

SCRIPT TITLE

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1 EXT. PARISIAN HOTEL. PARIS - DAY 1

SUNNY checking out of a hotel, with an overnight bag, speaking on the phone, as he exits and heads towards a car.

SUNNY

...hi babe...obviously spoke to
your mum last night when you were
asleep but....be good to talk when
you feel up to it. Back tonight.
Lots of love.

And he is getting in to the back of an unmarked police car.

2 EXT. CARPARK. BISHOP STREET - DAY 2

JESS pulling up in the car park.

3 INT. JESS'S CAR. CARPARK. BISHOP STREET - DAY 3

JESS turns the ignition off. A beat.

JESS

(like a chant)

Get. Your. Shit. Together.

Deep breath, and then out and at 'em.

4 INT. RESTAURANT. BATH - DAY 4

DAVE on his mobile, the restaurant empty.

DAVE

...oh I'm sure it's nothing
serious, just a bad cold, but these
days you never know do you so
...well absolutely - so she or I
will call you when she's better and
hopefully we can re-schedule for
maybe early next week? Thanks a
lot.

And his smile fades as he clicks off. Turns to weary,
frustrated disappointment. 'Cos he knows. And indeed....

5 EXT. SHOP. BATH - DAY 5

....here is BELE, asleep in a shop doorway, on top of a
flattened cardboard box. She looks like she might be dead.

But then she opens a bleary eye, where the fuck is she? Oh lord. Alive.

6 INT. TONY'S MANOR HOUSE/INT. RASHID'S OFFICE. CHELSEA - DAY 6

TONY in his office, talking to RASHID on the phone. TONY pacing, clearly highly emotional.

TONY
You said you'd find things, you
said you'd research stuff.

RASHID
I said I'd do some digging and I
have but the...

TONY
...you want more money?

RASHID
...it's not about the money...

TONY
It's *always* about the money....

RASHID
...Tony *stop*.

And for a nanosecond, he does.

RASHID (CONT'D)
No it's *not* always about the money.
It's about acceptance. Of how
things are. That you can't always
bend life to your will.

On TONY, knows RASHID is right.

RASHID (CONT'D)
And maybe I should have stressed
that more when we last met and I'm
sorry if I gave you false hope
but.....

But TONY hangs up. Doesn't want to hear the truth.

7 EXT. BISHOP STREET - DAY

7

Establisher.

8

INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

8

The team in the main office now, with JESS (but obviously no SUNNY). And JESS *has* got her shit together. For now.

WILLETS

...so the 'firearm' detailed in the original log was actually an air pistol.

JESS

Ebele's?

WILLETS

A flat mate's that she'd borrowed according to her statement. Apparently she'd been drinking all afternoon with friends and it was a 'prank', a dare by one of them...
(reading the files)
...'to hold up a bank'.

JESS

(frowns)

I thought it was a stock broker's?

WILLETS

It was, a company called 'Morgan Lavelle', as I say, she was very drunk.

JESS

And why did she already have the airgun with her if it was an off the cuff dare.

WILLETS

Yep.

JESS

(makes a note then)

What did she get?

WILLETS

Twelve months bender.

JESS

Okay. Low.

WILLETS

So at the trial, the doorman she'd threatened, a guy called...

(checks notes)

(MORE)

WILLETS (CONT'D)

...Christopher Blackwood, he ended up backing up her version of events. He said she *told* him it was a dare after just a few seconds of waving the gun around, and that he later saw her mates giggling outside.

JESS

(frowns)

So why did he call the police?

WILLETS

He said he called them *before* she revealed it was a prank.

JESS

(unconvinced)

In those few seconds?

WILLETS

Yeah, me neither.

JESS

Okay, try and find him please, the doorman. I should also say that forensics found what we hope is our bullet at the scene last night, which is headed to ballistics as we speak. Murray..

9

EXT. STREET. BATH - DAY

9

DAVE looking for BELE, walking in to a pub.

We stay outside. Wait ten seconds before he emerges, clearly not having found her. On to the next.

10

INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

10

As before.

BOULTING

...and so we *did* find a bank account for a woman of the same name and D.O.B, and her last transaction, *ever*, was a debit card payment to an off license on the 26th June at 17.43 that evening.

JESS

Was that not also the day the
social worker visited her?

LINGLEY

(checking, then)
It was, yes, in the morning.

JESS

Okay. Good. Like that. What was her
bank activity like before it
stopped?

BOULTING

Very regular, for many years, she
used her card most days.

JESS

So it just stopping like that,
that's significant.

BOULTING

Absolutely.

JESS

Anything interesting in her
statements?

BOULTING

Couple of things. So she seemed to
survive mainly on benefits but
there were also cash payments,
deposited, I presume, by her, at
fairly regular intervals.

JESS

What sorts of amounts?

BOULTING

Three, four hundred quid, give or
take.

JESS

How often?

BOULTING

Maybe half a dozen times a year,
started in 2010, these stopped
after the 26th.

LINGLEY

Could it have been money from her
sex work?

JESS

A meth habit doesn't *generally* go
hand in hand with fiscal
prudence...

(off the others smiles)
..and the other thing?

BOULTING

A standing order, only set up seven
months before she died, this was
for two hundred pounds, paid on the
first of each month.

JESS

From?

BOULTING

Just says 'DSH' on the statements,
no idea what that is, I'm
investigating.

JESS

Okay. And her mobile?

BOULTING

Can't find any contracts. If she
had a phone, it must have been pay
as you go, Kaz and I are looking in
to that.

JESS

Okay, very good, thank you.
Frances.

LINGLEY

So I put a flag on PNC for Joseph
Bell and I actually got a ping
first thing this morning.
Apparently he was arrested, in
Essex, yesterday.

JESS

For?

LINGLEY

ABH, amongst other things. No bail,
he's being held on remand.

JESS

(standing)
Find out where and let's speak to
him, asap please. Thanks all.

And she is heading back in to her office, when -

LINGLEY

Where's D.I. Khan, guv?

And she swivels, sees three coppers looking at her, kind of sad. Thinks he has left.

JESS

Paris. Interviewing the social worker. Back tonight.

And she holds their eye, daring anyone to challenge her. And then she walks in to her office -

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

11

- and shuts the door behind her, even as she dials a number. It rings and then -

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Hey this is Debs, please leave a message.

JESS

Hey, it's me. Sorry about last night, but how about tonight, same time same place? Let me know.

And then looks back out at the team, who clearly all think she is out to shaft SUNNY.

12 INT. KAROL & ELISE'S APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY

12

KAROL at a window inside his apartment (the kids are in the next room watching TV) ELISE is at work.

And KAROL is on his mobile, looking down at the street below as he talks.

KAROL

(quietly, in English)

...you probably don't remember me, but I met you three years ago, when you managed to get me a work permit...

(listens)

...yeah well, I was hoping I could repay the favour, I have some ...goods I thought you might be interested in, some watches, premium watches...

(listens)

(MORE)

KAROL (CONT'D)
...eight, Breqt, worth about 80k if
you were...
(stopped, listens, then,
nervously)
...maybe half that, maybe 40?
(listens, then)
...yeah I can do tonight, are you
still at the same...
(listens)
..I'll be there. I'll see you then.

And he signs off. Sweating like fuck. But he did it. Which is
when he sees them.

Figures getting out of a car that has pulled up. And one of
them is SUNNY, walking towards him.

And we are on him. And he knows.

13 EXT. FRONT DOOR. JAY & CHERYL'S FLAT. BLACKHYTHE - DAY 13

Close on a knocker knocking on a front door. Pull back to
reveal it is JAY's brief, KEITH.

The sound of footsteps inside. And then finally the door is
opened by a young man in joggers and no top.

JORDAN
Yeah?

KEITH a little confused.

KEITH
I was looking for Cheryl, J's
girlfriend?

JORDAN
What about her?

KEITH
Does she live here?

JORDAN
Who wants to know?

KEITH
I'm J's brief, he was worried about
her being on her own.

JORDAN
(and he nods, gets it,
but)
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Tell him she's fine, I'm looking
after her now, tell him she'll be
fine.

And he slowly shuts the door. Oh.

14 INT. KAROL & ELISE'S APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY 14

The kids watching TV, as SUNNY and a French tech, (LEON) sit
at KAROL's kitchen table with him.

We open on a picture of PRECIOUS being slid across a kitchen
table. Pull back to see KAROL looking intently at her
mugshot.

Flashback

A fist in a face. A mobile phone. Blood spatter on a wall. A
Corbyn rally. Matzo bread.

End of flashback

And then KAROL nods. Sweating slightly.

KAROL
Yeah, that's Precious.

SUNNY
Your client.

KAROL
Yes...
(his voice cracks)
....my god, what a dreadful thing.
What a tragic waste of a life.

SUNNY
Yes.

KAROL
So was it drugs?

And he looks up. Chooses to look SUNNY in the eye.

SUNNY
No.

He frowns, clearly 'surprised'.

KAROL
What then?

SUNNY

We think she was murdered.

Looks suitably appalled. If he's acting, he's good.

KAROL

Jesus, by who?

SUNNY

Well, that's why I'm here...

And now he holds KAROL's eye, not offering any qualifying statement before -

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...to try and get as much information as possible about her last movements.

KAROL

Right.

(shrugs, 'nothing to hide')

What do you want to know?

15

INT. PUB. BATH - DAY

15

And again here is DAVE, walking in to a different pub. And this time, he finds her, sitting in a corner, her back to him, a bottle of rosé down, a second on the way.

And a part of him, or course, dies.

But this is what it is like to live with an alcoholic.

DAVE

Hey.

And she swings round to see him. On her momentary but deep shame, eyes go back down, cannot face him.

And the defence mechanism, as always, is shame mutating into aggression.

BELE

If you've come for contrition you'll wait a long time.

And she turns her back on him.

On him. Nods. Expected as much.

DAVE

No, I don't need that, I just
thought you might want to know a
lawyer in London called for you.
Wants you to call him back asap.

Close on her. Seems to know who this might be.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Why does a lawyer want to speak to
you, love?

Waits, her back to him, she takes a drink.

DAVE (CONT'D)

And how can we even *afford* a London
lawyer?

On her back.

And then she suddenly downs the whole glass, grabs the bottle
and then stands and pushes past him and out.

Out on him. And then wearily, he follows.

16

INT. KAROL & ELISE'S APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY

16

SUNNY taking notes.

KAROL

...I was mainly maternity cover,
for maybe four months on my own,
and then another three alongside my
colleague, Jude.

SUNNY

And what was she like - Precious?

KAROL

(thinks, then)
Difficult. Her life was chaotic, as
it often is with addicts, so she
was hard to help.

SUNNY

Was she using when you worked with
her?

KAROL

Yes.

SUNNY

Did she ever deal?

KAROL

Not to my knowledge.

SUNNY

Did she ever mention any trouble with *her* dealers?

KAROL

Not that she ever told *me* about.

SUNNY

No-one she might have owed money to?

KAROL

In my limited experience, dealers never really gave sizeable credit to people like her. Certainly not enough to merit killing anyone.

SUNNY

(makes notes, then)

And so where was she living at the time you first engaged with her.

KAROL

Temporary hostels, which she kept getting chucked out of.

SUNNY

For?

KAROL

She had issues with her universal credit not being paid, she was stealing from other residents, ongoing drug issues.

SUNNY

And why only temporary?

KAROL

(shrugs)

Ask Iain Duncan Smith.

SUNNY

And was she working in the sex trade at any stage you knew her?

KAROL

She said not, but I know her son wanted her to go back to it. He was always short of money himself so ...maybe he persuaded her.

SUNNY

Was he down in London at the time
you were working with her?

KAROL

On and off.

SUNNY

You'd actually see him?

KAROL

A couple of times, yes, when he was
kipping on her floor.

SUNNY

And generally what was her
relationship with him like?

KAROL

Troubled. He stole from her because
of his own habit. She also said he
was violent towards her.

SUNNY

Did you ever see that?

KAROL

No. I mean I saw her with lots of
cuts and bruises but...to a degree
that was the life she led.

SUNNY

And how was her relationship with
her mother?

KAROL

Pretty similar - the trauma ran
down the generations. Again, all
fairly common in families with
addiction issues.

SUNNY

And how were you trying to help
her?

KAROL

My primary focus was trying to get
her in to stable accommodation and
a drug rehabilitation programme.

SUNNY

And did you succeed in either?

KAROL

No.

SUNNY

Because?

KAROL

How long have you got?

SUNNY

As long as you need.

KAROL

People like Precious, for many complicated reasons, often sabotage their own help, so things can go wrong many times before they go right, which all costs money. Anyone with even the most basic grasp of economics would know that up-front expense is almost always worth it, because someone who is long term stable - housed, maybe even employed, costs the state way less in the long run. Less than mental health care, welfare, hospitalisation, imprisonment, the list goes on. Sadly 'let's raise tax and give it to addicts' doesn't easily fit on the side of a bus. So yes, we failed. Because 'money'.

And then the doorbell rings. KAROL's head jerks up.

KAROL (CONT'D)

That's the girls' father, he's come to pick them up...

(he looks at Sunny,
pleading)

...we're in the middle of a custody dispute.

SUNNY

(a beat, then)

I'm not sure what you want us to do, we can't really hide, Karol.

The door rings again, and then a letterbox raps angrily. On KAROL, he wilts, what can he do?

And so finally, he stands, and walks out, like a man walking to his execution.

We stay on SUNNY and LEON as we hear quiet voices, then raised voices (in French).

KAROL (O.S.)
Hey

SERGE (O.S.)
Are they ready?

KAROL (O.S.)
Yes, but... listen there's some
guys here.

SERGE (O.S.)
What guys?

KAROL (O.S.)
Okay, listen, it's not what it
seems like, but there are a couple
of cops here, one from the UK, to
speak to me, as a witness i should
say, about something that happened
years ago in London....

and then suddenly SERGE pushes through in to the apartment
and in to the room where SUNNY and LEON sit, his little girls
just next door.

SERGE
(in English)
The fuck??

And he looks at them, then towards his girls, then back at
KAROL.

SERGE (CONT'D)
(in French)
You are *done*.

And then he is walking towards his girls. And out.

End of part one

Part two

17

INT. KAROL & ELISE'S APARTMENT. PARIS - DAY

17

SUNNY and a now bereft KAROL sitting (the kids have obviously
now gone).

SUNNY
You okay to carry on?

KAROL

Yes.

SUNNY

(checks notes, then)

So she's in and out of temporary hostels, and then one day in late June 2016, she asks you to come to see her in a big house in Hammersmith?

KAROL

Yes.

SUNNY

You'd never been there before?

KAROL

No.

SUNNY

Or went there afterwards?

KAROL

No.

SUNNY

And did she tell you whose it was, how come she was there?

KAROL

She said it was a squat.

SUNNY

She ever mention a man called Tony Hume?

KAROL

No.

SUNNY

And how was she?

KAROL

Fine.

SUNNY

The meeting was completely normal?

KAROL

Yes.

SUNNY

She didn't mention anything about any rows, or anything to do with her family, or anyone, that made you think she might be in danger?

KAROL

No.

SUNNY

Because we have reason to believe Precious died very soon after your meeting with her. Almost certainly *in* that house in fact. So is there anything you can help us with there?

KAROL

No. Sorry.

And SUNNY lets that sit for a bit, and then -

SUNNY

So this was both the last work meeting you ever had with *her*, but also, as I understand it, possibly the last you had with *anyone*. The following day you resigned.

KAROL

I don't recall the exact date.

SUNNY

You resigned on the 27th.

KAROL

Right.

SUNNY

Were the two events connected in any way?

KAROL

No.

(a lie)

SUNNY

It just seems a bit of a coincidence.

KAROL

Does it?

SUNNY

She's murdered. You resign.

KAROL

Except I had no idea she was dead.
Obviously.

SUNNY

So what was the reason then?

KAROL

I didn't like the job.

SUNNY

That one in particular, or social
work generally.

KAROL

Both. I was exhausted and
demoralised. We all were. Every day
scared I was going to make a
decision, born out of a lack of
resources, that would lead to
someone's death.

SUNNY

And so just one more time, nothing
happened, in that house, between
you and her. There was no...
argument of any kind?

KAROL

No.

SUNNY

No issue, dispute, problem, between
you and her, that you think you
should tell us about?

KAROL

No.

A beat, then -

SUNNY

Okay, thanks for your time.

And out on KAROL. He has just lied through his teeth.

KEITH, JAY's brief, waiting in Earlmarsch reception talking to
a prison officer.

KEITH

What are you talking about, I was looking after him yesterday, of course I'm his brief.

PRISON OFFICER

Well your name's not on the list, maybe you've been replaced.

KEITH

Replaced by who?

19 INT. MAGISTRATES COURT / INT. EARLMARSH PRISON - DAY 19

And we are in a magistrates court, watching a lawyer (from Critchley, Ruddy, Ernest) pleading for J BELL who we will see via video link in Earlmarch.

SAVILLE

...and so in conclusion Madam, we would like to stress again that our client has literally no history of absconding, that he has a vulnerable partner with multiple health issues who he is deeply committed to looking after, and lastly, that we would be happy to offer a surety of ten thousand pounds.

On the magistrate looking up. What did he just say?

20 INT. EUROSTAR / INT. JESS'S OFFICE. BISHOP STREET - DAY 20

SUNNY on the Eurostar heading back.

SUNNY

...so I want to see what we can find out about his departure from West London social services, because my sense is there's more to that than he admitted.

JESS

Okay.

SUNNY

Also, according to him, both the mother and the son were violent to Precious.

JESS

Although he would say that if he was trying to cover his own tracks.

SUNNY

Yes.

JESS

But lets trawl his contemporaneous notes, see what *they* say.

SUNNY

And it'd be good to find half an hour to sit down together and...

And a text pings up as he speaks **'I lost the baby. I'll call you tonight, don't want to speak right now'**.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...sorry what time are we at Earlmars?

JESS

Three thirty.

SUNNY

I'll see you then bye.

And he clicks off. Starts to reply to the text - **'I am so so sorry....'**

And out on JESS. Bit fucking abrupt.

21 INT. FORENSIC LAB - DAY

21

The bullet undergoing tests.

Striation marks being projected on to screen, to be inputted in to a computer and compared against a gun and ballistics database.

22 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY

22

WILLETS at her desk, on a government records website, and we see her typing in 'Tony Hume', and the search results come up for **'Lord Anthony Fairfax St Pierre Hume'**

Fuck - 2345 entries.

And WILLETS takes something of a deep breath, and dives in to the most recent.

23 INT. CORRIDOR/QUIET BAR. HOUSE OF COMMONS. LONDON - DAY 23

And here is the man himself, TONY HUME, walking down a corridor past a Commons bar, a jolt of pain, in his gut, he slows, buttons it down, then walks on, when -

HUSSEIN (O.S.)

Tony?

And he turns to see MEHDI HUSSEIN walking towards him from a small group at the bar.

TONY

(smiles)

Hey, Mehdi, how are you?

HUSSEIN

Yeah good, listen...

(quietly)

...I just wanted to let you know, I had a look at your grant application, and it's going to have to be a 'no' I'm afraid.

TONY

(frowns, some disbelief)

Oh.

HUSSEIN

Budgets are so squeezed, for obvious reasons, and we just need to prioritise the most unique applications.

TONY

'Unique'? What does *that* mean?

HUSSEIN

(a beat, a bit awkward)

There wasn't a lot of detail in there, for a 100k grant, it all felt a little...peremptory.

TONY

(bristling but with a smile)

My mistake, I thought we had a shorthand.

HUSSEIN

(nods)

Right. It's getting harder for it to keep working like that though.

TONY
(still smiling but a frown
now)
Worked like that when I got you in
to the DOT. And when your son
needed an introduction to Warburgs.
It worked like that *then*, Medhi
didn't it

HUSSEIN
(and he nods,
unapologetic)
Ah well. There it is. Sorry again.

And he turns and walks away. And TONY should let it go. But
right now, he can't.

TONY
D'you know what they call you,
Mehdi...

Several in the bar turn even as HUSSEIN does.

TONY (CONT'D)
...behind your back, your
department? 'Mehdi-ocrity'. Never a
truer word.

HUSSEIN
(smiles but is fucking
angry)
And d'you know what they call *you*,
Tony? Nothing. No-one cares.

Ouch. And he turns and walks back to his group, and a wounded
TONY turns and walks out.

24 EXT. EARLMARSH PRISON - DAY

24

SUNNY's car pulling in to the car park, where JESS waits by
her car.

25 INT. CANTEEN. EARLMARSH PRISON - DAY

25

JAY getting his lunch, when something turns his head. He
looks up to see JESS and SUNNY being led along a gangway to
an interview room.

And he knows they have come for him. The knock on the door.

26

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. EARLMARSH PRISON - DAY

26

SUNNY and JESS with JOSEPH 'J' BELL, PRECIOUS FALADE's son.

JESS

I'm so sorry, Joseph.

JAY

J.

JESS

J.

And he looks up. Nothing in the eyes. He shrugs.

JAY

Ain't seen her in years, man, so I
don't give a fuck.

Oh. A beat.

JESS

Your mum.

Still nothing.

SUNNY

So when was the last time you saw
her?

JAY

Ten years? Got away from her as
soon as I could innit. Bad
influence.

SUNNY

Because her social worker details
you living between London and Wales
in 2016, and seeing your mum
occasionally during that period.

JAY

Not true.

SUNNY

(and he opens a file at a
page of social work
files)

He details seeing you at a hostel
she was staying at one time, in
Acton? He also has her describing a
row between her and you, in which
you got violent.

JAY

Didn't happen, he must have mistaken me for someone else, and as for violence, she was chatting shit.

SUNNY

Why would she have lied?

JAY

My mum woudda said anything if she thought it was gonna get her something. She probably wanted to get in to a refuge or something.

SUNNY

You think.

JAY

I do.

JESS

(as she makes notes)

So did you never wonder where she'd been the last six years?

JAY

I assumed she'd gone back to Wales.

SUNNY

To the farm?

JAY

And listen, if you're looking for someone who *did* used to hurt her, speak to David Bell. That don bust her up *hundreds* of times.

SUNNY

This was the man who ran the cult?

JAY

Proper nasty don innit.

SUNNY

You actually saw him be violent to her?

JAY

Lots of times, man. I mean she always left, but then somehow, for some reason, she always went back.

SUNNY

And when you say violent...

JAY

...everything, physical, sexual, in here..

(tapping his temple)

....he treated her like she was a dog, worse than a dog, like he owned her.

SUNNY

And how long were you there?

JAY

On and off from when I was about seven to when I was about fifteen?

On SUNNY. A tricky moment to navigate now?

SUNNY

And what was *your* relationship with him like? This man whose surname you shared...

And for the first time a flicker of real pain passes across his face, which he quickly suppresses.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...was he ever violent to *you*?

JAY

He did everything to me, man.

Wow. What does *that* mean?

SUNNY

Did you ever report anything?

JAY

To who? We were twenty miles from the nearest town. We weren't allowed mobiles, there was no internet.

And for a moment his eyes seem to pool.

JAY (CONT'D)

I mean maybe that's why she was the way she was with me, because of what *he* did to her.

A beat.

JAY (CONT'D)
But yeah, if you're looking for a
killer, speak to *that* dick.

And out.

27 INT. KAROL'S CAR. OUTSIDE APARTMENT BLOCK. PARIS - DAY 27

KAROL waiting outside an apartment block for his next Taxi fare, engine running, when his mobile rings. ELISE. The conversation is in English.

KAROL
Hey.

ELISE
(very distressed)
Serge just called me? What the
hell's going on, Kaz.

KAROL
Love, I'm sorting it out, please
don't worry.

ELISE
Sorting what out, he said you were
being interviewed by a British
police officer.

KAROL
It's fine, I'll call you later, but
I promise you, it'll all be fine.

ELISE
Karo...

His fare opens the rear door and jumps in. Karol hangs up.
And in truth, he looks fairly desperate.

28 INT. CHAMBER. HOUSE OF COMMONS/INT. CID. BISHOP ST- DAY 28

TONY HUME in the house of Commons making a speech. As this progresses, we pull back to see we are watching it on a laptop on WILLETS's desk.

The date on the footage is September 26th 2016.

And as we are half listening to this footage, a printer finishes printing, and WILLETS grabs the printout of a wiki page of MEHDI HUSSEIN, and runs a highlighter pen across a line in his biog which reads '**...was given his first government post under Lord Anthony Hume during David Cameron's second term....**'

HUME

...so I'm sorry, but not only is our obsession with balancing the books economically illiterate, and not only is it morally wrong, to cut funding for the vulnerable, sick and needy, the absolute worst part of austerity, is that it doesn't even work! Turns out it is actually making us poorer as a nation and that.....

And WILLETS presses pause and starts to make some notes.

29

EXT. EARLMARSH PRISON - DAY

29

SUNNY and JESS leaving. Track with them as we hear -

SUNNY

What do you think?

JESS

That this family lie very well.

(turns to him)

So I need to know more about him, anything and everything we can find.

SUNNY

Guv.

And then passing them, SAVILLE, the lawyer we saw earlier. And now we follow him to a reception area even as SUNNY and JESS leave.

SAVILLE

(to the receptionist)

Hi there, come to pick up my client please, who's being released on bail...

(handing her a bundle)

...should all be in order.

And we see the name 'Joseph Bell' at the top of the successful bail application paperwork.

30

INT. WEST LONDON SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY

30

And here is LINGLEY, talking again to JUDY.

JUDY

He had a number of mental health issues in the year or so before he left.

LINGLEY

What sort of issues?

JUDY

Anxiety, depression, a degree of agoraphobia I think.

LINGLEY

And this was brought on by anything specific?

JUDY

Two assaults, one in 2015, one in 16. Racially motivated assaults.

LINGLEY

(slightly confused)
Because he was Polish?

JUDY

Because he was Jewish. His nationality was probably just a bonus.

LINGLEY

Okay. And where did these happen?

JUDY

First one was late 2015, just walking along the street wearing his kippah. The second was outside a synagogue in February 2016.

LINGLEY

And did he report these to the police?

JUDY

The first, yes, but nothing happened. He didn't bother with the second.

LINGLEY

And you think this is what might have precipitated his problems?

JUDY

Well, his parents had gone back to Poland for a time at that point, so he was living by himself and....I just think he felt ..a bit isolated. A bit lonely.

LINGLEY

And you think ultimately that might be why he resigned?

And her head drops. There is clearly more.

JUDY

Nothing I'm about to tell you is anything other than rumour, if you want any kind of detail, you'd have to speak to HR.

LINGLEY

Okay.

JUDY

And I qualify all this with the fact that the Karol I met when he first came here, was a lovely, kind, respectful, gentle man.

A beat.

JUDY (CONT'D)

There was a rumour he left because of some inappropriate photos he took of a colleague. On a stairwell.

A beat. On LINGLEY, then working it out.

LINGLEY

Up-skirting?

A beat, then she nods sadly.

JUDY

Up-skirting.

Oh.

End of part two

Part three

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

31

JESS in her office, on the phone, even as she puts on her coat.

JESS

...we're just trying to get general background on him, and we have you down as his probation officer so....

(listens)

...tomorrow at 10.00 would be perfect, thank you so much, speak then.

And she signs off even as there is a knock on the door.

JESS (CONT'D)

Yep.

And BOULTING walks in.

BOULTING

Hey, guv....

(sees she is putting her coat on)

...I've got the result of the C&C trawl on 64 Waterman Road but we can do it tomorrow if it's too late now.

JESS

No no, go for it.

BOULTING

So just one incident in our time frame. On the 14th June, a call to the local nick from a resident at number 23 Waterman, about a 'violent row' outside 64, between two women. The neighbour describes hearing one of the women telling the other to 'fuck off, mum.'

JESS

('nice')

So just twelve days before her possible death, and despite Ebele saying she'd not seen her since her birthday on January 15th, here she is in contact with her. Did a car get up there?

BOULTING

It did but by that time it was all quiet and no further action was taken.

On JESS. Assimilating.

JESS

So we have her shoplifting arrest on the 5th, where she gave the Waterman Road address, we have this incident, on the 14th, and then we have her social worker's visit on the 26th. Nearly three weeks when she was clearly living there in some capacity, despite the house having been made secure at least a month previously. So how did she get in and out? Had she broken in, had she stolen keys? See if you can track down the attending officers. Thanks Murray, very good work.

Out on MURRAY as he walks out. Pleased. She calls him Murray.

32 INT. SUNNY'S CAR/EXT. SUNNY AND SAL'S HOUSE - DAY

32

SUNNY driving, speaking hands free on his mobile.

SUNNY

....we're just trying to get as much background about him as possible.....

(listens)

...brilliant, thank you, I'll send you a link and look forward to speaking to you then. Bye now.

And then he is pulling up outside his house. SAL's car parked up in the drive. She's back.

He swings the car in to the drive, turns the ignition off, and then pauses. Takes a moment, prepares himself, then grabs some flowers on the passenger seat and opens the door to get out.

33 EXT. BISHOP STREET - DAY

33

JESS walking out quickly, late now, leaving SUNNY a voice mail.

JESS

Just to let you know I want to get Ebele Falade back in, there's a growing list of things I'd like to ask her about now....

(a beat and then)

...have a good evening, Sunny.

Some warmth?

34 INT. SAVILLE'S CAR. EARLMARSH - DAY

34

And here is JAY, sitting in the back seat, as SAVILLE takes a left out of Earlmars, to head west towards central London.

JAY

(wtf)

Hang on I'm east, boss man, the docks.

SAVILLE

We just need to sort out some paperwork...

JAY

...na na na, I need to get back to my girlfriend, bruv, that's the only fucking reason I called him innit...

SAVILLE

...it'll take half an hour, I promise, then I'll get you a car right to your door.

And JAY looks at him, sucks his teeth, but can do very little about it as the car now speeds on to the A206 back in to central London.

35 INT. PUB. LONDON - DAY

35

JESS walking in to a pub, scanning, and then seeing a woman we will guess is her sister, in the corner. JESS smiles and starts to walk over.

But DEBBIE is not smiling.

36 INT. SUNNY AND SAL'S HOUSE - DAY

36

SUNNY and SAL sat opposite one another at the kitchen table. The flowers lying on their side on the table, un-vased.

SAL
..and I'm not remotely ...pissed
off with you, how could I be,
you've never been anything other
than completely honest about
kids...

His phone rings.

SUNNY
Sorry.
(quickly rejecting the
call)

SAL
...so there's no blame, about that
anyway. But that doesn't stop me
feeling sad, very sad in fact.
Sorry.

SUNNY
You obviously don't have to
apologise.

A beat.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
And when you say 'no blame about
that anyway'.

A beat. And she nods. The interrogator was never going to let
that one go.

SAL
Well, maybe you're not to blame for
that either. Because, y'know,
that's grief isn't it.

A beat. As he thought.

SAL (CONT'D)
And I should say I slightly feel
like I'm not allowed to ...find it
hard or complain about it or
anything really.

A beat.

SAL (CONT'D)
But it *is* hard, Sunny.

A beat.

SAL (CONT'D)
To feel so... excluded. So shut
out.

A beat.

SAL (CONT'D)
And it's hard to feel jealous of a
dead woman.

A beat.

SAL (CONT'D)
But I do.

His phone rings again and he quickly rejects again, maybe
clocking it is FRAN LINGLEY again.

SAL (CONT'D)
Because here we are, nine months
on, and there's no hint of a
wedding in sight. No discussions
even.

A beat.

SAL (CONT'D)
And I keep thinking you'll bring it
up, cos I'm sure as hell not going
to. But you don't.

A beat.

SAL (CONT'D)
And even as I'm saying this, I'm
slightly hoping you'll jump in and
say, I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry,
it's all okay, let's set a date.

And she looks at him. Eyes down. Lost.

SAL (CONT'D)
But you don't. And I'm scared I
know why....

And his phone rings again. And he looks at it. And she looks
at it. It rings and rings. And then finally -

SAL (CONT'D)
...take it.

SUNNY
No no.

SAL
Take it, it's fine.

A beat. And the finally.

SUNNY
...give me ten seconds...
(answering and standing)
...Fran....
(walking out)

LINGLEY (O.S.)
So I think we need to speak to
Karol Wojski again....

And we stay on SAL, as SUNNY talks in the hallway. And we must suspect she knows they are done.

37 INT. TONY'S OFFICE. WESTMINSTER/ TONY'S HOUSE - EVENING 37

HUME on the phone to his wife.

EMMA
...fuck him, Tony...

He smiles, as might we. The incongruity of 'Mary Berry', swearing.

EMMA (CONT'D)
...I mean really, who even is he,
been in government five minutes,
you have a whole *life* time of
achievement behind you.

A beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Twenty five years of business,
thirty of public service, you have
a legacy, Tony, people will raise
statues to you. I suspect the
pinnacle of *his* career will be
getting to the second week of
Strictly.

And he smiles.

But we should know he *needs* this, right now, he really *needs* this.

38

INT. PUB. LONDON - EVENING

38

JESS sitting in a pub with her sister DEBBIE.

And JESS is staring at her, in a state of similar shock to her first scene in episode one.

DEBBIE

(eyes down)

For what it's worth, it was just once.

A beat.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

And I know nothing I can say will ever allow you to forgive me for that, nor should it, but I *am* more sorry than I'll ever be able to say.

A beat. JESS almost silenced with shock.

JESS

So...sorry I'm confused. Were you the actual other woman or were you just a bonus ball?

On DEBBIE. Her eyes down.

DEBBIE

I don't know.

JESS

You don't even know how many other women he was sleeping with? Wow.

And JESS stares at her, her disbelief and hurt and pain, obscured in a mask of contempt.

JESS (CONT'D)

My fucking sister. Literally.

A beat. Stay on DEBBIE.

JESS (CONT'D)

So you want to tell me why?

A beat.

DEBBIE

I was lonely. He said he was too. That you and he were finished.

JESS stunned by *that*.

JESS
When was this?

DEBBIE
About three months ago. You were on
a course. I'd baby sat the kids...

JESS
...it was in our *house*??

A beat.

DEBBIE
I'm so..

JESS
(hand up to stop her)
Just....
(does not want to hear it)
....go.

And she looks up.

JESS (CONT'D)
Just leave. Please.

And she stands and goes to walk out, when a thought strikes
JESS.

JESS (CONT'D)
You know if you weren't such a weak
person, Debbie...

And she is struggling to not let the hurt and anger and pain
manifest itself in tears.

JESS (CONT'D)
...if you had even one *ounce* of
backbone, you'd not have told
me....
(and she looks up at her
sister, tears pricking
Jess's eyes now)
...you'd have kept your shame to
yourself.

And on that vicious barb, DEBBIE turns and walks out. And we
stay on JESS.

39

INT. KAROL'S CAR/WAREHOUSE. PARIS - NIGHT

39

KAROL pulling up in his car in a back street of Paris. He grabs a rucksack from the passenger seat, in which we must presume, are the watches.

When his mobile rings, he looks at the caller ID. 'Szymon', he hesitates, but then answers.

KAROL
(Polish)

Hey man.

SZYMON
(Polish)

Hey, Kaz. Listen, got a bit of an issue here, just had a call from a wholesaler 'cos a crate arrived with the seal broken and apparently eight watches missing?

KAROL
(Polish)

Right.

SZYMON
(Polish)

So I said it'd probably just be a paperwork error, and that I'd investigate and get back to him first thing.

KAROL
(Polish)

Sure.

A beat. SZYMON waiting, because he quite clearly *knows* KAROL has stolen them.

SZYMON
(Polish)

So I mean if you were near, I'm on my break from nine and you could have the office to yourself? To help locate them? Or the paperwork. Or whatever. And then Essie wouldn't have to call in the police?

And KAROL's head drops. Fuck. Now knows SZYMON knows. And a part of him *wants* to fess up, head back, sort it out. But then -

KAROL
(English)
I'm really sorry Szy, I'm on a pick
up down in Fontainbleu...
(a sad silence)
...thanks for the heads up though,
appreciate it, brother. Speak soon.

And he clicks off with a wince. A moment. What is he doing?

And then he grabs the ruck sack, and gets out.

40 EXT. STREET. PARIS - NIGHT

40

And then walks toward an alley way, walks down it. Towards a dark ill lit building at the end.

And then slows.

Then stops. Just stands there.

This isn't him.

At all.

And then he quickly gets out his phone and dials return caller. And it immediately answers.

SZYMON VOICEMAIL(O.S.)
(in Polish)
Hi, this is Szymon, I can't take
your call, please leave a message.

KAROL
(English)
Hey Szy, it's me...listen, I am
gonna come back. See if I can sort
this out...I'll be there in half an
hour.....call me to let me know you
got this.

He clicks off. Knows he did the right thing. And then he is walking quickly back to his car.

41 EXT. LINCOLN'S INN - NIGHT

41

A very uneasy JAY following SAVILLE across a cobbled quad, towards a terraced Queen Anne building.

42 INT. STAIRS. LINCOLN'S INN - NIGHT

42

And here is SAVILLE trotting up ancient rickety stairs, JAY following, down a dark corridor, and then finally to a door at the end of the corridor, which SAVILLE opens but does not himself go in to.

SAVILLE

Please -

Gesturing for JAY to enter. Which, gingerly, he does.

43 INT. CHAMBERS. LINCOLN'S INN - NIGHT

43

To find a man standing at the window with his back to him. And as JAY enters, he turns, and reveals himself as TONY HUME. (A sense this was slightly staged, some reflexive power play from HUME)

TONY

Joseph...
(walking over and
extending a hand)
...Tony Hume.

Except JAY does not take his hand. Just stares at him, with a mixture of deep apprehension, confusion and some contempt.

JAY

Why have you brought me here, man,
that wasn't the deal, why am I
here?

TONY

Please, have a seat.

And out.

44 INT. AIRPORT WAREHOUSE. PARIS - NIGHT

44

A slightly breathless KAROL walking in to the main warehouse with the rucksack containing the box of watches....

...to see at the far side, uniform police already there, talking to ESSIE. His message obviously came too late.

And he steps quickly back in to the shadows.

KAROL

Shit.

Everything going wrong. What to do.

And then he is walking/running away, fast.

45 INT. CHAMBERS. LINCOLN'S INN - NIGHT

45

JAY and TONY sat opposite one another at a long, polished, mahogany conference table. JAY is looking at him as HUME talks.

HUME

So all I want to know, Joseph,
really, is what you meant?

JAY frowns.

JAY

What I said.

HUME

Okay. And what you said, as I
recall, is that 'my mother was
Precious Falade and I was there
that night, I saw it all'.

JAY

Yeah.

HUME

You were where?

And we are on JAY. Watching HUME. Holding his eye. And then suddenly he stands.

JAY

Don't like you must be so used to
being able to control things.

Walks over to the window.

JAY (CONT'D)

Being able to *influence* and
manipulate everything around you
yeah?

And at the window now, he looks out at the beautiful Lincoln's Inn field, his back to HUME, perhaps deliberately echoing the position HUME was in when he entered.

JAY (CONT'D)

Whereas me? I've had almost *no*
control in my life. Almost *no* power
innit.

And now JAY turns. Looks around the ancient oak panelled conference room, the paradigm of status, power and privilege, a world he could not even begin to know. HUME in his chair, his back to him.

JAY (CONT'D)
I've had to take whatever life
threw at me, bruv. Had to learn how
to adapt, very fucking fast often,
to the next random event.

And he starts to walk towards him now.

JAY (CONT'D)
And it's funny, 'cos I've been so
scared of you since that very
random fucking night. So scared of
what you could do to me if I told
people what I knew.

A beat.

JAY (CONT'D)
Except now I'm in the room with
you....

And he is standing right behind him now.

JAY (CONT'D)
...and I see that it's you who's
scared.

HUME, his back to JAY, desperately wanting to turn, but fighting the urge. A bead of sweat running down his brow.

JAY (CONT'D)
Don't blame you as it goes - cos
you got a lot to lose, man.

A beat.

TONY
Who are you *really*, Joseph? What do
you want?

And he turns to look at him. And JAY holds his eye. No fear there now.

JAY
Who am I? I'm me, man. And what I
want, is this.

And then quite suddenly, he punches HUME hard in the side of the head. And out.

End of part three

Part four

46

INT. JESS'S HOUSE. SOUTH LONDON - NIGHT

46

JESS walking in. Shuts the door behind her. Can hear the squeals of kids in a bedroom upstairs. Her mum appears at the top of the stairs.

KATE

Did you forget I was going out tonight?

JESS

(in a daze)

Shit, sorry, yes.

KATE

So their bath is run, pyjamas on the bed, all good to go.

JESS

Thank you.

JESS not making any move. KATE looking at her.

KATE

Are you okay?

And she looks up.

JESS

She's not told you has she?

KATE

Who?

JESS

Debbie.

KATE

Told me what?

And she shakes her head. Tears near. KATE worried.

KATE (CONT'D)

Grab a glass of wine and I'll be down in ten, I'll shift my plans tonight...

And KATE turns and walks back upstairs as we hear -

KATE (CONT'D)
...right kids, bath time!!

And we hear their squeals as we stay with JESS. And now the dam finally breaks...

....and she turns her back to the stairs, her head leaning against the front door, and starts to cry silently. Great chokes of pain, the utter emotional devastation of the last few days, finally expressed.

47 INT. KAROL'S CAR. PARIS - NIGHT 47

KAROL driving through the Parisian night, clearly trying to work out what to do.

48 INT. CAB. LONDON - NIGHT 48

TONY HUME, a bruise flowering on his left cheek, in a cab back to his London flat.

49 EXT. JAY & CHERYL'S BLOCK. BLACKHYTHE - NIGHT 49

JAY getting out of a car that has pulled up outside his flat. He looks up six floors, the light in his flat on.

CHER home.

50 INT. JAY & CHERYL'S FLAT. BLACKHYTHE - NIGHT 50

JAY letting himself in to his flat. And walking down the corridor to the sitting room. Empty.

And then he walks on and opens the bedroom door.

And CHER is on the mattress, with JORDAN, having sex. And for a moment, they all just look at each other. And there is (perhaps weirdly, perhaps not) no anger.

JAY
I'm back for a bit now, so you're
alright, Jordan.

A beat as JORDAN assimilates this, and then swings his legs over the edge of the mattress to grab his T-shirt.

JORDAN
Safe.

And JAY nods and then walks out and in to the kitchen.

51 INT. KITCHEN. JAY & CHERYL'S FLAT. BLACKHYTHE - NIGHT 51

Walks over to the window, on the 6th floor. Looks out at Blackhythe refinery lighting up the night sky like a birthday cake.

CHER (O.S.)
I missed you.

And CHER's arms are wrapping around his waist.

JAY
I missed you too.

CHER
Just needed someone to look after me.

JAY
I know. But like I said, I'm here now babe.

CHER
Yeah.

And she smiles, happy. And out on that tableau, her uncomplicated affection for him, his for her, as we hear the front door shut.

52 INT. JESS'S HOUSE. SOUTH LONDON - NIGHT 52

And here is JESS, with her mother, in JESS's kitchen, sat across a table. KATE has obviously just been told, and looks almost as distraught as JESS.

JESS
We can't forgive it, Mum.

She looks up. Waits.

JESS (CONT'D)
We can never forgive her for this, you do understand that don't you.

A beat.

KATE
Your sister is not well, Jess, you know that...

JESS
...oh please. You can't always
excuse her behaviour because
of...anxiety or depression or...

A beat.

JESS (CONT'D)
...I'm anxious. I'm depressed. I
don't behave like that.

A beat.

JESS (CONT'D)
So I really don't ever want to
speak to her again.

A beat. And then she stands and walks out.

JESS (CONT'D)
And I don't think you should want
to either.

And we stay on KATE, contemplating the simple awfulness of
this fracturing family.

New day

53 EXT. BISHOP STREET - DAY 53
Establisher.

54 INT. CID. BISHOP STREET - DAY 54
SUNNY walking through the office toward JESS's office, but he
already kind of knows she will not be there.

SUNNY
No D.C.I. James?

LINGLEY
Sorry.

Fucking *hell*.

55 EXT. WEST SNOWDONIA WALES - DAY 55
A car driving across the remotest part of Snowdonia. It is
BOULTING.

Montage

56

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. BISHOP STREET - DAY

56

SUNNY in an interview room, his laptop in front of him at various points, as he talks to various talking men and women about JOSEPH BELL.

Some of these will be on a Zoom call, a couple of them will be in person.

Italicised words are the fade down and up for a cross fade vibe.

CLAIRE (SOCIAL WORKER)

(Zoom)

....we tried to give her all the support we could but when the boy was about eighteen months old it was clear she wasn't caring for him properly and he was taken in to care. He was fostered for six months and then returned to the mother. In the time I looked after him *this pattern repeated itself several times...*

Cross fade to -

ELEANOR (NURSERY TEACHER)

(Zoom call)

...*they moved around a lot so his time with us was patchy* but what was consistent was that he was not well looked after at home. He'd often come in to school hungry, in dirty clothes, often soiled. He was actually a very bright little boy, naturally inquisitive *and there was so much potential there...*

Cross fade to -

LIZ (TEACHER)

(Zoom)

...*and there was always an excuse 'oh miss I fell, 'oh miss a friend accidentally kicked me playing football', 'oh miss I spilt a cup of tea on it...' The tragedy is he was trying to protect his mother....*

Cross fade to

HETTY (NEIGHBOUR)

(in the room)

....when she did get him back, and if she wasn't living on the farm, she'd have punters coming in to her flat all day long, and I'd see him through the window, in front of the TV all day, on his own, dodging the needles. I mean I called social services several times but I'm not sure anyone ever came. I'd always talk to him through the window, and he seemed like a good kid basically.....

Cross fade to

ALAN BARKER (FOSTER PARENT)

(in person)

...his last foster parent had just been arrested for abusing his charges so I knew I had to earn his trust. He arrived late at night, gone ten, on his own, in the back of a taxi because cuts had meant there was no social worker to accompany him. He was thirteen years old. I showed him his room, and he couldn't believe it because it was clean, and the bed had a duvet on it. He stayed with us for nine months and we applied for adoption but his mother blocked it and eventually got him back. Mainly for the child benefit I suspect. It was one of the saddest days of my life having to let him go....

TERRY (PRISON OFFICER)

(Zoom)

....he was seventeen when he arrived with us. But old for his years - wily, devious even. And never reluctant to use violence to get what he wanted. Could he kill? I have no doubt.

Cut back to SUNNY as he shuts the laptop.

A beat, as he sits alone. Tears coming now (and only now).
What a fucking disgrace.

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

57

JAY drinking a cup of tea in the kitchen, staring out of the window.

CHER (O.S.)
I'm sick, babe.

And he turns to see CHER, looking as ill as ever.

JAY
And I'm going to sort you out. But
first you need to pack a bag -
we're gonna go away for a bit.

CHER
Where we gonna go?

JAY
Somewhere nice. Somewhere we can be
happy.

And out on her confusion.

58 INT. CORRIDOR. BISHOP STREET - DAY

58

SUNNY walking along a corridor, his laptop under his arm,
when JESS appears, walking towards him. And he sees her, and
slows, to talk...

...and she actually walks right past him.

On his astonishment.

SUNNY
D.C.I. James?

And she turns. Had genuinely not seen him she was so in her
own head.

JESS
D.I. Khan, sorry, hello.

And he stares at her.

SUNNY
What happened, where were you?

JESS
Where was I?

SUNNY
The Zoom calls. About Joseph Bell?

And it is clear she realises only in that moment.

JESS
Shit. I had some...
('personal shit')
...I'm so sorry.

And he can't quite believe that. That is her sole explanation. And then a couple of uniform guys are coming towards them and the corridor is not the place, so....

SUNNY
Can we just duck in here for a second?

And he pushes open an interview room door. A beat, then -

JESS
Sure.

And she walks in, and he walks in after her. And shuts the door behind him.

59 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. BISHOP STREET - DAY

59

And she sits in a chair on one side of an interview table. And he sits on the other.

Bit weird. A beat, then -

SUNNY
I can't work like this.

She looks up.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
Next to you but not *with* you.

A beat.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
I sat in here earlier and listened to various people talk about Joseph Bell and it was illuminating and heartbreaking and it gave me all sorts of insights and new ideas and you missed it all.

A beat.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Now I recorded it and I'll send you the links but it's not the same is it.

A beat.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Because we need to be in the room *together*. We need to *talk*. In your office, or the canteen, or the pub, and we need to come up with a thousand stupid theories which we laugh at and then come up with better ones. Because it's only by doing that, *surely*, that we'll really get to understand the people sitting opposite us.

And he is tearful as he finishes this, and she knows he is describing his relationship with CASS.

JESS

I can't be her, D.I. Khan.

SUNNY

I'm not asking you to be.

A beat.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

I'm just saying... there seems to be some sort of barrier between us, and I'd love it if we can find a way to get rid of it, even if it's just for this case and then we both go our separate ways.

She nods. Clearly knows he is right.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

And maybe it's *my* fault, apologies if it is, I'm dealing with some personal issues at the moment so I'm not exactly on top of *my* game. But I'd love it if we could just... reset. If we could just start again. Please.

On her. A long beat as she clearly debates how to respond. And then -

JESS

What issues?

Oh okay. Right in there. And in many ways, this is the moment of truth. The moment where he opens up. Or doesn't.

A long beat. Does he do this? And then -

SUNNY

Yesterday my fiancée had a miscarriage. Of a baby I didn't want.

She looks up. Fuck.

JESS

I'm so sorry.

SUNNY

Yeah. I mean it was very early but....still. Complicated.

On her. A long long beat. And then finally -

JESS

Fifty four minutes before I started the job last week, my husband told me he'd been unfaithful. Last night I discovered it was with my sister.

A beat. On him.

SUNNY

Okay you win.

The darkest of jokes. And she half smiles.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry too, that's awful, is there anything I can do?

JESS

Thank you. Probably not but thank you. And just...

But she is stopped by a knock on the door and WILLETS's head sticking round the door. WILLETS is slightly breathless. She ran down here.

WILLETS

...we've had a result on the bullet.

JESS

What result?

WILLETS

It has the same striation marks as a bullet fired in a 2015 robbery in Lissom Grove. The gun was never recovered, but an arrest was made of an Elton Paul King, a known associate and fellow gang member of one.....

(drum roll)

...Joseph Bell.

Wowza. She smiles.

JESS

Call Earlmars, arrange another interview. Do we know where Mr King was at the time of Precious's murder?

WILLETS

Winterstoke, six months in to a ten stretch for the robbery, he was released on parole a year ago.

JESS

Let's see if we can talk to him as well.

And the door shuts and WILLETS is gone. And we stay on her. A beat.

JESS (CONT'D)

So this has not been me. This last couple of weeks. It's not remotely who I am. Or how I work. So *I'm* sorry. And yes, of *course* we need to talk.

She nods at his laptop.

JESS (CONT'D)

Send me the Zooms, I really want to see them. And then yes, please. Let's reset.

A sense there are new possibilities here.

60

INT. TONY'S OFFICE. OLD PALACE YARD. WESTMINSTER - DAY

60

TONY HUME on the phone, in his office, half way through a call.

HUME

...and so really I was just
checking to see all the paperwork
was still in order....

(listens)

...good, good, and as per my email,
if I decided then, that I wanted to
bring things forward, how much
notice would you need?

And as we track around, over his shoulder on his desk, we see
various medical letters detailing his cancer diagnosis, and
then, at the top of it all.....**a letter from Dignitas.**

End of Episode 4