

UNFORGOTTEN - SERIES 4

Written by

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EPISODE TWO

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1 EXT. PUB - NIGHT 2 1

Establisher outside the pub.

2 INT. PUB - NIGHT 2 2

Inside, and still with HAMILTON and CASSIE and SUNNY.

HAMILTON

So, bottom line, the guy knew his career was over before it had even started.

CASSIE

Okay...

As she absorbs, and tries to process this new information, alongside everything she already knows that HAMILTON doesn't.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

...so he was obviously very upset, but the others, do you have any recollection what they were like?

And he looks at them beadily, too long a copper to not be able to spot an agenda.

HAMILTON

Is there something I should know?

CASSIE

Probably be better if you just answer it as you remember it.

A beat as he recalls the memory.

HAMILTON

I think they were *all* pretty shell shocked to be honest - I guess they were wondering if any of it was going to come back on *them*.

CASSIE

Yep.

SUNNY

Do you remember if you would have taken any of their names?

(CONTINUED)

HAMILTON

I *did* often take passenger names on a stop, just in case the vehicle had been involved in anything else, but I can't say for sure, if I did it would have been in my pocket book.

And then he remembers something.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

I do remember there was an Asian lad though, who I had a bit of a run in with.

SUNNY

What sort of a run in?

HAMILTON

He kept asking us if there was any way we could let it go, he actually got quite forceful, in the end I had to tell him to walk away or I'd nick *him* too.

SUNNY

Okay. And did you search the car?

HAMILTON

(frowns)
No. No reason to.

SUNNY

And after you arrested Fogerty, you took him back to your nick?

HAMILTON

Yes.

CASSIE

And what happened to the car?

HAMILTON

(thinks, then)
One of the passengers, a girl, asked if she could drive it to Fogerty's place.

CASSIE

And she hadn't been drinking?

(CONTINUED)

HAMILTON

She actually offered to take a test, but I believed her, she looked like the sensible one. She seemed very keen to help him out so....I let her.

On CASS and SUNNY. I bet she did.

3

EXT. PUB - NIGHT 2

3

SUNNY and CASSIE walking towards their car.

CASSIE

Trying to think how *I'd* have reacted, the day I finished basic training, if my mate had been pulled over with a dead body in the boot.

SUNNY

It's gonna *be* in the 'shell shocked' territory isn't it.

CASSIE

Just a bit.

SUNNY

Although obvs we don't actually know for sure Walsh was in the boot at this stage.

CASSIE

(slightly ignoring him)
I need to speak to Andrews.

SUNNY

Should we maybe wait till...

CASSIE

...and we need to find the complete file - I want to know who those passengers were, and if any of them are still serving coppers, cos if they are....well *that's* going to be interesting.

And she gets in. Out on SUNNY. Perhaps a little concerned by her vibe here.

New day. Monday

4 EXT. CASSIE'S HOUSE - DAWN 3 4

Establisher.

CASSIE (O.S.)
...I'm too bloody old...

5 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 3 5

JOHN in the kitchen, brewing coffee, as upstairs he can hear -

CASSIE (O.S.)
...you're too bloody old.

6 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. ADAM'S BEDROOM - DAY 3 6

Darkness, a form in bed (ADAM). CASSIE at the door.

ADAM
(bleary)
It's seven fifteen.

CASSIE
And I've been getting up at 6.15
for thirty years so do me a favour
will you. Now move your arse, get
up, and go find a job, cos we are
selling this house, and in a few
months, you, will, be, homeless.
Have a nice day.

And the pillow goes over his head.

7 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 3 7

CASSIE walking in.

CASSIE
Sorry.

JOHN
(handing her a coffee)
S'fine.

CASSIE
I just don't have space in my life
to be still washing his cacky pants
and doing his sodding dishes, he's
an adult for chrissakes.

JOHN

Absolutely.

A beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So you gonna speak to your dad today?

CASSIE

Oh I think I have to wait till I'm summoned don't I?

JOHN

Do you? He's your dad.

CASSIE

I guess, I just don't want to incur the 'Wrath of Jen'.

JOHN

(wryly)

I think you'd give her a run for her money. I'll call you later, let you know how it went.

CASSIE

Oh god, sorry, yes, good luck.

JOHN

(kissing her)

Thanks, have a good day.

And he goes to leave.

CASSIE

John?

(off his turn)

Do I seem angry all the time?

JOHN

(a beat, then)

Not *all* the time, no.

CASSIE

I'm sorry.

JOHN

(smiles)

It's all good. I'll see you later. Love you.

And he is gone. And out on her as he exits.

8 INT. RAM & ANNA'S HOUSE - DAY 3

8

An exhausted looking RAM eating a piece of toast, as ANNA, still in a dressing gown, drinks coffee. Both look like they have not slept a wink.

ANNA

...why does it keep sounding like you're about to say a 'but'.

Sightly does not want to go here yet. Too tired.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Ram?

RAM

Okay, 'but' - why would we need a blood test?

And of course she knew where this was heading.

ANNA

Because the ultrasound on its own's not accurate enough to warrant the risk of an amniocentesis.

Nods. Of course. Then -

RAM

But why would we want *either*, a blood test or an amnio?

And she nods, knew already, of course, where he was heading.

ANNA

So we can make a decision, love, about what to do. If our baby *is* Down's.

And her voice catches.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Yes?

A beat, then he looks at his watch, grimaces -

RAM

(grabbing his jacket)
I'm so late...

ANNA

...Ram we need to talk about this...

(CONTINUED)

RAM

...and I didn't sleep a wink last night so I'm not making any sense. We'll talk tonight, I promise...
(and hugging her)
...I love you.

Out on her as he walks out.

9

INT. FIONA & GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY 3

9

FIONA packing a briefcase, looking at two Mother's day cards now on a window ledge (a beautiful calendar made up of photos of her and a piece of A4 folded in half, with some writing on it that indicates no more than ten minutes worth of effort).

Hear GEOFF walking in.

FIONA

(throw away)

Oh. Might be back a bit late tonight, I've got no p.m sessions so I'm gonna do a run - work some of this stress off up in the hills.

GEOFF

Sure. But really, there *is* no need to worry, everything's going to be absolutely fine.

And we stay on her as we hear the kids coming down the stairs and he walks to the front door.

And we should sense she has just lied.

10

OMITTED

10

*

11 EXT. THERAPY CENTRE. BUXTON. PEAK DISTRICT - DAY 3 11
Establisher.

12 INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY 3 12

FIONA in a therapy room, with a fourteen year old (18 year old playing 14) making notes even as she talks, with a Parker ink pen. *
*

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FIONA

....the problem is, Kai, the repeated lying - it benefits no-one, certainly not you. Because if we lie to the people closest to us....it destroys trust, of course, but also, it stops people knowing us, or being able to understand us. And if you can't *understand* someone - how can you ever begin to help them when they're struggling...

And just for the briefest of moments at the end there, her voices catches. She coughs to hide it, but it was there. *

13 INT. RAM'S CAR/INT. TWICKENHAM POLICE STATION - DAY 3 13 *

RAM driving in to work, his phone sounds, he looks at the caller I.D. and then answers (hands free). *

RAM

Hey Paul.

COPLEY (O.S.) *

What's the story with you and Lucy Myers?

A little caught out, frowns.

RAM

Who's Lucy Myers?

COPLEY (O.S.) *

That temp from HR - she was sat next to you at the dinner Monday.

RAM

(remembering)

Oh, yeah, her, no story, why?

A man (PAUL COPLEY) is arriving in his office, overcoat on. *

Cut between the call only from this point *

COPLEY *

She's been saying you were 'inappropriate' with her. *

RAM

(a stunned beat, then)

I was *what??*

(CONTINUED)

COPLEY

When you got in the lifts at the
end of the evening.

RAM

(frowns, a further stunned
beat, then)
I was *not* inappropriate with her,
that is a complete....

COPLEY

...you on the way in?

RAM

...out this morning, in at two...

COPLEY

...come straight to my office
please.

RAM

Paul....

But he has hung up. On RAM. Fuck. Shit.

14 INT. LIZ & JANET'S COTTAGE. CAMBRIDGE - DAY 3

14

JANET putting books and papers in a briefcase for work in a
home office (we should clock the house has obviously only
just been moved in to, lots of packing boxes still unopened)
when she hears -

LIZ (O.S.)

I'm off, love.

JANET

Oh, hang on.

And she walks out quickly in to a sitting room with an
inglenook, leading on to front door. To see LIZ standing
looking at herself in a full length mirror.

And she is dressed in a police uniform, a very *senior* police
officer in fact (Deputy Chief Constable of East Anglia
Constabulary).

And JANET walks over to her, proud as punch, wraps her arms
tight around her and then whispers in to her ear.

(CONTINUED)

JANET (CONT'D)
Just remember, you are the best
candidate by a country fucking
mile.

Out on LIZ's nervous smile.

End of part one

Part two

15 INT. BISHOP STREET. CASSIE'S OFFICE - DAY 3

15

SUNNY, in CASSIE's office, he is putting on his coat.

SUNNY
...so the full case files came in
last night.

CASSIE
And?

SUNNY
To me it looks like quite a lot was
missed, possible wits that were
never interviewed, sightings that
were never followed up.

CASSIE
Because?

SUNNY
Matthew was no saint, he had half a
dozen convictions, ABH, possession,
one for dealing - in fact there was
even a warrant out for him, not
backed for bail, so maybe they
thought he was just lying low for a
bit? Anyway, Fran's going through
them in detail now, and I'm off to
see if I can find the traffic
offence files....
(exiting)
...I'll call you.

CASSIE
(as he heads out)
And sorry where are we on locating
next of kin?

SUNNY
Murray's on it...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

And hard cut to -

16 OMITTED

16 *

An existing scene will have to sit between 15 and 17, now we have cut this one. *

17 INT. BISHOP STREET. CASSIE'S OFFICE - DAY 3

17 *

CASS with BOULTING in her office.

BOULTING

So I spoke to a neighbour at his last know address, and she told me both parents are now dead. *

CASSIE

Okay. *

BOULTING

He did have an older brother, name of Clive, and she thought he was probably still alive, but what was interesting, was that Matthew had a girlfriend, called Karen, who was actually pregnant, when he went missing. *

CASSIE

Wow, and she had the child? *

BOULTING

(nods)
She did, a boy named Jerome apparently. *

CASSIE
And where's Karen now?

*

BOULTING
Also dead, heroin overdose maybe
fifteen years ago, according to the
neighbour.

CASSIE
Lot of premature deaths here. The
mum, the dad, Karen - was this as a
result of Matthew's disappearance
do we think?

*

BOULTING
*Some of it I'd say, but they
sounded like they were a pretty
troubled family before he
disappeared to be honest, lot of
alcohol and drug issues.*

And CASSIE is looking at a phone number in BOULTING's notes
next to 'JEROME'.

18 INT. HOUSE. SOUTH LONDON/INT. CASSIE'S OFFICE - DAY 3 18

A man, JEROME WALSH (29) is underneath a kitchen sink,
tightening up a u-bend (he is a plumber) he has just removed,
when his phone rings.

He grabs it out of his pocket, 'unknown caller', so probably
a new customer calling from 'Rated People'. He clicks to
answer.

JEROME
(carrying on tightening
with the phone jammed
under his chin)
Hello?

CASSIE
Hello is that Jerome?

(CONTINUED)

JEROME

Speaking.

CASSIE

Oh, hi, my name is Cassie Stuart,
I'm a police officer, and I was
wondering if you had five
minutes....to talk about your
father, about Matthew Walsh?

On him, still tightening the u-bend knuckle, doesn't really
miss a beat.

JEROME

What about him?

CASSIE

(oh, odd reaction)

Jerome I'm very sorry to have to
tell you this but.....we think
there's a pretty good chance we
might have found his remains?

A beat. She listens, nothing.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

JEROME

Yeah listen this isn't a very good
time, I'm on a job at the moment,
can you call me back outside of
work hours?

CASSIE

Er....yes, absolutely, or I could
come and talk to you in person,
whatever works best for you?

A beat, then.

JEROME

You've got my number, text me some
times and I'll get back to you.

And he hangs up, and carries on working. Seems utterly
utterly unconcerned or to be honest, even that interested.

Out on CASSIE, wow, well that was different.

19 INT. THERAPY CENTRE - DAY 3 19

FIONA walking out of her therapy centre.

RECEPTIONIST(O.S.)

Enjoy your run.

And she spins round, almost like she has been caught out, only to see an innocent face looking back at her from the practice office. She finds a smile.

FIONA

Thanks, Belle.

And heads out.

Montage

20 EXT./INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY 3 20

SUNNY being shown in to a storage facility up in north London.

And being led down a long corridor to a vast room, with a million black box files, stored alphabetically, by station, year, and month.

And with a print out of the microfiche he got sent yesterday, he starts to try and navigate his way to the right box.

21 EXT. HIGH STREET. ROCHESTER - DAY 3 21

DEAN walking out of a phone shop on Rochester high street, with a new phone box in his hand and walking quickly toward a multi storey carpark.

22 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 3 22

COLLIER with a team of uniform methodically looking through the contents of FOGERTY'S house in the corner of the warehouse where they are stored (blue capped officers similar to the ones we have used in woodland searches).

A montage of them going through everything, chests of drawers, wardrobes, pine chests, box ottomans etc. Anything basically big enough to contain a hand, or a head.

23 INT. FIONA'S CARR - DAY 3 23

Fiona driving south, towards a sign saying London.

24 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY 3 24

SUNNY going through boxes (there will be thirty for the month of April 1990, each one with maybe fifty files in it).

25 INT. DEAN'S CAR. CAR PARK - DAY 3 25

In a dark corner of the car park, play a montage of DEAN removing all packaging from the phone box, inserting the Sim, and then turning it on etc.

26 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY 3 26

And here is FIONA, somewhere in North London, getting out of her car, grabbing a bunch of flowers from the back seat, and heading in to a graveyard.

27 EXT. STREET - DAY 3 27

LIZ, pulled up on her bike, maybe three cars back from red lights, in Cambridge town centre. Right at the front of the cars, a man on a scooter waits.

Close on her, pensive, maybe rehearsing her interview in her head.

And then suddenly another scooter (with two men on it) drives past LIZ, and up next to the scooter at the front, the pillion rider jumps off and shouts at the other driver to get off, threatening him with a hammer.

The driver very quickly complies and the thief gets on the scooter and starts to pull away when he is grabbed

...by LIZ, who had jumped off her push bike and run forward as soon as she saw the thief threaten the rider.

So she grabs a handful of the thief's coat, slowing his acceleration momentarily, but he instinctively flails his arm and fist back at her, which catches her full in the face, which is enough to make her loosen her grip and allow him to screech away.

We leave LIZ on the ground, blood starting to flow from her nose as stunned drivers now get out to help.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

The whole incident probably takes less than ten seconds.

End of montage

28 INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY 3

28

DEAN with his new phone pressed to his ear. Waiting. And then finally it answers. (**Important, we do not see this is Ram, nor should the half dozen words he utters, tell us it is him**).

RAM (O.S.)

Hello?

DEAN

Hey, it's Dean.

A long long beat, then -

RAM (O.S.)

Long time.

DEAN

Yeah...

A beat, do we, does Dean, sense reluctance?

DEAN (CONT'D)

...can I give you a reg?

A beat.

RAM (O.S.)

How much?

DEAN

The usual. Plus another five for inflation.

A beat. Then finally.

RAM (O.S.)

Go on.

And DEAN picks up a piece of paper and starts to read.

DEAN

It's a white Citroen Dispatch...

29 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY 3

29

And now FIONA arrives at her destination.

A grave, with some desiccated flowers sitting in a pot. And on the reverse, even as she kneels, we will first read -

Jennifer Helen Grayson. Beloved Mother and Wife. 1940 - 1980.

Even as her eyes then track down the stone to see -

Sergeant Bernard Peter Grayson - 'a copper's copper'. Beloved father and husband. 1937 - 1991.

On her. Her feelings hard to read. And then she removes the dried flowers, replaces them with the fresh ones, then stands up, duty done, and walks quickly away.

30 EXT. STREET - DAY 3

30

LIZ, a bruise flowering on her cheek, blood caked around her nose, standing at the back of an ambulance, being tended to by a paramedic, even as she talks to a rather nervous uniform copper.

LIZ

...both IC1, the pillion rider had a black hoodie, with NYC on the back, he had black jeans and Ellyment trainers. The driver had blue jeans, black trainers, grey top.

P.C

I don't suppose you got the index of the...

LIZ

...Foxtrot November 15 November Victor Yankee okay we good to go, Brendan?

BRENDAN PARAMEDIC

So no dizziness, no blurred vision no nausea?

LIZ

None, I'm good.

BRENDAN PARAMEDIC

Well I'd prefer to take you back to the hospital....

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

...which I understand, but I feel fine so thank you very much for your help, you are a star. Thank you P.C. Robson....

(and she hands him her card)

...and I'll get my P.A. to send you a statement over later. Okay, thanks again guys, excellent work.

And the little whirlwind of energy that she is, is heading towards her bike, leaning up against the traffic light, and she gets on and cycles off.

31 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY 3 31

SUNNY sitting amidst a huge pile of boxes, going through them looking for the right day of the month.

And then he finds something, and pulls it out, and flicks through quickly, maybe six sheets of pro forma bits of A4, and then on the last sheet, he sees something that starts to makes him smile.

32 INT. BISHOP STREET. CID - DAY 3 32

CASSIE with COLLIER, BOULTING and LINGLEY, doing a catch up. A photo of MATTHEW WALSH on the wall (photos of his remains too). And a map of an area a couple of miles south of Hendon.

Various points have already been marked on it (sightings of Walsh on the night he died). There is also a photo of FOGERTY now, the 'tall guy'.

BOULTING

...DVLA have the car, a Ford Granada, being sold by Fogerty in 1991, and then the next keeper notified the vehicle as being 'off road' in 2002 - when it was sold for scrap.

*
*

CASSIE

('shit')

Okay, thank you. Jake?

(CONTINUED)

COLLIER

So we've opened pretty much every drawer, cupboard, wardrobe, box, anything, that could contain body parts, and there's nothing. Now obviously, he could have disposed of these thirty years ago, but logic wise, my guess is the head and the hands, the easiest to identify, are the *last* parts you'd get rid of.

CASSIE

Agreed.

COLLIER

So working on the assumption that for whatever reason, he never actually disposed of *any* part of the body....should we be looking in his effects for evidence of a storage facility somewhere?

CASSIE

You mean like a garage or lock up or something?

COLLIER

Exactly.

CASSIE

Good idea, in fact *any* other buildings he might have had access to - yeah go for it. Fran?

LINGLEY

Still working my way through the original witness statements. So the wit detailed as being the last confirmed sighting of him has sadly died, but I *have* managed to make contact with a Viv Hancock today - seeing her tomorrow - who was *also* detailed as having seen Walsh that night, although there's no actual statement in the files.

CASSIE

Just lost or...

LINGLEY

...she told me today no formal statement was ever actually *taken*.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE
Okay, so, what, just human error?

LINGLEY
(shrugs)
I guess.

CASSIE
Well let me know when you've spoken
to her. So what else...
(checking her notes)
...yeah the victim's clothes have
gone to a forensic botanist -
Leanne Balcombe thought there were
some interesting plant remains
caught on his T-shirt, D.I. Khan is
at the records archive, and then
I'm off now to meet with the
victim's son. Okay, that's it for
now...
(grabbing her coat)

COLLIER
Good to have you back, Guv.

BOULTING/LINGLEY
Seconded.

And she smiles, she needed that.

CASSIE
(walking back in to her
office)
Thank you, guys, appreciated.
(and then her phone rings,
Sunny)
How d'you get on?

33 INT. STORAGE FACILITY - DAY 3

33

SUNNY going through boxes, on his phone.

SUNNY
In that car with Fogerty, were four
police probationers by the names of
Dean, Fiona, Liz...

34 OMITTED

34 *

35 INT. TWICKENHAM C.I.D. COPLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 3 35 *

Behind a man knocking on a door and walking in to an office. *

SUNNY (O.S.) *

...and Ram. *

And on the reverse we see the man *is* RAM. A man behind a desk, in a police officer's uniform, looks up. *

COPLEY

Ah, D.C.I. Sidhu, please, have a seat.

And he shuts the door behind him, and does just that.

End of part two

Part three

36 INT. TWICKENHAM C.I.D. COPLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 3 36

RAM in with SPT PAUL COPLEY.

(Worth noting, that although COPLEY is the senior officer, the relationship slightly feels like it is the other way round. As we might already suspect, RAM SIDHU is a force to be reckoned with.)

COPLEY

(reading from hand written notes)

She says that you put your arm around her waist, made a number of 'lewd' comments, patted her behind, and generally made her feel uncomfortable.

RAM

(nods, then)

Didn't happen.

COPLEY

Right. I have to say, I did see you....

(CONTINUED)

RAM
...saw me what? Enjoying someone's
company? Not illegal is it.

COPLEY
No, but..

RAM
...if anything *she* was the one
flirting with *me*.

COPLEY
Well, that is not...

RAM
(holding his hand up)
...can we cut to the chase, Sir,
what's she going to do?

COPLEY
She's not decided yet.

RAM
But she might make a formal
complaint?

COPLEY
She might, yes, she's still
thinking about it.

RAM
But you've not gone to professional
standards yet.

COPLEY
No, not yet.

And he nods. Absorbing. Then -

RAM
Well I think we both know what this
is *really* about.

COPLEY
Do we?

And he looks at COPLEY as if it say 'stop being dim'.

RAM
This is racially motivated.

And now COPLEY's turn to frown.

(CONTINUED)

COPLEY
Where do you get that from?

RAM
She flirted with the Paki, she came on to the Paki, but the Paki turned her down, and she didn't like it.

COPLEY
Hang on...

RAM
(standing)
...so I suggest you have another word with her, Sir, to discourage her from taking this forward, or I, and the BPA, will bring Arma-fucking-geddon down on the pair of you.

And he turns and walks out. Out on COPLEY.

37 OMITTED 37 *

38 INT. TWICKENHAM CID. RAM'S OFFICE - DAY 3 38 *

RAM sitting in his own office (**he is with a Vice Squad in West London**) searching for stuff on his phone. And as we go in close, we see he is looking at 'LUCY MYERS', on a social media site.

But he clearly finds nothing about her there, so goes on to another social media site to see if he can find her.

38 CONTINUED:

38

Something slightly fevered about his search. This is not a man who lets people do this to him.

39 INT. EILEEN'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 3

39

EUGENIA walking in to EILEEN'S room with a bunch of flowers, EILEEN sitting in a chair by a window, looking out as she reads a book.

EUGENIA

Where did you want me to put these
Mrs Baildon?

(Eileen turning)

Liz dropped them in for you this
morning.

And EILEEN regards them, then -

EILEEN

The bin.

EUGENIA

I'm sorry?

EILEEN

If she thinks I'm only worth a day
late petrol station flowers I'd
really rather she didn't bother.

And EUGENIA bites her tongue, as she lays them on one side and starts to gather up dirty mugs and glasses etc on a tray. EILEEN watching her with some amusement.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Oh you think butter wouldn't melt
don't you, Eugenia. But I could
tell you a thing or two about our
Elizabeth that would make your hair
turn grey.

On EUGENIA. Wtf?

Out on EILEEN, enjoying the intrigue she causes. Cut hard to -

40 INT. EAST ANGLIA CONSTABULARY HQ. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 3 40

LIZ walking in to the interview room. And she looks a bit of
a mess. Sweaty, bloodied lip, bruised cheek.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

The panel comprise a PCC (the chair, DUNCAN) a member of the public, and the existing Chief Constable (ROBIN, her boss). *

LIZ

Good afternoon everyone, I'm so sorry I'm late, hello, nice to meet you, hello Sir... *

PCC CHAIR

(smiling warmly)
...you've been in the wars we hear.

LIZ

(wryly as she takes her seat in front of them)
Like I was going to win that one. *

PCC CHAIR

Well, genuinely, thank you for not cancelling today, we all appreciate it.

LIZ

You're welcome, I know how hard it is to get everyone in the same room. *

PCC CHAIR

Indeed, and as it *is* getting on, and I know everyone is very busy, is it okay if we dive straight in? *

LIZ

Of course.

PCC CHAIR

Thank you. So, I wonder then, if we could *start*, Elizabeth, by you giving us a kind of...'potted history' as it were, of your career to date? Just be useful to hear a bit about ...well, where you've come from.

LIZ

Absolutely. Okay. Well...
(thinks, then)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIZ (CONT'D)

...well I think it would be fair to say that when I told my parents I wanted to become a police officer, they could not have been less pleased...

(off a warm chuckle)

...I'd just completed a classics degree at Balliol, and it wasn't entirely what they were expecting me to do next....

And off the smiles we cross fade to.

LIZ (CONT'D)

...working as a constable for three years in Walsall was a complete eye opener to me, I'd come from a very privileged background, so to see this ...whole other way of life ...well it was a very steep learning curve - I should also say it was one of the most satisfying experiences of my career...

Cross fade to. Cut down speech

*

LIZ (CONT'D)

...I would love to improve the public perception of who we are, I would love to help them see past the uniform, help them see us as people, just like them, who are working for them, I think somehow we've almost become... the enemy...

*

Cut to.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ (CONT'D)

....I also think a key part of my job is to make my fellow officers feel *proud* to do what they do, because I believe they *should* feel proud, *hugely* so. For not the biggest salary in the world they *risk their lives* on a daily basis. They walk toward danger, *on a daily basis*, they protect and serve and *help* the British public, on a daily basis. Now I think that's pretty damn impressive and I think it is absolutely part of my job to remind them, frankly, of how flipping brilliant I think they are...

(a beat as she considers this, and then)

...I should say I think it's also my job to remind the British public of that. *On a daily basis* if need be!!!

*
*

And she bursts in to laughter, as do the panel, clearly, utterly utterly charmed.

41 EXT. SMALL INDUSTRIAL UNIT. THAMES DITTON - DUSK 3 41

CASSIE at a door, the bell already having been rung, footsteps then the door opens, and here is JEROME WALSH. And now we see him properly, a lively looking young man (29) in work clothes, drying his hands on a towel.

CASSIE
Jerome?

JEROME
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE
Cassie Stuart...
(offering a hand)
...nice to meet you.

JEROME
(not taking her hand)
I've unblocked three toilets today,
I wouldn't if I were you. Come on
in.

And she follows him in to his office.

42 INT. SMALL INDUSTRIAL UNIT. THAMES DITTON - DUSK 3 42

And here is JEROME, in a tiny little office, with spare parts all over the place. Him sat on a stool, her on the only other little chair.

JEROME
I obviously never met him, I also never met my grandparents, 'cos they led pretty chaotic lives - drink and drugs and all that sort of shit. His girlfriend, my mum had similar problems and died when I was seven, which meant I was mainly raised in care so...I justI don't feel any....serious emotional connection to him I'm afraid.

CASSIE
Of course.

JEROME
I also have a wife and a little one of my own and....his life was so messed up and tragic and...*dirty*, I just don't want to risk any of it ...kind of infecting my family now. Does that make sense?

CASSIE
Absolutely.

JEROME
I mean if you need a DNA swab, to help identify him, very happy to do that, but that's about it really.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

I completely understand. And thank you for that, the DNA thing, that would be very useful...

(a beat, then she smiles)

...I *am* going to be cheeky and ask you *one* question, if I may?

JEROME

Go on.

CASSIE

Our files say that at the time of his disappearance, your father lived with his older brother, Clive, in a squat in north London. We believe Clive was the last person who actually *knew* him, to see him alive, so we'd love to speak to him, and we just wondered if you had any contact details for him? Or even if you knew if he was still alive?

JEROME

(smiles)

Clive actually used to send me Christmas cards till maybe....four/five years ago? I think I kept them somewhere - they might have an address on them....

Close on him, cos he is now being asked to do what he has just said he didn't want to. A beat, and then.

JEROME (CONT'D)

...I'll have a look at home, see what I can find.

CASSIE

I'd really appreciate it. Thank you.

43 INT. SARI SHOP. BASEMENT STOCK ROOM - NIGHT 3

43

RAM with his brother, BAL in the basement of the sari shop.

BAL drinking coffee, RAM, smoking, drinking whiskey.

Bangra playing quietly on a radio somewhere. The tone of the conversation is of two brothers who are incredibly close and can say things to each other no-one else could.

(CONTINUED)

BAL
So what are you going to do?

RAM
About the woman or the baby?

BAL
(shrugs)
Both? Either?

RAM
The woman I'll wait and see what
she does. If she makes it
formal....I'll fucking destroy her.

BAL
(wryly)
And you haven't considered this
time maybe just.... *speaking* to
her? Maybe apologising?

RAM
For what, being the wrong colour?

BAL
And you're one hundred percent sure
this *is* about colour? It couldn't
just be... two pissed people
getting it slightly wrong?

RAM
No.

BAL
Mate...

RAM
(stopping him)
...Bal, trust me, when you've had
thirty years of what *I* have, thirty
years of shit jokes about corner
shops and Ghandi, of having to
fight twice as hard for every
promotion, of fending off a million
attempts to basically get rid of
me? Then you'd *know* what it's
about, what it's *always* about.

And he flicks his cigarette butt out in a tray.

(CONTINUED)

BAL

Well I admire you, I do, cos how the hell you have managed to remain soooooo pissed off, for so many years.....

RAM

...oh it's easy bro, I just look at you and dad and think I never want to end up like that.

BAL

(wryly)
What, happy?

RAM

Accepting of things that aren't right, just 'cos that's how it's always been. You don't get anywhere in this world without fighting, mate. And if I piss people off on the way, good, I'm doing something right.

BAL

You've done a lot right then.

RAM

And by the way I *am* happy, very.

BAL

Well I hope so, I really do, cos you give a very good impression of being a bloke who's *still* trying to prove something. Which is a shame, 'cos all we've ever been, is dead proud of you.

Which rather catches RAM out, his brother bigging him up like that. But he pushes down the rising emotion that catches in his throat.

RAM

(grabbing his coat)
Well maybe tell the old man that one day.

BAL

Mate, you and him are more similar than you think.

RAM

Please god no.

(CONTINUED)

BAL
He just wants the same as you, bro,
a little respect.

RAM
Right.

BAL
Now go home and talk to your wife,
that is so much more important.
Love you, man.

RAM
(walking out)
Love you.

Out on BAL. And then we hear -

MARTIN (O.S.)
I want to change it.

44 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3

44

CASS with her dad. No JENNY, no JOHN.

CASSIE
Right. Fine. To what?

MARTIN
I want my half of the house to go
to Jenny.

Oh.

CASSIE
Okay. So...you remember you always
said you wanted the kids to have
that.

MARTIN
Don't patronise me please, Cass.

CASSIE
I'm not I'm just....

MARTIN
...I remember perfectly well.

CASSIE
Fine.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

But the boys are spoilt, you said
so yourself.

CASSIE

Did I?

MARTIN

They need to earn their own money,
they need to get out there and get
a job, and giving them a great big
lump sum in the next year or so....

CASSIE

...it was never going to work like
that, dad. Your will says in the
event of your death, your equity
stayed in the house till I sell,
and then it goes in to a trust for
them until they're thirty five.
Precisely because neither of us
thought it was good for them to get
a lump sum too young.

And MARTIN *is* struggling to remember this.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

We worked it all through very
carefully, as soon as you were
diagnosed if you....

Stops herself saying 'remember'. And MARTIN struggling to
process the complexity of this.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

....and of course it's your choice,
I'm just...I'm not sure what's made
you change your mind.

And the door opens.

JENNY

Anyone want another cuppa?

45 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 3

45

CASS, with JENNY in the kitchen waiting for the kettle to
boil. JENNY has her back to her.

JENNY

What are you implying?

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE

Nothing, it's a completely genuine question - d'you know what he's planning to do?

And she turns to her.

JENNY

No, I have no idea, we haven't discussed it, it's his will, it's entirely his business.

CASSIE

And you don't think you *should* discuss it, given his condition?

JENNY

Maybe. But I suspect you'd have something to say about it if I did.

Which is, of course, a rather good point.

JENNY (CONT'D)

This wasn't what I wanted, Cassie. To fall in love with a dying man. But I did, and we are where we are. I have no other agenda here.

On CASS, does she believe her?

46 INT. DEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3

46

A deeply pensive DEAN, picking at a plate of food, alone at a dining room. Through a door way, we might be able to see their other son, CASPER (14) playing 'Forza Motorsport' in the family computer room.

MARNIE

(walking in)
Went out like a light...
(grabbing wine)
...how was your day, how are we for Wednesday, you getting any *real* work done?

DEAN

(smiling)
Fund raising feels a lot realler than importing air con systems.

MARNIE

We on target?

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
(smiles)
I think so, might even exceed it.

MARNIE
Serious?

DEAN
I think we're actually in with a shout to raise a hundred and ten.

MARNIE
(delighted)
So do I get my sensory zone?

DEAN
Well let's see, still two tables to sell.

MARNIE
(walking over)
You are such a star babe, I really don't know how you do it...
(kissing his neck)
...and let me make some calls about the two tables tomorrow, I can try some of the old Lloyds mob.
(flopping in to an armchair)

DEAN
Yeah good idea...
(a tiny beat)
...oh, and I meant to say...
(standing with his plate and walking across the kitchen)
...I have to nip over to France tomorrow first thing, possible new client, in and out job, should be back late afternoon.

And we are on him as he sticks his plate in the dishwasher waiting for her response, but nothing comes.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Love?

And she nods, smiles, 'resting her eyes'.

MARNIE
Oh. Yeah, no worries, babe.

(CONTINUED)

And on him. She didn't clock anything.

CASPER
You wanna play, dad?

And he turns to see CASPER looking hopefully over.

DEAN
(smiles)
Sorry, mate, got a million emails
to answer.

And he walks out. And we stay on CASPER, who looks over to his mum, whose eyes are now open, and she smiles.

MARNIE
Me again then - and I'm gonna whup
your sorry arse this time.

CASPER
(grins)
Yeah right.

And she follows CASPER in to the computer room, but as she goes, she watches DEAN head up the stairs.

And actually, she knows full well he just lied to her.

47 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 3

47

CASSIE with ADAM and JOHN, just finished eating dinner.

CASSIE
(to Adam)
Maybe take him for a beer, try and
get a sense of whether she *is*
manipulating him or not.

JOHN
I think that's a really bad idea.

CASSIE
Why?

JOHN
I mean take him for a beer, cos
it's a nice thing to do, but I
would absolutely not start probing
him about stuff.

CASSIE
How else can we know?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Well maybe you can't, maybe you just... have to let it run and see how it plays out.

CASSIE

She's known him less than eighteen months, John, there's no way he'd do this if he was in his right mind...

JOHN

...and I get all that. But...

A beat. He shrugs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...just feels wrong to me.

And he starts to clear the table. ADAM we sense, feels nearer to JOHN on this one. And then -

CASSIE

Take him out for a beer, he'd like that.

And she starts to clear, and we are on JOHN. Okay, interesting. Bulldozed.

48 INT. BAR - NIGHT 3

48

RAM, sitting alone, looks at his watch, 10.35. His phone rings. 'ANNA'. He swipes to reject the call. And the screen tells us he has six missed calls from her already.

RAM

'Nother one in there please mate.

And he would take another drink rather than go home.

49 INT. LIZ AND JANET'S COTTAGE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 3

49

LIZ getting ready for bed (we might see JANET in the background) when her mobile rings. She looks at the screen, an unidentified caller, she frowns, looks at her watch, late. She answers.

LIZ

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

EILEEN (O.S.)
How did it go?

LIZ
(frowns)
Mum?

50 INT. EILEEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3

50

EILEEN propped up in bed. We will cut between the two sides of the call now.

EILEEN
I blocked my number because I knew you wouldn't answer otherwise.

LIZ
(bit baffled)
Right. Wow. Bit weird. How did *what* go?

EILEEN
Don't be coy Elizabeth. Your job interview.

Hear the silence.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
Oh, did you think I didn't know.

A beat.

LIZ
It went fine.

EILEEN
Good. Because I have to say, going for the top job - well I do admire your balls, under the circumstances I mean.

Let's that beauty hang.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
Balls of *steel*, as your father used to say, balls of steel. Anyway, night-night, sweetheart.

And she clicks off. And we stay on LIZ. Very very un-nerved by that.

End of part three

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

Part four

51 INT. FERRY TERMINAL - DAWN 4 51

DEAN walking through the ferry terminal.

52 INT. CASSIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 4 52

CASSIE grabbing her coat, and about to fly out the door when -

JOHN

Hey.

And she looks up to see JOHN walking down the stairs.

CASSIE

Oh, sorry, I didn't wake you did I?

JOHN

No, I just got a text, I got that job.

CASSIE

(smiles)

Oh John, congratulations, that's brilliant.

JOHN

Thank you, yeah, so... decision time really, cos if I take it, it kind of means us buying down there.

CASSIE

Right, yes, okay...

(digesting)

...can we talk tonight - I gotta run.

JOHN

Sure.

CASSIE

And well done, babe, that's... really good news.

And she is out the door. And we are on him. Something bothering him.

53 EXT. SOUTHALL - DAY 4 53

The markets starting to wake, people starting to set up stalls etc.

ANNA's car drives through and then pulling up outside the sari shop.

53A INT. SARI SHOP - DAY 4 53A

ANNA walks through the sari shop.

54 EXT. CALAIS - DAY 4 54

DEAN, getting in to a taxi.

DEAN
(flawless French, to the driver)
Rue de L'Eglise S'il vous plait.

And the car pulls away.

55 INT. SARI SHOP. BASEMENT STOCK ROOM - DAY 4 55

RAM, curled up on a tatty sofa in the basement stock room. We are on a pair of women's shoes. And then -

ANNA
I'm doing a blood test in an hour.

And RAM's eyes open blearily and he looks up. Frowns.

RAM
Oh, hey, love....

And here is ANNA.

ANNA
...you obviously don't have an opinion one way or the other...

RAM
(starting to raise himself)
...Jesus, sorry, I do, of course I do, can we talk now, grab a coffee and....

ANNA

...I've been trying to speak to you
for the last twenty four hours,
Ram...

RAM

...I know, I'm really sorry,
something bad happened at work
and...

ANNA

...that is just not an excuse, this
is so much more important than
anything to do with work...

RAM

...I'm really sorry, you're
absolutely right, can we talk now?

ANNA

(turning)
No, I'm not missing the blood test,
we'll talk tonight.

And she walks out. On him. *Cock.*

56 EXT. STREET - DAY 4

56

A dockside street half a mile from Calais ferry terminal.
DEAN walking toward a small white transit parked up.

And he does the most cursory of looks around. No-one looking,
and then he feels under the rear plate, finds what he is
looking for, there is a small rip sound, and then he pulls an
ignition key out from where it has been taped to the
underside of the van, clicks open the van, and gets in.

57 INT. VAN - DAY 4

57

A beat. Takes a breath. Looks behind. The van full of boxes
of 'computer equipment'. Does not need to open them to know
what he will find hidden inside.

He sticks his hand under the seat, feels for something and
then pulls out an envelope. A fat wedge of fifties inside. He
puts it back, then looks at his watch. And finally he sticks
the key in the ignition and pulls away.

58 INT. TWICKENHAM C.I.D. RAM'S OFFICE - DAY 4

58

RAM working at his desk, when there is a knock at the door, and SPT PAUL COPLEY is opening it and walking in.

RAM
Morning, Sir.

COPLEY
Morning, Ram....

And he looks fucking awkward.

COPLEY (CONT'D)
...so, listen, I did what I could, I promise you, and tried to convince her this was maybe a ...misunderstanding of some sort. But she's just called me from home - she says she's too upset to come in for the rest of the week - and I'm afraid to say she *is* going to make a formal complaint when she comes back. I'm sorry.

On RAM, and he nods, almost smiles, expected no less. He nods at his wall.

RAM
Two Chief Constable commendations, Paul. Anyone else in this nick got two? How many have even got *one*.

On COPLEY as he nods.

COPLEY
Like I said, I'm sorry but...my hands are tied.

And he turns and walks out. And we stay on RAM, knowing, as ever, it will be down to him alone.

59 INT. VAN. FRANCE - DAY 4

59

DEAN about to drive the van on to the ferry, showing his ticket etc, and passing through customs.

Sweating like a pig. But the customs guys just ignoring the van entirely and waving it on.

Half way there.

60 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 4

60

Uniformed officers searching and collating the things found in the drawers of various chests and boxes etc.

COLLIER doing the same. And then -

OFFICER

Jake?

And COLLIER turns, and sees an officer holding up a bunch of maybe twenty keys.

COLLIER

(walking over)

Where were they?

OFFICER

In here.

What looks like a kitchen side table, which the officer now spreads the keys on top of.

So lots are just keys on their own, but about half a dozen of them, have those little plastic key fobs, with a paper insert, on which you write an identifier, like 'back door' or 'garden padlock' to identify it. Except -

COLLIER

Are my eyes just shit or are they all illegible?

OFFICER

Well *I* can't read 'em...

(looks closer)

...looks like they've got wet and the writing's smudged.

COLLIER

(looking even closer)

You know what we need here, us detectives, what we actually need, is a magnifying glass...

Which makes the officer grin.

COLLIER (CONT'D)

...but in the absence of Mr Holmes turning up, I reckon the lab could do *something* with them.

And then COLLIER pulls out an evidence bag, and starts to put the keys in.

61 EXT. CUSTOMS - DAY 4

61

Establisher.

62 INT. VAN - DAY 4

62

DEAN passes through the customs barrier. A customs guy spotting his van, and looking at him just a little longer than is perhaps usual, before waving him through.

And we might guess this man has been paid a very chunky amount of money to look out for a white van, with his reg, and wave it on.

And then DEAN is driving out of the ferry terminus area.

And he holds his hand out in front of him. It is shaking like a leaf. He is too old for this shit.

63 OMITTED

63

*

64 INT. HENDON POLICE ACADEMY. STORAGE - DUSK 4

64

*

CASSIE waiting in a reception area of Hendon. SUNNY on the phone.

SUNNY

Ok can you hold a sec....
(walking over to Cass)
(MORE)

64 CONTINUED:

SUNNY (CONT'D)

...so the son's DNA swab gives us a 50% match with Matthew Walsh, and the press office want to put out a statement for the evening news - I presume you need to speak to Andrews first though?

And on her. Some internal calculations. Then -

CASSIE

No, tell them it's fine. Bigger the better.

And SUNNY hesitates, but then -

SUNNY

(back into the phone)

We're good to go out tonight, thank you.

And he puts the phone down.

*

Montage

*

65 INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - DUSK 4

65

GEOFF, FIONA, and their lawyer signing off the final docs for exchange. GEOFF signs his last with a flourish and offers up a delighted grin to FIONA.

*
*

Who smiles mutedly.

*

66 INT. TWICKENHAM C.I.D. RAM'S OFFICE - DUSK 4

66

RAM looking out at his office, waiting for the last person to head off, and as they walk out the door, he steps out in to the open plan, walks over to the door, does a quick check down the corridor...

...and then walks back, chooses a desk on which a computer is still up and running at the far end of the office, and then pulls up the Intel system, and types in, '**Lucy Myers, criminal record, known associates**'.

67 OMITTED

67

68 EXT. CARPARK - DUSK 4

68

DEAN sticking the key back where he found it, behind the number plate (the van now, parked up, in a carpark).

End of montage

And now he is walking away and pulling out his burner phone, and dialing a number, which finally answers.

VOICEMAIL

I can't take your call right now,
please leave a message.

DEAN

So it's all done and the van's
parked where you said. I'm throwing
this phone away so don't try to
call me on it. But also, don't try
to call me on any phone....

He slows, stops, how best to convey what he needs to say?

DEAN (CONT'D)

...I did you a favour, Felix,
because we go back. But that's it
now, debt paid, and for the
avoidance of doubt, if you ask for
one single thing more, I will make
you regret it.

And then he clicks off, slips the back off the phone, takes out the SIM, then drops the small cheap phone on the ground and smashes it in to small pieces with the heel of his shoe, with a violence that might scare us.

And then as he walks on, he flips the SIM in to a drain by the side of the road.

LAURA (O.S.)

Okay, I think we might be in luck.

69 INT. HENDON POLICE ACADEMY. STORAGE - NIGHT 4

69

CASSIE and SUNNY, with the Hendon Archivist.

LAURA

So the initial training period back then was just over six months, working back from the details you've given me, there was an intake that had their passing out parade on the 30th March 1990...

(CONTINUED)

And she hands over the files.

© Chris Lang

LAURA (CONT'D)

...and these are the records of all the probationers that started their training approximately twenty nine working weeks before, on September 4th 1989. 20 in each class, and here, in class 6/89C, is Rob Fogerty.

And she hands her a file, with an old photo paper clipped to the fly page and a photo of the tall smiling Fogerty in civilian clothes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

There was only one Asian officer in that intake, a Ramjeet Sidhu....

And she hands the RAM file to CASSIE, as we cut away to -

70 INT. TWICKENHAM C.I.D. RAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT 4 70

RAM still at a desk in the office, writing stuff down on a note pad in front of the office computer he was on before.

71 INT. HENDON POLICE ACADEMY. STORAGE - NIGHT 4 71

LAURA

...who I have done checks on, and who I can confirm is still a serving police officer.

CASSIE

(shit, not what she wanted to hear)
Where?

LAURA

Twickenham. Like yourself he's a D.C.I. but he's with vice. Staying with 6/89C, on the assumption that if they went to a passing out party together they were most likely to have trained in the same group, I quickly found the others. So here's your Dean, a Dean Barton...

And she hands her a file of the young DEAN, as we cut away to-

72 INT. DEAN & MARNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 72

DEAN on his lap top, catching up with work, as his boy CASPER does his homework, and as JACK draws pictures on paper at the same kitchen table. Cut back.

73 INT. HENDON POLICE ACADEMY. STORAGE - NIGHT 4 73

LAURA

...no longer serving, in fact he actually left very soon after initial training, in mid 1990.

SUNNY

Wow, just a few *months*?

LAURA

Indeed, and similarly in fact...
(pointing out the third name and handing over the file)
...Fiona Grayson.

Cut away to -

74 INT. FIONA & GEOFF'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4 74

FIONA, drying dishes as GEOFF washes up. Lost in thought.

75 INT. HENDON POLICE ACADEMY. STORAGE - NIGHT 4 75

Cut back.

LAURA

...left after only a year and a half, having been posted to Marylebone nick.

SUNNY

Statistically is that unusual? To have two probies leave so soon?

LAURA

From one class I'd say so. And then lastly your 'Liz'...
(and she looks up)
...that's Liz Baildon.

And both SUNNY and CASSIE look up.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE
The Liz Baildon?

76 INT. LIZ & JANET'S COTTAGE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 4 76

Cut away to JANET and LIZ in their kitchen. JANET pouring water in to a teapot, LIZ grabbing mugs.

LAURA (O.S.)
About to be appointed Chief
Constable of East Anglia Police by
all accounts.

77 INT. HENDON POLICE ACADEMY. STORAGE - NIGHT 4 77

Back with CASSIE. *Fuck!*

CASSIE
And you've checked there were no
other Liz's on the course?

LAURA
There were only forty two women
across that whole intake, no other
Liz's, Beth's, Eliza's...this is
Liz Baildon.

On CASSIE turning to SUNNY. Just what have they unearthed?
And then we hear -

NEWS READER (O.S.)
The Metropolitan police today
released details of a macabre
discovery made in East London.

78 INT. FIONA & GEOFF'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT 4 78

FIONA and GEOFF on the sofa watching TV.

NEWS READER
The headless and handless body of a
man, believed to be missing Farnham
Park resident Matthew Walsh, was
found in a Leytonstone scrap yard
on Thursday morning.

Tracking in on FIONA, doing well to not show that she is
utterly appalled to hear this news.

79 INT. RAM'S CAR - NIGHT 4

79

RAM in his car, hearing the news on his radio.

NEWS READER

The remains of Matthew Walsh, who actually went missing in March of 1990, have been described by detectives as being 'perfectly preserved...'

RAM, also, clearly stunned.

80 INT. DEAN & MARNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4

80

DEAN standing, transfixed, in his kitchen, a plate in his hand (he was emptying the dishwasher).

NEWS READER

...leading to speculation that his body may have been kept in a freezer in the intervening thirty years.

Om him. WTF??

81 INT. LIZ & JANET'S COTTAGE - NIGHT 4

81

JANET sitting half watching the TV news and half marking essays as we see the news reader continue.

NEWS READER

Police say they have now opened a new investigation, and urge anyone with any information surrounding Mr Walsh's disappearance, to get in touch. In the city today...

And a smash on the floor, and JANET turns to see LIZ has dropped the two mugs of tea she was bringing in for them both, on to the flagstones.

JANET

(quickly rising)
Love?

And LIZ is standing there, stock still, eyes glazed, as JANET walks quickly over.

(CONTINUED)

JANET (CONT'D)
It's okay...
(sitting her down)
...it's just shock, sweetheart,
delayed shock.

And she looks up at JANET, some panic in her eyes now.

JANET (CONT'D)
From the assault, you're just in
shock from that bastard attacking
you.

And she puts her arms around her and holds her tight, and we
stay on LIZ, over her shoulder.

And we should know she *is* in shock, but about something much,
much, worse.

81A INT. HENDON POLICE ACADEMY - NIGHT 4 81A

CASSIE and SUNNY walk along the corridor.

82 EXT. HENDON POLICE ACADEMY - NIGHT 4 82

CASSIE and SUNNY walking out, both slightly stunned.

(Part of scene moved to 82A.)

82A INT./EXT. CASSIE'S CAR - NIGHT 4 82A

(PREVIOUSLY PART OF SCENE 82)

CASSIE and SUNNY having a debrief.

CASSIE
They passed out six months before
me.

SUNNY
Wow. You didn't cross paths with
any of them.

CASSIE
No. But still weird though.
(she stops by the car,
then looks up at him)
So we do this by the book, Sunny.
(and he looks up)
Whatever they are now, any of them,
they all get treated the same.

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

Wouldn't have dreamed of doing it
any other way, boss.

And he holds her eye, and she holds his because she knows he
is throwing her shade.

CASSIE

What?

© Chris Lang

(CONTINUED)

SUNNY

Just...

(a beat)

...as long as we're not just trying
to settle scores here.

CASSIE

(off his expression)

You think this is about my pension?

SUNNY

I don't know, I just know the case
for murder involving *any* of these
four is paper thin.

CASSIE

Right now, maybe, but it won't be,
trust me.

SUNNY

My least favourite expression.

Fair enough. She nods.

CASSIE

Okay, fine, there *is* a small bit of
me wants to punish someone.
Andrews, the Met, fuckit the *world*
sometimes...

And she smiles, seemingly as sane as anything.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

...but it really *is* a tiny bit,
Sunny, and if you see it getting in
the way at any point you call me
out on it.

SUNNY

So what *is* this about then? 'Cos
it's about something.

And she nods. A long beat, then -

CASSIE

I dunno, I just think sometimes you
need a kind of...trick, to help you
move on from something. A kind of..
sleight of hand?

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE (CONT'D)
And maybe mine's that if we can do
this right, if we can ignore who
they are and do it by the book....

And she looks up at him. So sad.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
..then all the questions might go
away. Walker, Finch...and the rest,
they might all go away. And I might
be able to sleep at night.

And he nods. Gets it. Except.

SUNNY
Asking a lot of one case.

And then her phone rings. LINGLEY.

CASSIE
I don't have much choice...
(answering)
...Fran.

83 EXT. TOWER BLOCK/EXT. HENDON POLICE ACADEMY - NIGHT 4 83

FRAN standing outside the tower block, with some sheaves of
paper in an evidence bag.

LINGLEY
So I just spoke to the witness
whose statement was never taken, a
Vivienne Hancock?

CASSIE
Oh yeah?

LINGLEY
We *might* have a connection.

CASSIE
Between?

LINGLEY
Matthew Walsh and one of the
passengers in the car.

CASSIE
Go on.

(CONTINUED)

LINGLEY

So she was coming home from a night out, walking across this patch of grass, and she sees this lad, in running gear, running towards her....

CASSIE

...like 'trackies and T-shirt' running gear?

LINGLEY

(nods)

...exactly, so she sees this lad, who runs across the grass, and then, from a car parked by the road, she sees another lad, running after him.

CASSIE

As in *chasing* running?

LINGLEY

She didn't say that but...

CASSIE

...and did she describe him at all, the other lad?

LINGLEY

No detail apart from *one* thing - she says he was Asian.

Oh. And out.

End of episode.