes, we're very lucky, let's talk in my office.

As he guides her towards his office. On EMMA watching them go. A look in her eye that is uneasy as hell.

41 INT. PRISON VAN - DUSK

41

JAY in a tiny cubicle in a prison van, being driven down to Earlmarsh.

He looks scared, and reflective, like he is at a turning point.

42 INT. STUDY. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

42

The fire crackling in the grate, pull back to reveal TONY and JESS. His expression pained now. He looks very shocked.

TONY

How absolutely tragic.

JESS

Indeed.

TONY

Thirty four's no age.

JESS

No.

TONY

And what a way to treat a body.

As he contemplates this. And then looks up -

TONY (CONT'D)

So how can I help?

JESS

Well, we're trying to narrow down exactly when she died, and we understand you might have had some access to the house around May or June of 2016?

TONY

I did. Some squatters had got in to the property and a neighbour of Hazel's, who knew I used to visit her, rang me at my office.

JESS

Can you remember roughly what date this was?

TONY

I can check my diaries, but late May I think - I have a vague recollection it was during the Whitsun recess?

JESS

Okay. And what happened then?

TONY

I drove down there the day after the neighbour rang, on my way *here* in fact, and basically just knocked on the door.

JESS

And someone answered?

TONY

They did, and I told them who I was, and that they couldn't be there and just...tried to keep it fairly friendly.

JESS

How many were there?

TONY

Two came to the door, when they left I counted five in total.

JESS

Men, women?

TONY

Three men, two women.

JESS

And what was their reaction to you?

TONY

Oh, hostile, extremely, they basically told me in no uncertain terms to get lost, and were very threatening.

JESS

Physically?

TONY

Yes.

JESS

And you thought they looked *capable* of violence?

TONY

I mean who knows, but listen, they looked like addicts to me, I've seen enough in the charity sector work I do, and I know what an addict can be like when they're sick so...I was scared.

JESS

So how did you get them out?

TONY

(shrugs)

Money. I offered them five hundred quid.

JESS

Which they accepted?

TONY

No. They asked for a thousand - which is why I'd offered them five hundred.

JESS

And they accepted *that*.

TONY

Yes.

JESS

And left immediately.

TONY

Within an hour or so.

JESS

And can I ask why you didn't just call the police?

TONY

I wasn't sure of our rights, I didn't want a long protracted legal battle, we were already in the middle of one about the will, I guessed money would work and it did. They left immediately and that afternoon, I got a firm of locksmiths in - the place was Fort Knox by the time they'd done.

JESS

And there were no further problems.

TONY

Not that I was aware of.

JESS

And what was the state of the house when you went in?

TONY

Oh, disgusting, damage and filth everywhere, a lot of original features had been removed, the place smelt absolutely dreadful...  
(and he suddenly falters)  
...oh lord, she couldn't have already have been there could she?



JESS

We're not sure but sorry, can I  
just go back, what did you do with  
the new set of keys?

TONY

I dropped them round to the  
solicitors.

JESS

How soon after?

TONY

Within a few days I think.

JESS

(checks notes)

Oh. Actually it was five weeks  
later. Any reason for that delay?

TONY

(frowns, then shrugs,  
easy)

No, was just busy I guess.

JESS

(smiles)

Of course.

(and she makes some notes)

And finally, can I just show you a  
picture of the victim.

And she shows him a picture of PRECIOUS.

### **Flashback**

A mortar board. Dettol. A typewriter. The Financial Times.

### **End of flashback**

JESS (CONT'D)

Is her face familiar at all?

TONY

No.

JESS

You didn't see her at the house?

TONY

No, not that I recall.

JESS

Take a good look.

TONY  
(and he does, then)  
No, sorry, I don't recognise her.

On her taking the photo back.

JESS  
Okay, thank you.

Him watching her as she puts it away.

TONY  
I mean just to reiterate, for what  
it's worth, from my encounter with  
them they looked like very  
unpleasant people. Capable of  
anything.

And she looks up. Holds his eye.

JESS  
I'll leave you in peace.

And out on her standing.

43 INT. STUDY. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT 43

TONY standing at the window of his office, watching JESS in  
her car outside. And we stay on him.

Why is she just sitting there and not driving off.

44 INT. JESS'S CAR. TONY'S DRIVE/INT. WILLETS'S FLAT - NIGHT 44

JESS phone to ear, waiting for a call to answer. And she can  
see TONY at the window. This is a power play. Then -

VOICE  
Hello?

JESS  
Hi is that Karen?

WILLETS  
Kaz, yes.

JESS  
It's D.C.I. James.

WILLETS  
Oh, good evening, Ma'am guv.

JESS

The neighbour you spoke to, what  
did she say the squatters were  
like?

WILLETS

Er...yeah, 'nice', as I remember,  
gentle, polite - 'sweet' I think  
was the word.

JESS

'Sweet', right, thanks, Karen, Good  
night.

And she clicks off.

Continues to stare back at TONY in the window.

And then she watches the curtains being shut, and she smiles  
to herself, sticks the key in the ignition, and pulls away.

Jess 1, Tony 0.

45

INT. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

45

And TONY, still at the window but with his back to it now,  
has a small very basic mobile phone to his ear, which is  
ringing.

And then it answers with an automated voicemail message '*I  
can't take your call right now please leave a message*'.

And then a bleep. And he pauses, clearly slightly lost for  
what to say.

And then, tears in his eyes, as he says simply -

TONY

What did you do?  
(a long beat and then)  
Call me.

EMMA (O.S.)

Everything okay?

And he swivels to see his wife at the door. What did she  
hear? Then -

TONY

Fine...  
(calmly putting the phone  
in his drawer)  
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

...you remember those squatters I  
chucked out just after she died?

EMMA

Yes.

TONY

Well one of them must have got back  
in somehow, and they think taken an  
overdose, and then, very sadly,  
died.

EMMA

(shocked)

Oh my God, how awful.

TONY

Isn't it, so they only just found  
the body and now they're trying to  
establish a timeline. So tragic.

And he looks down at the drawer, seemingly deep in thought.

TONY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I need a drink, you want  
one?

And he walks past her and out.

And we stay on her, as she looks back to her husband's desk.  
Where he put the burner phone. A sense this is a woman who is  
used to her husband lying, and used to turning a blind eye.

Which she now does again. Shuts the door and walks away.

46 INT. 64 WATERMAN ROAD. HAMMERSMITH - NIGHT

46

MORTEN on his knees, in the cellar of number 64, looking at  
an indentation on a screed floor, and scraping away with a  
tool, and then seeing a telltale circle of copper.

MORTEN

Guys, I think we have something.

It's the bullet.

47 INT. KAROL'S CAR. PARIS - NIGHT

47

KAROL driving the wet streets of Paris in his Taxi. A young  
happy couple in the back, she is eight months gone.

He looks in a dark place. And then we might realise why, as he flicks a look over to his passenger seat, to see a box sitting on it.

A foot cubed box marked 'Bregt'.

48 EXT. GARE DU NORD. PARIS - NIGHT

48

SUNNY walking through Gare du Nord, on his phone to SAL's voicemail.

SUNNY

Hey, me again, can't get through to you at your mum's so....call me soon as you can. Hope you're okay. Lots of love.

And then he sees his driver waiting, with a name written on a piece of card 'SUNNY CALM'.

He allows himself a small smile, and then -

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Bon Soir, Je suis Monsieur 'Calm'.

And off they head together, to the car park.

49 EXT. STREET. BATH - NIGHT

49

BELE sitting on a wall, on a back street of a Bath street, listening to a phone message.

DAVE (O.S.)

BELE, where are you, we have the VC meeting tomorrow and now I'm worried. Call me.

And she hangs up. And then she stands. And walks across the road and in to a pub.

50 INT. EARLMARSH PRISON - NIGHT

50

And in Earlmars that evening, we are with JAY by the phone bank.

He looks nervous as fuck, in a way we have not seen before, like he is weighing up the biggest decision of his life.

And then he settles on a decision. And now he dials a number he clearly knows by heart.

And we stay on his side of the convo only, as we hear it answer. A faint voice.

VOICE

Hello?

And JAY hesitates, his nerve failing? And then he buttons down his fear and speaks.

JAY

You don't know me, but I know you.

A beat.

JAY (CONT'D)

My mother was Precious Falade and I was there that night.

A beat. And then

JAY (CONT'D)

I was there. And I saw it all.

And out.

**End of episode three.**