

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address
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1 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY 1 1

Establisher of a vibey little restaurant somewhere in town, it is a summery spring eve, about 18.30 pm.

2 INT. RESTAURANT/INT. BISHOP STREET - CID - DAY 1 2

SUNNY sitting in a corner, looking at a menu as a waiter approaches.

WAITER

'Evening.

SUNNY

(looks up, smiles)

Hey.

WAITER

Can I get you a drink or are you waiting for someone?

SUNNY

Er...no, just me.

WAITER

Awesome.

SUNNY

(a tiny 'is it?' look, and then)

D'you do the Malbec in a half bottle?

WAITER

We don't I'm afraid, but we do have

-

And he is interrupted by SUNNY's phone ringing. LINGLEY.

SUNNY

- sorry, I just need to -

WAITER

(smiles)

- no worries just give me a shout when you're ready.

SUNNY

Will do...

(in to his phone)

...hey Fran.

LINGLEY
Sorry to disturb, boss.

SUNNY
No it's fine was just...chillin'.
('chillin' ??)

LINGLEY
So Emfleet nick just called,
they've got suspected human remains
found in Whitney Marsh?

SUNNY
Okay.

LINGLEY
Dr Balcombe's on her way now and I
can cover for tonight but -

SUNNY
(standing quickly)
- no no, no need, I've not gone
home yet anyway, text me the
address.

*
*

And he is grabbing his coat.

WAITER
Everything okay?

SUNNY
Awesome.

And then he is walking out of the restaurant, a little too
enthusiastically if truth be told.

3 INT. JESS'S HOUSE - DAY 1

3

JESS, in her work coat and scarf, walking in. Hears the kids
upstairs.

JESS
(up the stairs)
Hey guys.

No response. STEVE, in the kitchen, spots her.

STEVE
Heya, good timing.

And she takes off her coat, hangs it up and as she does,
something catches her eye.

STEVE's coat, on the hook next to hers. Something on the shoulder of his coat.

A hair.

A red hair?

Then she dismisses the 'stupid' thought and heads for the kitchen -

4

INT. JESS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 1

4

- where STEVE is about to serve up what looks like a rather beautiful dinner.

JESS

Hey love.

STEVE

(plating up)

Hey, how you doing, that's for you.

(a glass of red)

JESS

Wow...

(grabbing the glass)

...to what do I owe *this*?

(him cooking)

STEVE

(shrugs)

Nothing, just...thought you'd like it.

He looks up. A flicker of something in his eyes. Love? More contrition? Pleading?

But before she has a chance to acknowledge or respond, her phone, sitting on the kitchen island, rings. We, STEVE, and JESS can all see it says '**Sunny**'.

She looks at the kitchen clock. 19.03.

STEVE starts to carry the plates to the dining table. He is clearly not going to say it.

It rings on.

And on.

And then finally she grabs it.

JESS

Hey.

And we immediately cut to STEVE (so do not hear the other side of the convo) trying not to turn, trying not to look like he is listening.

JESS (CONT'D)

Yep...yeah...yeah...

Close on her. Listening. Digesting. Deciding. Then -

JESS (CONT'D)

No no, it's fine, lemme get a pen...

(she turns to Steve and mouths)

...I'm really sorry...

(back in to the phone)

...fire away...

And as she starts to scribble down an address, we stay with STEVE. Still standing with the two plates in his hand.

What can he say?

5 EXT. WHITNEY MARSH - DAY 1

5

High above the marshes.

6 EXT. WHITNEY MARSH - DUSK 1

6

JESS, SUNNY and LEANNE, standing on a footpath by the marsh under an open sided police tent. Police tape has cordoned the area off, an officer will be managing entry and exit to the scene, recording details of those going in and out in a scene log, there will be two CSIs present.

And there, laid out on a groundsheet, is what we should recognise as the remains of a human spine, maybe the odd half broken rib still attached.

Behind the footpath, through a thicket of trees, we might just glimpse a National Trust car park. We might sense JESS seems distracted.

SUNNY

...and it's adult?

LEANNE

Yep.

SUNNY

Can we tell if it's male or female?

LEANNE

No.

SUNNY

Okay. And is there anything here to suggest this isn't just some...drunk from...a hundred years ago, who fell in before all this was drained and drowned?

LEANNE

Could be that, yep, couple of things to note though...

And now she turns the spine over, and we see under the mud, along a 6 inch section, the very clear remains of metalwork.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

...that's a Harrington rod, it's used to treat scoliosis. We didn't really get them in the UK 'til the early 70s and they were still in common usage until about 20 years ago.

JESS

So this is *relatively* recent.

LEANNE

Within the last 50 years or so.

JESS

Right.

LEANNE

But perhaps *more* significantly - and I've only given it a very cursory wash but...

And she is standing now and showing them a couple of photos, from slightly different angles, on her laptop (linked to the CSI cameras).

LEANNE (CONT'D)

...this is the top of the spine. So what do you see there, if you go in close?

And JESS expands the photos for them both to look at. Then -

JESS

Are they...cut marks?

LEANNE

I'd like to look at them under a microscope, but yes, even with the naked eye, they look like cut or saw marks to me. So my guess is this probably *isn't* someone who fell in and then whose body decomposed, broke up, and was dispersed over a few decades...my guess is this body was put in here, already dismembered.

Oh.

Titles

7

EXT. WHITNEY MARSH - DUSK 1

7

JESS and SUNNY standing on the footpath fringing the marsh. LEANNE is packing up her stuff.

JESS looking east, then west, and then back out to the marsh, head cocked in thought.

SUNNY

What you thinking?

A further beat, her brow furrowed, then -

JESS

I'm thinking why did my husband cook me seabass.

On him, eyes narrowing, wasn't quite expecting that.

JESS (CONT'D)

He's never cooked me seabass in his life - he's never really cooked me anything to be honest.

He nods. Then -

SUNNY

Do you *like* seabass?

JESS

I do.

SUNNY

(a beat, then he shrugs)
You could start with that.

She looks at him, smiles.

JESS

I could couldn't I.

SUNNY

(nods, a beat, then -)
But all okay?

A beat, as she considers saying more, then -

JESS

Yeah, all good. So...
(she looks out to the
marsh)
...you dismember someone, you don't
do it out in the open obviously,
you don't do it here, you bring the
parts here already separated.

SUNNY

(nods)
And that means, almost certainly,
in a vehicle.

JESS

Yep.

SUNNY

And you're gonna wanna spread it
out as much as you dare, a pile of
body parts all in one place
slightly negates the point.

JESS

Except body parts are way heavier
than you think, so you don't want
to carry them any further than you
absolutely *have* to.

SUNNY

So carpark's there and then...two
hundred yards that way and two
hundred that?

JESS

(nods)
And then. Realistically, how far
could someone, anyone, even a
strong bloke, throw bits of a body.

SUNNY

Depends on how small the parts were
I guess.

JESS

It's hard work dismembering a body -
you'd want to do as little cutting
as possible.

SUNNY

So let's say they did your *basic*
dismemberment.

JESS

Head, arms, legs, torso.

SUNNY

Knees and toes knees and toes?

JESS

(grins)
Lightest is gonna be an arm, so how
far can you lob an arm.

SUNNY

This is what I entered policing
for.

JESS

Or they could have climbed *in*?
Walked it right *in*?

SUNNY

(thinks, then)
No-one's climbing in. They're
already scared of being discovered,
they wanna do everything as quick
as possible, and get the hell out
of here, they don't wanna be wading
through mud, possibly getting
stuck, they're lobbing it all in
from this footpath.

JESS

So how far could you chuck an arm -
twenty feet, thirty?

SUNNY

Maximum.

JESS

So let's search two hundred yards
either side of here, and then forty
feet out, to be on the safe side.

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

Depending on what we find, we can think again in a couple of days.

SUNNY

Cool, I'll link in with the Polsa.

And she nods, and then she is looking back out to the marsh, clearly deep in thought again, and seemingly in no rush to get off.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

That all then?

And she turns, smiles.

JESS

Sorry, yeah, let's head.

And on their backs as they head back towards the car park. (and on their fronts!)

SUNNY

How d'he do it then?

JESS

(frowns)
The killer?

SUNNY

Steve - the seabass.

JESS

Oh. Right. No idea, I'll let you know tomorrow.

A beat as they disappear from sight. And then -

JESS (CONT'D)

To be fair though, he probably did murder it.

And out on SUNNY's laugh.

8 INT. JESS'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

8

JESS walking in, the lights mainly off downstairs, sound of a bath running upstairs.

She walks in to the kitchen, clocks the remains of her fish in the cat bowl.

Nice.

And then she sees his phone sitting on the kitchen island.
She looks at it.

Looks at it quite a long time. And then finally steps
forward, picks it up and keys in his password.

Except 'password incorrect' comes up. She re-types in the
numbers she *knows* are his password, but again 'password
incorrect' comes up.

Wow.

He's changed his password.

Why?

End of Day 1

9 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - COUNTY CORK - DAY 2

9

New day - Day 2

High and wide on a car driving down a remote country road. A
slightly battered old green Nissan Figaro.

Caption 'County Cork, Ireland'

10 INT. MELINDA'S CAR/INT. BRITANNIA STUDIOS - DAY 2

10

In the car now with MELINDA RICCI (40s) who is talking hands-
free as she drives. We will cut between her and the man she
is talking to, a producer (GABRIEL) working for a London TV
Channel called 'BNC' ('Britannia News Channel'). We might
clock a rosary dangling from MELINDA's rear view mirror.

GABRIEL

...no one gives a toss how old she
was then, they're looking at her
now -

MELINDA

- I'm just saying she was a minor,
she was basically groomed and -

GABRIEL

- and within weeks was watching her
husband decapitate British
citizens. Which didn't bother her
one tiny little bit, so...

On MELINDA as she turns in to a quiet country road signposted
'Glenview Memorial Hospital, Cork'.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

...we good?

MELINDA

(a beat, then)

We're good.

GABRIEL

Cool, talk tomorrow babe.

And he signs off, and we stay with her as she pulls into a parking space and turns off the ignition.

And then we just stay with her, staring into the near distance, a sense she is somewhat lost.

And then finally she opens the door and gets out of her car and starts to walk towards the hospital.

11 EXT. DEAL COAST - DAY 2 11

Caption 'Deal, Kent'

High above the Kent shoreline, heading towards a small pretty coastal town.

12 EXT. DEAL STREET - DAY 2 12

Wide on a road by the sea, where MARTIN 'MARTY' BAINES (32) is walking towards us.

MARTIN (who is autistic) wears a rucksack on his back, earphones on his ears, and is walking fast and behaving characteristically unusually.

Laughing and chatting to himself, pulling strange faces, one hand raised incongruously in the air, fingers fluttering, stimming, mouthing conversations he is having either with himself or with voices in his head.

And we might clock the odd person clocking *him* as he passes. Nothing too marked, just people registering he is 'unusual'

13 EXT. M25 - DAY 2 13

Caption 'The South East'

A Vauxhall Astra driving along the M25 and taking the turning for the M20 signposted 'Dover'.

14 INT. ASIF'S CAR - DAY 2 14

And we are in the car being driven by a man (ASIF SYED, 35) who, even as he drives, is doing an online practice version of the UK citizenship test.

(ASIF is Afghan, but speaks fluent English.)

TEST

Which two houses fought the Wars of the Roses?

ASIF

(with a flourish)
Lancaster and York, sir.

TEST

The houses of Lancaster and York fought the Wars of the Roses.

ASIF

Yes.

TEST

Question five. How often are general elections held in the UK? Every three years, every six years, every seven years, or every five years?

ASIF

Every five years. Unfortunately.

TEST

Elections are held every five years...

And on he drives.

15 OMITTED 15

16 EXT. DEAL PIER - DAY 2 16

Very high and wide on the tiny figure of MARTY walking at pace along the long thin walkway out to sea.

17 EXT. DEAL PIER - DAY 2 17

And then MARTY is at the far end, on his own, a brutal North Sea wind blowing hard into his face.

And now he delves into a knapsack on his back, and pulls out a modest and slightly wilted bunch of tulips.

He blinks a moment. Confused by how he feels. Then suddenly throws them off the end of the pier. And as they land in the sludgy brown sea, he offers up a quiet -

MARTY

Sorry, Dad...

And he holds that thought. Then just as he turns to walk away, we hear -

MARTY (CONT'D)

...and happy birthday.

And then once again he is walking at pace back down the length of the pier, hands fluttering, looking guilty as sin.

End of part one

Part two

18 INT. UNIVERSITY - FACULTY BUILDING/INT. BENBOROUGH HOUSE 18
SCHOOL - DAY 2

Caption 'Central London University'

JULIET COOPER (55) is walking along a corridor, in the building where she works as a history lecturer/faculty head.

As we join her she is fielding a call from her daughter's headmistress. We cut between the two calls.

JULIET

...what sort of a fight?

BUXTON

(slightly thrown by the
question)

Why does it matter what sort of a -

JULIET

- I'm just asking if she started
it. Because if she was simply
defending herself then -

BUXTON

- right, well, sorry, no, we have a
number of independent witnesses who
said Taylor made a completely
unprovoked attack on another pupil
and -

JULIET
(talking over her)
- how do you know it was without
provocation, how do you -

BUXTON
(pushing through)
- and given this is the *third* such
incident, as I said earlier, we do
now have to suspend her for five
days.

A beat. JULIET struggling to contain her anger.

JULIET
My God you'd better be so sure of
your ground here -

BUXTON
- Mrs Cooper -

JULIET
- she is a vulnerable child you
know her history -

BUXTON
- and we are fully committed to
supporting -

JULIET
- thirty grand a year -

BUXTON
- but right now -

JULIET
- and you can't even deal with a
kid getting into a scrap -

BUXTON
- she needs to know that this is
unacceptable behaviour.

A beat. Her shoulders slump.

JULIET
I have lectures till twelve so the
earliest I can get there is two.

BUXTON
That's absolutely fine. We'll have
all her stuff ready and -

But she has hung up. And we stay on JULIET, she looks absolutely exhausted.

19 INT. HOSPITAL - SPINAL UNIT - PHYSIO ROOM - DAY 2 19

And we are with MELINDA as she walks through a door in the hospital, above which we see the legend, '**Spinal Unit**'.

And as she walks into the room, we see a man on a pair of parallel bars, attempting to walk on legs that are clearly not working.

The man (PATRICK, 45, and her fiancée) is a local forester, injured in a motorbike accident.

The physio working with PATRICK sees her, and raises a hand, as does his consultant, CLACY, at another door.

MELINDA
(she smiles)
Hey guys...
(then to her man)
...hey baby.

PATRICK
(gulping for breath)
Hey.

GEORGE
You wanna take a break?

PATRICK
No...I want...to get...to the end.

And despite PATRICK being palpably utterly exhausted, sweating profusely, as his extremely powerful arms have to bear almost all the weight of his body, he is also clearly a very determined man.

And indeed now, with superhuman effort, he staggers the few more steps to the end of the bars, before finally -

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Chair.

And his wheelchair is quickly placed behind him, and he falls gratefully into it, heaving gulps of air in to his tortured lungs.

And only now does MELINDA walk forward and give him a tender kiss on his lips.

MELINDA

Doing so well, baby, so proud of
you.

And as she hugs him tight, she looks over his shoulder to
CLACY...

...whose eyes meet hers, and signal things are maybe not so
good.

20 EXT. FERRY - THE ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY 2 20

A ferry crossing the channel, the sea bleak and rough.

21 INT. FERRY - LORRY PARK - DAY 2 21

In the bowels of the boat, the area where the lorries park.
Tracking along the rows of vehicles, until we slow, next to
one particular lorry.

22 INT. LORRY - DAY 2 22

Now we are inside, pushing right in to the middle of the
storage area, pushing past endless boxes, until we come to a
small square space, an eight by eight 'room', within the
otherwise completely fully packed lorry, a room lit by half a
dozen iPhones, held by half a dozen men.

Illegal immigrants, who, as we join them, are surfing the
internet and chatting. The two men we focus on right now
speak in Dari, with subtitles.

HASSAN

...mate, everyone thought *Arteta*
was a donkey till '22.

ABDUL

Yeah well, turned out he was.

HASSAN

(laughing)
He was unlucky.

ABDUL

Bottled it.

HASSAN

My point is, Ten Hag will come
through.

ABDUL
Yeah you keep dreaming.

And HASSAN laughs, good-natured football banter.

HASSAN
I wonder what it's like, Old Trafford. Or the Emirates. I wonder what it's actually like. To sit in a stadium like that...and watch one of those matches for real.

ABDUL
(enjoying the fantasy himself, then)
Well, one day we're gonna find out, brother, one day we're gonna be there.

And instinctively ABDUL's arm reaches out around HASSAN's shoulder, and squeezes HASSAN towards him.

A moment of unity between these two strangers, and then ABDUL returns to his iPhone, scrolling through TikTok, as we stay on HASSAN dreaming of a better future.

23 OMITTED 23

24 EXT. STREET - ICE CREAM VAN - DEAL - DAY 2 24

MARTY, headphones on, waiting in a queue for an ice cream, a carrier bag of sweets in his hand. He is, as ever, talking to himself (with some animation) albeit quite quietly.

And then his eye is drawn by a young woman in front of him in the queue, who has her dog with her. (the young woman has buds in her ears)

And MARTY's face lights up, he clearly loves dogs.

MARTY
Is it a dog or a bitch?

Except she doesn't turn because she doesn't hear. So he pats her on her shoulder and she swivels round, surprised.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Is it a dog or a bitch?

And she removes her ear buds, and looks at MARTY in the way people do, making an immediate judgement.

MAYA
(rather wrong footed)
Er...it's a girl.

MARTY
What's her name?

MAYA
(a beat, then -)
Poppy?

MARTY
Can I take a photo of her?

MAYA
I'm sorry?

MARTY
I take photos of dogs.

MAYA
Right. I'd rather not, if you don't
mind.

And she goes to turn back.

MARTY
I've got four hundred and seventy
six. Twenty eight different breeds
my favourite is golden lab my least
favourite is German Shepherd my
rarest is Bichon Frise I only have
two Bichon Frise.

But she is ignoring him now, her back to him, as he rocks
back and forth and stims his fingers for comfort, unaware he
is being looked at by other people passing.

24A EXT. WHITNEY MARSH - DAY 2

24A

The search with 20 officers, trawling the area. Search dogs,
the lot, all co-ordinated by the Polsa (Police Search
Advisor) - a woman standing with a clipboard a few yards off.

SUNNY, having just briefed her, is standing, watching, whilst
also speaking on his mobile.

SUNNY
...no it's just I was at a bit of a
loose end this weekend and I
wondered if you fancied coming down
to see the Abba thing with me, my
shout obviously...

(MORE)

SUNNY (CONT'D)

(listens)

...oh right, well that will be fun...

(listens)

...no no, don't cancel your mum. Well listen, have a look in your diary, see if you've got a weekend free in the next month or so, I'm pretty flexible, just be nice to see you and Aisha before the end of term.

(listens)

Yeah yeah, you get off. Lots of love Gem...bye...yeah bye...bye.

And she ends the call. And we stay on him.

And Christ he looks lonely. And then he turns and heads for the car park.

25

EXT. DEAL HIGH STREET/INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - DAY 2

25

MARTY walking away down a street, his bag of fizzy drinks and sweets in his hand, an ice cream in the other, when his mobile rings and he answers -

MARTY

Hi Mum.

DOT

The clinic just rang, you're meant to be there Martin!

MARTY

('fuck'!)

Oh!

DOT

I reminded you so many times!

MARTY

Oh no Mum, I forgot.

DOT

Well get there now!!

And she hangs up.

MARTY

Oh blimey.

And MARTY, clearly deeply distressed now, drops his ice cream on the pavement, and starts to run.

CU on the melting cone, as we watch MARTY run away down the high street through the crowds of shoppers.

26 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 2

26

The lorry, which we may recognise as the one on the cross channel ferry, now pulling up in a quiet tree-lined lane that leads directly off a dual carriageway section of the M23.

And now the driver gets out, and walks to the back of the lorry, checking as he does that there are no potential witnesses anywhere (there are no houses on the lane and no signs of any life, other than a sign for a footpath).

A sense he has done this before.

And after one last check, he finally slides the bolts, and pulls open the rear doors to the lorry.

Inside he is faced with a wall of boxes, but very quickly he steps up and pulls two (clearly empty) cardboard boxes away, to reveal effectively a tunnel into the bowels of the lorry.

He waits nervously, no sign of any movement. He looks around again, checking the coast is definitely clear, then -

DRIVER

Oi, come on.

And then the first head appears, ABDUL, the guy HASSAN was talking to, on his hands and knees, his rucksack on his back, blinking into the light as he crawls out of the middle of the lorry.

And he scrambles down onto the road, as the lorry driver points towards the footpath.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

The meeting point's through there,
go.

And we see the next immigrant appear behind him, our man HASSAN.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Come on, move your arse.

And as a third immigrant appears on his hands and knees behind him, HASSAN jumps out of the lorry, down onto the road and quickly follows ABDUL down the footpath.

And now we see the footpath leads through a copse of trees, and then, in a hundred yards or so, down on to a lorry fuelling park next to a service station.

Ahead of him is ABDUL.

HASSAN
(a whispered call, in
Dari)
Abdul?

And ABDUL turns and quickly HASSAN catches him up.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
Listen man...it was lovely to meet
you...and I hope one day I can get
to meet your mum and dad, they
sound really special.

ABDUL
(visibly touched)
And maybe one day I'll take you to
see United whip Arsenal.

And HASSAN nods, and instinctively wraps his arms around this man he hardly knows.

HASSAN
(hugging him)
Good luck my friend.

ABDUL
And you brother.

And they hold for a while, and then ABDUL breaks, and carries on quickly through the trees, even as a WhatsApp message pings up on HASSAN's phone, with a photo of the car.

ASIF MESSAGE
(in Dari)
I'm in the black Vauxhall by the
air hose.

And HASSAN heads on towards the service station.

27

INT. BISHOP'S STREET - CID - JESS'S OFFICE - DAY 2

27

JESS at her desk, a knock on her door and SUNNY walks in.

JESS
Hey.

SUNNY

So the marsh was actually drained once before, in 2009.

JESS

Okay.

SUNNY

The same development as this one but the contractor went bankrupt after the crash.

JESS

And how long did it remain drained?

SUNNY

Nearly two years before it was flooded again in 2011.

She digests, then -

JESS

So it's not *impossible* that bits of a dismembered body could lie out in the open without being seen.

SUNNY

(nods)

'But it seems unlikely'.

JESS

Doesn't it?

SUNNY

(nods)

Which would narrow down our window to more or less the last thirteen years. The car park also has CCTV, so as and when, we might want to dig in to that a bit.

JESS

Definitely, thanks Sunny.

And he turns to walk out, when -

SUNNY

How was the fish?

And she looks up, momentarily thrown, and then -

JESS

Oh. Lovely, pan fried, few capers, delicious.

And he intuits she does not want to talk about it.

SUNNY

Speak later.

And he walks out, and we stay on her discomfort.

28

INT. ASIF'S CAR - DAY 2

28

And now we are inside the Vauxhall, with ASIF, waiting edgily parked by the air hose machine, and suddenly the passenger door flies open, and in gets HASSAN (they will speak in Dari, subtitled).

ASIF

Oh my friend.

And they embrace in the front seat of the car. It is an extremely intense moment for both.

HASSAN

So good to see you, so good brother.

Holding on tight, almost impossible for us to understand how big a moment this is for an illegal immigrant. And then finally ASIF pulls away.

ASIF

Right, let's get out of here.

And he turns the ignition on, and pulls the car away from the petrol pump, even as we see two of HASSAN's fellow illegals heading towards a minibus parked up by a pump.

And as ASIF heads out of sight in his car, we might just glimpse a traffic cop, who is filling his car with petrol, watching 'two foreign looking guys with rucksacks on' (one of whom is ABDUL).

And then start to head over towards them (strong 'Great Escape' vibes here).

29

INT. UNIVERSITY - JULIET'S OFFICE - DAY 2

29

JULIET grabbing some things from her desk in her office, sticking them in a tote bag, and then heading out into the corridor, car keys in her hand, ready to drive off to pick up her daughter.

When -

MERRICK (O.S.)

Oh, Jules.

She turns to see the Vice Chancellor walking out of his own office.

JULIET

(smiles)

Hiya.

MERRICK

Have you got a second?

JULIET

(apologetically)

I actually haven't, Paul - Taylor's not well and I've got to drive up and grab her from school.

MERRICK

Right, very quickly then...

(walking up to her, and then quietly)

...got a bit of an issue with the union and one of your students?

JULIET

What issue?

MERRICK

All perfectly dealable with I'm sure but -

JULIET

- what issue?

MERRICK

Probably best to do it in my office, in private, could you maybe drop in end of play today?

JULIET

Can it not wait until tomorrow?

MERRICK

I'd prefer to nip it in the bud if possible, it's a bit complicated.

JULIET needs this like a hole in the head. She flicks a quick look at her watch, then -

JULIET

Fine, five?

MERRICK

Five would be perfect, I'll see you then.

And he turns and walks away, and JULIET takes a deep breath and then heads back down the corridor, towards the car park.

30

INT. PSYCHIATRIC CLINIC - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 2

30

Automatic doors opening, and a sweaty, breathless, highly distressed MARTY flies into a reception area (of a psychiatric clinic attached to a general hospital).

MARTY

I'm sorry Claire!

CLAIRE, the receptionist (who clearly knows him well), looks up to see him.

CLAIRE

It's okay Marty -

MARTY

- Mum's really cross with me -

CLAIRE

- not to worry -

MARTY

- it wasn't my fault -

CLAIRE

- these things happen -

MARTY

- I just forgot -

CLAIRE

- absolutely and we can book you another appointment -

MARTY

- can't I see Dr Renfield now?

CLAIRE

He has another patient in with him now I'm afraid.

MARTY

Please, Claire.

CLAIRE

But I've actually just had a cancellation and can fit you in the day after tomorrow.

MARTY

The day after tomorrow?

CLAIRE

10.30, how's that sound?

MARTY

That sounds good, Claire.

CLAIRE

Not too long is it.

MARTY

No it's not too long.

CLAIRE

So I'll send you an email with all the details on it, how's that?

MARTY

(walking out, hand up in the air, fingers fluttering)

Thank you Claire. Tatty bye.

CLAIRE

(smiling)

Say hi to your mum for me, hope she's feeling better.

And off he goes down the street, walking at breakneck speed.

31

EXT. WHITNEY MARSH - DAY 2

31

Close on a CSI (with one of the 20 officers searching the marsh) down in one of the muddy gullies (once three to four feet full of water).

The officer has found an object approximately 3 feet in length, and maybe 8 inches in width at its widest point, wrapped tightly in a black bin liner, itself bound multiple times with black gaffer tape, still half buried in the mud.

And the CSI, on her haunches now, is gently teasing open multiple wrappings of black bin liner to cut through, and then finally a glimpse of something organic, something fleshy.

Instincts kicking in, the CSI gently puts her gloved fingers in to the rip, and then gently teases it further open...

...to reveal flesh. The CSI stares, nods, instinct confirmed, then turns to the officer.

INVESTIGATOR

I think we have a body part.

Game on.

End of part two

Part three

32 EXT. BENBOROUGH HOUSE SCHOOL - DAY 2 32

JULIET walking away from 'Benborough House', a private boarding school in the countryside, toward her parked car, with TAYLOR (14), her daughter.

She wears a light scowl, not untypical of a lot of 14-year-old girls.

They get in to the car.

33 INT. JULIET'S CAR - DAY 2 33

PBS ALT TO BE SHOT

In the car. Waiting for things to settle. Then -

JULIET

Well it must have been about
something?

TAYLOR stares out of the window, and offers only the most cursory shrug.

JULIET (CONT'D)

So you now attack random girls for
literally no reason at all.

A long beat. Then -

TAYLOR

She made a joke about you and Dad.

A dagger to her heart, which she does well to hide.

JULIET

What did she say?

A beat.

TAYLOR

That having seen you at parents' evening, she wasn't surprised he topped himself.

JULIET

(tightening, a beat)

So why didn't you tell Ms Buxton that?

TAYLOR

Wouldn't have made any difference.

A beat.

JULIET

Okay. So I know it annoys you, but I am going to suggest it again -

TAYLOR

- I'm not talking to a therapist.

JULIET

Please, Taylor, I really think it could help -

TAYLOR

Like it did last time?

JULIET

You did four sessions, sweetheart -

TAYLOR

- 'cos she was shit -

JULIET

- these things often take months, maybe even years -

TAYLOR

- no -

JULIET

- what we went through was a pretty seismic event -

TAYLOR

- you do it then.

JULIET

I'm very happy to do it -

TAYLOR

- oh really -

JULIET

- we could go together, family therapy's a thing -

TAYLOR

- and you'd tell them the truth would you?

JULIET frowns.

JULIET

What does *that* mean?

And TAYLOR sucks her teeth, and turns away in disgust. And JULIET does not seem to want to push it too hard, but -

JULIET (CONT'D)

(gently, kindly)

Just think about it, sweetheart, please. Because just going on as we are, not talking about it to anyone, to me, to a professional, doesn't *really* seem like it's working out, does it.

We go out on TAYLOR - this much is true - as JULIET pulls away.

34 INT. HOSPITAL - SPINAL UNIT - COUNTY CORK - DAY 2

34

MELINDA sitting at PATRICK's bedside.

MELINDA

...it'll mean exactly the same to me either way.

PATRICK

Mel, read my lips - I am walking in to that church unaided.

MELINDA

And if anyone can do that, I know it's you. All I am saying is, I would prefer to have you there in a wheelchair, than dead from a heart attack because you're pushing yourself too hard.

PATRICK
(grinning)
I'm getting stronger every day,
baby...

And his hand slips out of the bed and gives her bum a squeeze.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
...so get ready!

MELINDA
(wryly)
Fine.
(standing)
I've got work.

PATRICK
Give 'em hell.

MELINDA
All day every day.

PATRICK
Love you.

MELINDA
Love you too. See you tomorrow.

And she turns and walks out, her smile fading pretty instantly.

35 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY 2

35

And laid out on her examination table, we have the original spine, and now the leg.

JESS
How far in?

LEANNE
About ten/fifteen feet from the path, maybe a hundred yards from the car park to the left.

JESS
(to Sunny)
Oh we're good.

LEANNE

(grinning, then)

So as you can see, it's relatively well preserved, basically it was wrapped in four layers of bin liner.

JESS

And where are *they*?

LEANNE

On the way to the lab?

JESS

Thank you.

LEANNE

Which means that pretty much nothing has got in to assist decomposition. The marsh water and mud have also kept the temperature relatively low, so we still have a lot of preserved muscle and skin tissue, alongside some saponification here.

(indicating the adipocere)

*
*
*
*

SUNNY

Can we tell what sex yet?

LEANNE

The hair and muscle mass both suggest male.

And SUNNY is looking closely at the end of the thigh. Where the muscle and skin have retreated slightly from dehydration, the end of the femur is protruding from the 'meat'.

SUNNY

So even to a layman, it looks to me like the top of the femur has also been cut off here.

LEANNE

(nods)

Yeah there's no femoral head or ball, and the edges of the femur itself are rough and flaked, consistent with being sawed.

SUNNY

But this is post mortem, this isn't what killed him.

LEANNE

No, there's no arterial gaping, no evidence of trauma response.

SUNNY

And anything, with what we have, that might give us some indication of how he died?

And LEANNE looks up, eyes narrowing.

LEANNE

I've got a leg and a spine.

And he frowns.

SUNNY

And?

And out on her grin.

36

INT. ASIF'S CAR - DAY 2

36

PBS ALT TO BE SHOT

ASIF and HASSAN driving down the M5 now, towards the North Devon coast. Until stated, for now they speak in Dari (with English subtitles).

ASIF

...work's not an issue, you'll be able to get plenty of work.

HASSAN

And documents - driving licence, passport...

ASIF

...don't worry about any of that, I'm on it.

Some subtext here, some unspoken tension, and ASIF clearly wants to move the conversation on.

ASIF (CONT'D)

So did you ever hear what happened to Ghullam? I was in contact with him 'til maybe...August '22, and then just...nothing.

And he flicks a look at HASSAN, whose face drops.

HASSAN

He went north a week after the Americans left, got work in Mazar-i-Shariff, did that for about a year, and then his mum got sick, so he came back to Kabul.

ASIF

Okay.

HASSAN

And that winter was brutal, even worse than '21...

(and he sags slightly)

...and we think his brother took the reward on his head to buy the family food and fuel.

ASIF

No way.

HASSAN

(nods)

The Ministry of Vice came for him, took him to Pul-e Charkhi, beat the shit out of him, and then a week later dumped his body outside his mum's house.

Close on ASIF. Biting down the rage and grief. Then -

ASIF

You know he didn't even *want* the translating job, some Brit colonel *convinced* him -

HASSAN

- I know -

ASIF

- promised they'd *totally* look after him if it all went tits up. Get him out, get him here, get him citizenship, easy peasy.

On HASS. Deep guilt and shame.

ASIF (CONT'D)

Jesus, even *I* told him he could trust them.

And his voice catches. He shakes his head.

ASIF (CONT'D)
(in English)
We only speak in English now. No
more Dari till you have a job, a
flat, your papers. You're English
from now on, Hass. Okay?

And then he takes a turning marked 'Barnstaple'.

37

INT. UNIVERSITY - VICE CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY 2

37

PBS ALT TO BE SHOT

JULIET sitting in the Vice Chancellor's office.

MERRICK
So a student called...
(checks his notes)
...Liz Jones...has made a
complaint.

JULIET
Okay.

MERRICK
You know her?

JULIET
(nods)
She's in her last year.

MERRICK
So apparently three days ago she
came to you and said that she felt
that the reading list for the 'The
Death of Empire' module was too
white - the authors I mean.

JULIET
She did.

MERRICK
Right. And did you offer an opinion
on this?

She narrows her eyes.

JULIET
Not really, I didn't want to get
too drawn, for obvious reasons.

MERRICK

(frowns)

How do you mean 'for obvious reasons.'

JULIET

Oh come on.

MERRICK

What?

A beat. Then slightly enjoying her own brutal candour.

JULIET

Because we're all fucking terrified of them? Of getting something wrong?

MERRICK

That is not my experience and -

JULIET

- whatever, doesn't matter, I just listened anyway. Said I'd review the reading list for next term, and in the mean time, gave her a couple of interesting books from my own collection, written by writers of colour.

MERRICK

Okay.

(making notes, then looks up)

So can I just clarify then, the books you offered, these were *your* suggestions.

JULIET

Yes.

MERRICK

She never asked if you had these particular books, she never mentioned any specific books by name, the two books you gave her, were entirely your idea.

JULIET

Yes.

And he makes a few more notes, and then.

MERRICK

Can you tell me what the two books
were please?

JULIET

'Imperial Measures' by Linford Kobi
Mackenzie.

MERRICK

Yep. And the other one?

And he looks up. And she looks up. And finally the penny
drops.

JULIET

Okay, I think I know what the
problem is.

38

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - DEAL - DAY 2

38

And here is MARTY walking into his home, a tiny cottage in
one of the narrow lanes behind the Deal seafront, hanging his
coat on a hook in the hall, a carrier bag of shopping in his
hand.

Note. The house looks like it reeks. Rancid carpets, piled up
mess everywhere, endless piles of things everywhere,
newspapers, boxes, tupperware containers, electrical goods,
etc. Indeed we will in time learn that both MARTY and his
late father were/are hoarders.

DOT (O.S.)

Marty?

And he walks into a small sitting room, where, surrounded by
squalor and filth, sits MARTY's mother, DOT (late 60s/70s) in
her wheelchair, placed next to a walker, by her bed. The TV
on mute in a corner.

MARTY

Hi Mum.

And DOT looks as if she and her clothes have not been washed
for weeks.

DOT

Where you been?

MARTY

Went for a nice walk thank you very
much.

DOT
I haven't eaten since last night,
Martin.

MARTY
Sorry, Mum.

DOT
Can you make me a sandwich?

MARTY
(walking to the kitchen)
I'll make you a nice tasty
sandwich.

39 INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 2

39

And walks in to an utterly rancid kitchen.

And as he enters, he pulls out some stale-looking sliced bread from a bag, and grabs some old sliced meat that has not even been kept in the fridge, handling it now with unwashed hands.

MARTY
(calling through)
Making you a ham sandwich, Mum.

And out on him putting it between two unbuttered pieces of sliced white.

40 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY 2

40

LEANNE, JESS and SUNNY back in the lab.

The leg on a slab in the background, but we will not feature it, rather we will be focussing on photos on a screen.

LEANNE
So he was below average height, the
thigh bone measurements suggest
approximately five eight.

JESS
And age?

LEANNE
Bone density suggests something
between forty and sixty?

JESS
Okay.

LEANNE

Neither of which is why I brought you here. So we got lucky, a combination of mummification and adipocere have preserved the gross shape of the leg pretty well...

(she smiles wryly)

...and against the odds -

And now she points them towards photos projected onto a screen.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

...as I was examining the leg I found this...

(and she highlights it with a cursor)

...which is a puncture wound in the upper thigh. When I peeled back the skin and muscle tissue, I found it was about an inch and a half deep, and had cut through a section of the adductor longus, but more pertinently for us, had also cut through the superficial femoral artery.

SUNNY

And this is a post or ante mortem injury?

LEANNE

So this artery *does* show signs of gaping and swelling, meaning it's reacted to the inflicted injury, which obviously couldn't have happened if the victim was already dead.

SUNNY

And the femoral artery, that's a *bad* one to cut through right?

LEANNE

That's a very bad one to cut through.

JESS

So?

LEANNE

The artery's completely bisected,
someone with this injury would have
suffered catastrophic blood loss.

JESS

How catastrophic?

LEANNE

They would have been unconscious
within a minute or so, and as a
result of that, they'd then have
had a cardiac arrest a few minutes
later.

SUNNY

So this is a potential cause of
death?

LEANNE

This is a very *likely* cause of
death.

And out.

End of part three

Part four

41 INT. UNIVERSITY - VICE CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY 2

41

As before.

JULIET

The writer was a black woman -

MERRICK

- that doesn't -

JULIET

- she was a leading light of the
British civil rights movement -

MERRICK

- Jules -

JULIET

- and she deliberately chose a
provocative title, she deliberately
used the word 'Coo -

MERRICK

(quickly raising a hand)
- please don't say it!!! -

JULIET

- she deliberately used that word,
to *shock*, and because she felt it
distilled her experience growing up
in a postcolonial Britain -

MERRICK

- and that's all fine. No-one has a
problem with that. The issue is
that you should have *warned* her,
the student.

On her - did she hear that right?

JULIET

I should have *warned* her?

MERRICK

She said she was very traumatised
to be suddenly confronted by that
word, without any preparation.

And she tries to control her anger.

JULIET

Unless I'm missing something, Liz
Jones is white.

MERRICK

(his eyes narrow)
I'm not sure why that's relevant.

JULIET

(hers narrow too)
I'm not sure why it isn't.

On JULIET, looking at MERRICK like he is mad. And then,
seeing he is not retreating one little bit, she sags a
little.

JULIET (CONT'D)

What does she want to happen?

MERRICK

(some relief she is not
fighting this)
Okay, well, firstly she wants an
apology?

And he looks up, hopefully, surely not much ask for.

JULIET

And the union?

And now he does at least have the good grace to look slightly awkward.

MERRICK

They'd like you to attend a micro-aggression course.

She absorbs that with little indication of how she actually feels, just nodding, as if she is digesting. And then she stands -

JULIET

Well I can certainly apologise to Liz for any upset 'unintentionally caused'.

MERRICK

Fantastic, thank you. And the union?

JULIET

So - and I'm not sure if this is a *micro* aggression or a *macro* one - the union can shove their smug idiotic purity banner, up their great big fat arse.

Oh.

42 INT. MELINDA'S HOUSE - DAY 2

42

MELINDA in her house, alone, flicking through a wedding magazine.

And out on a tear coursing down her cheek.

43 INT. JESS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 2

43

PBS ALT TO BE SHOT

JESS in the kitchen, taking off her coat, even as her mum puts hers on to leave (she has obviously been babysitting).

JESS

So when did he call you?

KATE

At about five, a client had apparently asked to move a dinner to tonight.

JESS

Right, he never mentioned anything to me.

A beat, then -

KATE

You're welcome though.

And JESS swings round, apologetic.

JESS

God, sorry Mum, '*thank you*', you're a star.

And KATE smiles, not offended. And then uses the opportunity, as mothers do -

KATE

So did you think about next week, about your sister's birthday?

And JESS turns away, irritated.

JESS

What am I meant to do? I mean is Steve invited as well, perhaps they could nip off for a quick '*emotional connection*' after she's blown out the fucking candles.

And KATE wilts a little.

KATE

So that's it is it, no more family gatherings with us all, ever. That's over is it.

And JESS sees the pain of that.

JESS

I'm not saying that.

On KATE. She nods. Gets it. But

KATE

It's nearly six months now, Jessie.
(she shrugs)
I mean what's the alternative?

Fair point. And then KATE walks forward and kisses her.

KATE (CONT'D)
I dunno, maybe have a think. 'Night
love.

JESS
'Night, Mum.

And she walks out. And we stay on JESS. Things clearly not getting that much easier.

44 EXT. SAM AND ASIF'S HOUSE - BARNSTAPLE, DEVON - DAY 2 44

ASIF pulling up outside a tiny terraced house in the North Devon town of Barnstaple.

HASSAN getting out nervously, with his bag, as ASIF unlocks the front door to let him in.

45 INT. MELINDA'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM/INT. BRITANNIA STUDIOS 45-
- TV STUDIO - EVENING 2

PBS ALT TO BE SHOT

Two news anchors at their desk in a London TV studio.

GEOFF
Good evening I'm Geoff Parker.

VITA
And I'm Vita Montgomery.

GEOFF
And you are watching Britannia
News.

VITA
And it's just coming up to seven
which means it's time once again
for the very fabulous Melinda Ricci
- loving that dress, Mel.

And the studio cuts now to MELINDA, sitting at a desk in front of a backdrop of Westminster at night.

MELINDA
Thank you, Vita!

GEOFF
See you can say that, I couldn't
say that.

MELINDA

She can say it and you can say it,
Geoff, and in fact we'll be
discussing compliments and flirting
on 'Going For Woke' next week.

GEOFF

Sounds good. But right now this is
BNC, it's seven o'clock, it's time
for 'Mel's minute'.

MELINDA

(to camera)

European courts will decide this
week the fate of Isis bride Areesha
Arshad, currently legally
stateless, and residing in the
notoriously violent Al-Kalazar
refugee camp in northern Turkey,
after losing her UK citizenship.
Areesha left her home town of
Bolton, in 2015, to fly to Syria,
where she married an Isis fighter,
bore him two little Isis kiddies,
and shouted Allahu Akbar as he
later decapitated UK aid worker
Mike Phelps, an event she later
said 'didn't really bother me'.
Libtard lawyers are now arguing she
was a minor when she left and that
we should fly her back here and
stick her in a high security
facility at a cost of over one
hundred K a year. So if you're
listening, Areesha, this is what I
say to you. Jog on. Never mind a
hundred thousand quid, I wouldn't
spend a single penny on you. Sorry
flower, but if you were old enough
to fly across the world
independently, if you were old
enough to have sex, if you were old
enough to laugh off unimaginable
violence, you're old enough to
'carry on camping'. That's it from
me, until next time then, it's good
luck, good night and God bless.

And we cut back to the co-hosts.

GEOFF

(chuckling)

She's taking no prisoners today.

VITA

Oh she's a pussycat really, just
don't get on the wrong side of her
or you'll see those claws.

GEOFF

And more from Mel tomorrow as we
get a minute on the latest
accessory stateside, trans pets,
yes you heard it right.

VITA

Meanwhile in London today, the
director of public prosecutions...

And as they cut to the news desk, we go back to MELINDA,
still sitting where we last saw her, shoulders down, eyes
down.

And she looks *tired*.

And now she stands, walks wearily away from the
backdrop...and out of her spare room and in to the tiny
sitting room in her tiny house to stand and look out of the
window in to the gloaming.

46 EXT. MELINDA'S HOUSE - CORK - EVENING 2 46

High on a tiny old stone cottage, MELINDA's house, at the end
of her village.

End of Day 2

47 INT. BISHOP'S STREET - CANTEEN - DAY 3 47

New day - Day 3

JESS sat eating a sandwich, SUNNY standing.

JESS

Nothing else?

SUNNY

Sorry.

JESS

And they've searched the *whole* area
now?

SUNNY

(nods)

Finished about an hour ago.

(MORE)

SUNNY (CONT'D)

A sample's also now gone to the DNA database.

JESS

Okay, probably our best shout now.

SUNNY

I reckon - if you ended up cut in to small pieces you were probably hanging with some *fairly* unpleasant people.

JESS

(nods)

And might have done some fairly unpleasant things yourself, okay, keep me posted, and stand the search down for now.

And SUNNY turns and exits.

48 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY 3

48

A piece of the victim's spine being drilled to extract DNA (by LEANNE). A piece of the femur being drilled.

49 INT. SAM AND ASIF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 3

49

With HASSAN and ASIF in his small terraced house in Barnstaple, as a fellow Afghan, OMAR, meets HASSAN at the kitchen table. They speak in English, as ASIF cooks.

OMAR

And again, I'm sorry the room's not ready immediately, but as soon as Haji leaves, it's yours.

HASSAN

And where's *he* off to then?

OMAR

His brother's opened a restaurant in Manchester, although to be honest...

(grins)

...my wife had had enough of him anyway.

HASSAN

(grins)

Ah. And Asif said you were a doctor in Kandahar?

OMAR
(nods)
Fifteen years in cardiology.

HASSAN
I qualified last year.

OMAR
(smiles)
Oh okay, did you ever get to practice?

HASSAN
Not yet sadly.

OMAR
Oh, I'm sorry my friend.

HASSAN
(shrugs)
It is what it is, and what do you do here then?

As ASIF turns with plates of food.

OMAR
(no side, smiles)
Delivery driver.

And on HASSAN, trying not to show his slight disbelief.

ASIF watching him as OMAR puts the food down on the table
(*important we mark ASIF clocking HASSAN's silent judgement*).

50 INT. HOSPITAL - OFFICE - COUNTY CORK - DAY 3

50

MELINDA sitting opposite DR CLACY in his office, the door shut now.

MELINDA
And when you say 'never'?

He nods, trying to be kind, but also honest.

CLACY
I mean he will never regain
meaningful function in his legs.

He pauses, to let that sink in.

CLACY (CONT'D)

He may well make some further progress over the next few years, but because of the severity of his injury, that progress will most likely be minimal, and will eventually plateau.

A beat.

MELINDA

So he'll never walk unaided?

CLACY

I think it's unlikely. I think he'll almost certainly need a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

A beat.

MELINDA

And do you think he knows this, in his heart? Do you think he actually has some inkling?

CLACY

Well, that's kind of why I wanted to speak to you. Because no, I'm not sure he does. And I think *you* are going to have to help him get to a place...of understanding, about what lies ahead.

And out on her.

51 INT. SAM AND ASIF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 3

51

ASIF and HASSAN doing the washing up in silence, but the air is thick with the unspoken tension of HASSAN's conversation with OMAR, which is about to be pricked.

And it is significant that HASSAN now speaks in Dari.

HASSAN

I think I should go down the legal route.

ASIF, his back to HASSAN, stops drying the plate in his hand.

ASIF

In English please.

HASSAN
(in English)
Make a proper, formal application
for asylum. I have a watertight
case, given my story, I can prove
I'd be killed if I went back, how
can they refuse me, Asif...

And ASIF does not move.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
...because I don't want to end up
like that, delivering pizzas. I'm
better than that.

And ASIF turns, sadly.

ASIF
You do what you have to, Hass. And
yes, of course you're better than
that. But so was I, a man who'd
risked his *life* for them. And they
stuck *me* in a detention centre like
I was a *criminal*.

And out on that deeply tragic note.

ASIF (CONT'D)
But you do what you need to.

And he exits and we stay on HASSAN. Unconvinced.

52

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - MARTY'S BEDROOM - DAY 3

52

PBS ALT TO BE SHOT

Tracking in to MARTY's room, dark curtains shutting out any
daylight at all.

And MARTY's room makes downstairs look like IKEA, because the
room is testament to multiple obsessions. Stacks of anime
magazines, stacks of games, computer magazines, computer
parts etc, and then on various shelves, a huge collection of
keys and locks, next to anime, and fantasy fiction figurines
etc.

There is only just room for a bed, and a desk, at which MARTY
now sits, in the dark, headset on, talking to an online chat
forum. We will hear some of the voices he is talking to,
through the headset. A strong sense that MARTY will say
whatever it takes to fit in.

MARTY

Oh I never said they weren't doing
shit -

Lolcowz (O.S.)

- I mean Andreas Schwab has said
this will be the last full year of
elections -

CRYOBABEE (O.S.)

- for sure, my guess is CBDC
systems will be implemented by '25,
and then welcome to the new world
order, biatch!

MARTY

Lanesse needs raping dude.

CRYOBABEE (O.S.)

(laughing)
Finally he talks sense!

MARTY

(laughing too hard)
Lolz!!!

And we track back and away from this horror show and out.

53 EXT. BISHOP'S STREET - EVENING 3 53

SUNNY jumping out of his car, a file in his hand, walking
into the building with some urgency.

54 INT. BISHOP'S STREET - CORRIDOR - EVENING 3 54

SUNNY walking briskly along a corridor.

55 INT. BISHOP'S STREET - CID - EVENING 3 55

SUNNY walking into the office, past WILLETS, LINGLEY, and
BOULTING, and in to JESS's office.

56 INT. BISHOP'S STREET - CID - JESS'S OFFICE - EVENING 3 56

And she looks up to see his smile.

SUNNY

We have a match.

57 INT. JULIET'S HOUSE - EVENING 3 57

Close on a photo of a man, with JULIET COOPER, and their daughter, TAYLOR, on a sideboard.

SUNNY (O.S.)
So his name is Gerard, Samuel,
Cooper.

In the background, we see JULIET, her back to us, pouring, and drinking in one, a large vodka.

58 EXT. SAM AND ASIF'S HOUSE - GARDEN - EVENING 3 58

ASIF smoking a fag in the garden, contemplative.

SUNNY (O.S.)
He was reported missing on
Wednesday 24th February 2021.

59 INT. MELINDA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CORK - EVENING 3 59

A cross above a simple bed.

MELINDA at the foot, on her knees, praying.

SUNNY (O.S.)
With the investigation concluding
he'd taken his own life.

60 INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - MARTY'S BEDROOM - EVENING 3 60

MARTY watching some awful mega violent anime site.

SUNNY (O.S.)
Except.

61 INT. BISHOP'S STREET - CID - JESS'S OFFICE - EVENING 3 61

JESS looks up from the file he has given her.

SUNNY
The OIC on the case was actually
jailed in 2022.

JESS
('oh')
Okay...

62 INT. PRISON CELL - EVENING 3

62

Tracking in on a man lying in his cell in his bed, reading.

JESS (O.S.)
...jailed for what?

SUNNY (O.S.)
Multiple corruption charges. And
here's the thing - that officer...

And out on SIDHU lowering his book and revealing himself to us.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
...was a guy I knew, a guy I'd had
charged myself, a guy called Ram
Sidhu.

And out.

End of Day 3

End of episode one.