ONE OF OUR OWN

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PART ONE

Pink Script 27th August 2014

SCENE NUMBERS LOCKED

Silent Witness XVIII

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1 INT/EXT. HONEYWELL'S CAR/ESSEX STREETS - NIGHT 0

Music: thick solid R&B, booming bass. 'No Church in the Wild', Jay-Z.

A shiny AUDI cruises through the streets. An Essex town, Friday night. Groups of well-groomed lads and excited girls dressed for a night out.

SAM HONEYWELL, 24. Good-looking, smart white shirt, elbow on the sill, tapping the roof in time.

His car's noticed by a knot of heavies hanging on the street. He casually raises his hand. They nod back. Honeywell knows these streets.

He drives on.

2 INT. LADIES' TOILETS, OCTANE CLUB - NIGHT O

A wannabe Boujis. Fancy mirrors and lights. Muffled dance

1

2

WIDE SHOT: Big night sky over a deserted Essex road.

A public phone box. A FI GURE behind the misted glass. Talking on the phone. Urgent movements. Looking round, checking no one's coming.

He hangs up. Is still for a second. As if considering what he's just done.

3B INT. CAGE, GYM - NIGHT O

3B

The cage doors open and Dean's ushered out, punters slapping his back as he pushes his way through.

The next two fighters coming the other way. As they pass, one fighter catches his eye.

It's JACK. Focused, pumped. Jack and Dean share a passing glance... then Jack heads on into the bear pit.

4 EXT/INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT O

4

Dimiy-lit trading estate, edge of town. Honeywell's Audirolls up slowly, no headlights.

He kills the music. Gets out, quickly checks round, starts walking.

POV: A shadowy warehouse yard. Glimpses of two men. An argument. A gun.

Then a small BAG is handed across. An incongruous CHILD'S LUNCH BAG - a big-eyed manga kid smiling on the front. Some kind of deal going down.

Honeywell nears. Cautious.

5 SCENE MOVED TO 3B

5

6 INT. DANCE FLOOR, OCTANE CLUB - NIGHT O

6

Loud, heaving dance floor. An abandoned vibe.

Tess dances sexily with an older man. 27, good-looking. Bit of a lad. This is Tess's boyfriend. JASON SIMONS.

He murmurs something that makes her laugh.

7

Tess. Drunk, dancing with Simons, happy and in love. Losing herself to the pounding beat.

Tess pulls Simons to her and kisses him

A policeman's PEAKED CAP.

RUN TITLES

7 <u>EXT. REMOTE ESSEX ROAD - DAY 1</u>

Grey dawn. Bleak Essex countryside.

Nikki's car pulls up on a remote bit of road.

NIKKI gets out, starts putting on her white SOCO suit.

Jack's grumpy, not awake yet.

He peels the lid of his take-out coffee. Slurps, wincing.

NI KKI

How is it?

JACK

It's six in the morning.

Jack Looks up ahead.

JACK (CONT'D)

Everything but the kitchen sink.

WIDE SHOT: A huge police presence. Squad cars, SCCOs, fire crew, a chopper begins whumping somewhere overhead.

Beyond the tape, a remote lay-by. The burnt-out Audi.

JACK (CONT'D)

A life's a life. Except when it's a copper's. Thin blue line and all that.

Nikki zips up her suit. Turns to him

NI KKI

You've never done one of these, have you?

8 <u>EXT. BURNT-OUT CAR, REMOTE ESSEX ROAD - DAY 1</u>

8

Nikki and Jack slip under the perimeter tape, head towards the Audi.

It's badly but not totally burned out. A glimpse of Honeywell's body in the back seat.

Jack clocks the muted, bleak mood.

Officers are ashen-faced. Some are being comforted by colleagues. A female officer is crying. DI NOLAN, mid 30s, experienced, tough, holds herself together in the face of loss.

The shock and grief is palpable. Jack's never seen the police like this.

As they get to the car, Jack sees police forensics grimly bagging up evidence. He instinctively reacts.

JACK

Excuse me? We need to look at those onsite.

PARRY (O.S.)

A uniform Sergeant blocks Jack. CARL PARRY, mid-20s. Raw emotion behind the terse professionalism

NI KKI

We've been asked to lead the forensics...

PARRY

We've got our own people on this.

JACK

By your Chi ef Constable. An hour ago. Jack Hodgson.

DCI JIM SULLIVAN intervenes. Early 50s. Sharp, experienced. A copper's cop, respected by his men.

SULLI VAN

DCI Sullivan. SIO. Sergeant Parry, assisting the murder team DI Tonia Nolan, my deputy.

NI KKI

Nikki Alexander. Our condolences.

Sullivan nods bluntly. Too raw to let sympathy in. Turns to the car.

SULLI VAN

Sergeant Sam Honeywell. Head of District East Crime Squad. Twenty four, single.

Nikki bends to Honeywell's partly-burned body.

It's tensed, drawn up. Fists clenched like a boxer. Legs and lower torso badly burned. His battered face untouched by fire. A small hole in his forehead.

Jack scans the car: front seats now blackened foam and springs. Back seat less damaged. In the boot, Honeywell's uniform jacket and cap on the collapsed back shelf.

JACK

Spread pattern, front to rear. Accelerant was petrol, by the smell of it.

SULLI VAN

ANPR cameras put the car leaving town just before 1.00a.m A passing vehicle reported it burning at 4.30.

NI KKI

And before that?

SULLI VAN

He was on nights. Last seen leaving his house at 6.00 yesterday evening.

PARRY

He told me he was going for a run, before work. He never showed up.

Jack glances up at Parry. Reappraising. Softer.

JACK

Friend of his?

Parry nods.

Sullivan's radio squawks, calling him away. But he stays.

SULLI VAN

Just give me something to work with.

Nikki can see the pain and anger behind Sullivan's impatience.

NI KKI

Torn entry wound margins. No powder tattooing.

NI KKI

Probably. Yes.

Sullivan looks down at the body.

SULLIVAN
Tell me that killed him Not the fire.

NI KKI

I can't say until the post mortem I'm sorry.

Sullivan nods. Has to suffer this. Makes to leave.

JACK

Trish waves to him happily.

TONY (O. S.)

TONY, 40, a business associate. Others stand round the BBQ Craggy Essex crime bosses, mostly in their 40s, 50s.

The youngest is BEN OSRIN, 33, quiet, watchful, assured.

TERRY FALLON

Been thinking about it, yeah.

TONY

Why? Business is good. (Of Ben Osrin)

The boy kept everything smooth. You're back in the saddle.

TERRY FALLON

It's not the work. That's always been good to me.

TONY

(Real i si ng)

Ah come on. Four years inside's nothing. It was a blip. You know that.

TERRY FALLON

I'm older than you, Tone. I don't need the grief. I got all this. I want to make it good with Trish. So that's it. I'm out.

TONY

(Struggling to understand) So what are you going to do?

TERRY FALLON

Raise some capital. Expand the clubs, property. All bona fide. I'm going be Alan bloody Sugar.

Trish joins them Arms round her husband.

TRI SH

And don't try persuading him out of it. I've just got him back. I'm not letting him go again.

She kisses her husband on the cheek. Ben Osrin comes up.

BEN OSRI N

Another drink, Terry? Trish?

Trish annoyed at his interruption.

HAYNES

The CC wants us to take more resources. Bodi es, forensics, media support.

SULLI VAN

I've got all I can handle for now.

HAYNES

It's not optional. The M nister wants something to announce.

Haynes stops at the door. Turns to Sullivan.

HAYNES (CONT'D)

You don't have to put yourself through this, Jim I can get another SIO

SULLI VAN

I'll be fine.

HAYNES

I've requested that we get rapid access to a list of Honeywell's informants. He had a way with grasses, didn't he.

SULLI VAN

(Levelly)

It's why he was a good copper.

Haynes pauses.

HAYNES

Is there anything else I should know? Now's the time, Jim

Sullivan meets his eye.

SULLI VAN

No, sir.

Haynes satisfied for now. Pushes into the viewing gallery. The others follow. Then they stop.

POV: Honeywell's body on his side on the slab. Perfect gunshot hole. The weird, frozen fists-up position.

On the policemen. Staring at their colleague.

11A INT. LOCKER ROOM, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1

11A

Thomas and Nikki rapidly get into their scrubs. Jack is there too.

THOMAS

(To Jack)

Honeywell was an outstanding officer. (MORE)

11A

THOMAS (CONT'D)

There's huge pressure on the Force for an arrest and they're hurting. Most of them won't sleep until they've got someone.

JACK

I'm guessing that means nor will we.

Nikki glances at Jack.

NI KKI

Honeywell lost his parents at seventeen. Joined the same time as Parry, went up the ranks together. Sullivan was their mentor. He was close to them both. This is personal, Jack.

On Jack. Absorbing this.

12 INT. CUTTING ROOM/VIEWING GALLERY, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1 12

Nikki and Thomas are mid-autopsy. Focused, synchronised.

The gallery above the cutting room Sullivan, Parry, Haynes and other officers from the murder team

THOMAS

(Dictating)

Denaturation of muscle protein, pugilism of the arms and lower body.

NI KKI

White granular substance on the palms and beneath the fingernails.

She carefully gathers some with a scalpel.

THOMAS

Lesi ons on the ulnar border, palms. Possi bly defensive.

NI KKI

Bruises to the head and torso.

SULLI VAN

How many?

NI KKI

Around thirty.

Grim news for the cops in the gallery.

THOMAS

Subcutaneous skin splits around wrists. Ditto the ankles. Probably heat-related constriction from cuffs and socks...

Nikki frowns. Stares closer at puffed, split skin.

NI KKI

There's something in there.

ECU: Tweezers probe deep into the crusted laceration. Tease out orange twine embedded in the wound.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Some kind of rope or twine. The rest must have melted with the heat.

SULLI VAN

He was tied. Beaten.

Nikki sees Sullivan. Taking all this in.

NI KKI

(Dictating)

Soot present inside the mouth and throat but no burns. It's likely he died before being set alight. A CO-Hb test to confirm

Thomas glances at her. Why's she saying this now?

Sullivan gives a nod to Nikki for this small comfort.

His phone vibrates. A text message. Two words.

'Got him

Sullivan's galvanised, on the phone. Pushing his way out.

Other officers follow, dialling phones. On a scent. The viewing gallery empties...

Thomas and Nikki suddenly alone with the body.

Nikki examines Honeywell's right arm Pugilism clenching it tight to his chest.

She peers into the tiny gap.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Right armpit unaffected by fire...

The FLARE of an ultraviolet lamp as it scans the armpit.

Nothing. Then Nikki stops. Frowns.

Forceps extract a single strand of long FAIR HAIR from the darker hairs around it.

Nikki straightens. Holds it up to the light.

13 INT. INCIDENT ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 1

NOLAN (O.S.)

1.14a.m A mile from Honeywell's car.

NOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Registered to Dean Fallon.

Sullivan at a computer. DI Nolan. Behind, Parry and the team

SULLI VAN

We've a four hour window and he happens to be near the scene? It's not enough.

PARRY

It's not on his way home from the club, the gym nothing.

NOLAN

We've checked every car between 1.00 and 4.30a.m There's no one else with anything <u>like</u> Dean's previous.

Nolan brings up a police record. A mugshot. Dean Fallon scowls back.

SULLI VAN

If I arrest him on this, we'll only have 24 hours.

NOLAN

We wanted this bastard. He's good for this, sir.

Sullivan stares at the screen. Undecided. Mind working.

SULLI VAN

Bring him in.

14 EXT. GARDEN, FALLON MANSE - DAY 1

14

The Fallon barbecue drifts into the afternoon.

Dean's posse josh loudly, drink Moet from the bottle. But Dean is distracted. He glowers across the party at -

Chloe fiddles with her drink beside Dean, a little bored.

TESS (O.S.)

Surprised you're upright after last night.

Chloe turns to see Tess and Simons.

Tess kisses her mate, then Dean. He's strangely wrongfooted by Tess.

TESS (CONT'D)

(To Simons)

Do you know Dean? We were like cousins when we were kids.

DEAN

Long lost. Hardly see you these days. (to Simons)
You're from the showroom, right?

SI MONS

Yeah. How's the Beamer? Happy?

DEAN

It's okay.

SI MONS

Let me know when you want an upgrade.

JUNE

Don't even think about it. I was sorry to hear about your troubles, Tel.

TRI SH

Taxman's had it in for him for years. Wouldn't leave him alone. Every little detail. They tried to take the house, everything.

TERRY FALLON

It's all over now.

HUGHES

(Distracted)
Want a drink, love?

TERRY FALLON

They'll come round.

TRI SH

(To June, awkward)

So how s... things?

JUNE

It's got a name, Trish. We're coping with the MS, thanks. Might be going to Vienna next month. Clinical trial.

TRI SH

If there's anything we can do. Money, anything. You know that.

That was just a tiny bit patronising.

JUNE

We'll manage.

Hughes looks distracted, ill at ease.

TERRY FALLON

You alright, Stan? You look a bit sweaty. Why don't you sit down, cool off?

HUGHES

I'm fine, I'll just, uh, get that drink.

Terry watches him go, thoughtful.

BEN OSRIN

Terry? We got more guests.

An unmarked car and two squad cars pull up on the gravel drive in front of the house.

Sullivan, Nolan, Parry and other uniforms get out. The guests look anxious. Party mood evaporating.

14

Parry and two uniforms make for Dean.

TERRY FALLON

(Furious)

What is this, Sullivan?

Sullivan ignores him Glances up at the WELCOME HOWE TERRY banner.

The other cops usher the guests away. June is struggling with her crutch. But Hughes isn't looking after her. He's frozen, staring at the police. Mind whirring. Terrified.

Meanwhile Simons pulls Tess to the back of the crowd.

TESS

What's going on, Jase?

Simons ignores her. He's scanning the party. Trying to weigh how this is playing out...

Parry reaches Dean. His posse bristle.

PARRY

(Waggles plastic cuffs)

Hello, Dean.

Dean grins resigned as he's cuffed and hauled back towards the cars.

BEN OSRI N

Where are you taking my client?

SULLI VAN

Dean Fallon, I'm arresting you on suspicion of involvement in the murder of Sergeant Sam Honeywell. You do not -

Dean laughs over the formal caution. Not bothered.

DEAN

No idea what you're talking about.

Sullivan nods to Parry, who yanks the plastic cuffs a notch tighter. Frog-marches Dean to the police van finishing the caution as Dean Laughs over it.

PARRY

You do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention...

Police start searching the property. Sniffing petrol cans in the garage.

Trish gets in Sullivan's face. Calm Forceful.

16.

14

14 CONTINUED:

TRI SH

Would you talk to us please, officer? I'm his mother...

Terry restrains her, hiding his own concern.

TERRY FALLON

It's alright, love. Ben'll sort it out.

Sullivan starts to get in his car.

SULLI VAN

Stick around, Terry. We'll need to have a chat. Your boy's in a lot of trouble.

Terry watches him drive away.

15 INT. CLEAN ROOM, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1

15

CLOSE ON: Jack's face. Upside down.

He holds a small torch. It sweeps the darkness.

We're in the burned-out guts of Honeywell's car. Jack's shining torch under the passenger seat.

He sees a dull metal object gleam Reaches in, and brings out an iPod. Sticky black plastic on the back.

His phone rings. He extricates himself, answers it.

CLARISSA (O.S.)

Anyt hi ng?

Jack looks at the table next to him It's covered with dozens of charred, melted items. Phone. i Pod. Mostly unrecognisable.

JACK (INTO PHONE)

Just some exciting bits of melted plastic. You?

CLARI SSA (O.S)

Nikki found a hair on the body. We'll get DNA later but it's probably female.

JACK (INTO PHONE)

How do you know?

16 INT. FORENSICS LAB, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1

16

Clarissa focuses on the hair through the microscope, talks into her speakerphone.

CLARISSA (INTO PHONE)

No split ends and too much product. Hydrogen peroxide maybe. That's hair dye to you.

JACK (O. S.)

Thanks. Anything else?

CLARISSA (INTO PHONE)

White powder on the victim's hands, under his nails. Limestone, quartz silica...

JACK (O.S.)

It's called concrete.

CLARISSA (INTO PHONE)

You'd think. If it wasn't for the sodium bicarbonate.

JACK (O.S.)

Baking soda?

(Intrigued)

I'll come and give you a hand.

CLARISSA (INTO PHONE)

That would be lovely, but alas you're wanted elsewhere. Sullivan's made an arrest. Nikki's already on her way.

17 INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION - DAY 1

17

Nikki and Jack walk fast through the station. It's curiously empty. Past the incident room No one.

They approach a packed observation room OFFI CERS spill out into the corridor. Grim focused.

Nikki and Jack squeeze into the darkened room All eyes are on the one-way mirror.

SULLI VAN (O.S.)

18 INT. INTERVIEW/OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 1 18

TIGHT ON: Dean. A faint smile. Like he's enjoying this.

DEAN

No comment.

18

SULLI VAN

We can do this all day. But your case could be harmed if you don't give an explanation at the first opportunity.

Ben Osrin nods. Dean shrugs.

DEAN

I was coming home from the Octane. I'd had a good fight in the cage, went for a drink, packed it in around one, got home around two.

On Jack in the observation room Staring at Dean. Recognising him from last night...

Nikki notices. Puzzled.

SULLI VAN

Why did it take you so long?

DEAN

Maybe I was pissed.

SULLI VAN

Did anyone see you?

DEAN

You'll have to take my word for it.

(Off the photo) Seeing as I think this is all you've got.

SULLI VAN

So you've no alibi for that journey.

BEN OSRI N

Yes he has. Me.

Dean is as surprised as Sullivan. He grins.

BEN OSRIN (CONT'D)

My client was a little worse for wear, so I drove him home.

Sullivan coolly studies Osrin.

NOLAN

Problem is we've been here before, haven't we Dean? You've got serious anger management issues when it comes to cops.

She lays out photos. A policeman. Face horrifically battered and slashed. Later shots of the same man in hospital. Face a mass of stitches and bruises.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

PC Wales was just doing his job. He's only just returned to work. You did this. Remember?

DEAN

I remember you were the one who tried to get me for it.

BEN OSRI N

My client was acquitted of all charges.

NOLAN

(Eyes not leaving Dean) Your bouncer made a handy confession. But we know who really did it.

SULLI VAN

Come on, Dean. What's so important that you'd kill a copper?

Dean eyeballs him Not a flicker.

NOLAN

Your dad's got sidelines. Stolen goods, fraud. But the word is, you've started up all on your own while he's been in nick.

Ben Osrin looking pleased, gathering his papers.

DEA

Enjoy dishing it out, do you? That moment when your fist goes in and he drops.

Nikki warning glance at Jack. But he's not rising to it.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Or maybe you like to take it? That's your bag, isn't it? You like the punishment.

JACK

Don't kid yourself. And I'm not a cop.

NI KKI

Hold out your right hand.

She takes samples from Dean's fingernails...

Suddenly his hand GRIPS hers. He smiles at her.

DEAN

I didn't kill him

Nikki WRENCHES Dean's hand off her.

Jack instinctively gets between them Dean eyeballs Jack. A challenge there.

NOLAN

(To Dean)

Move away or you'll be restrained!

Dean doesn't move. Nolan grabs him in an arm-lock.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

(In Dean's ear)

Now you're just me excuses.

Sullivan is at the door. Not an eases off.

DEAN

(To Jack)

In the ring next time. See if I'm right.

Dean doesn't take his eyes off Jack as he's hauled away.

SULLI VAN

(To Nikki, concerned)

You okay?

She nods, glaring at Jack. Sullivan turns on him

SULLI VAN (CONT'D)

Do you that suspect?

JACK

I passed him in a corridor at the fight last night. That's all.

S 20	WXVIII - ONE OF OUR OWN - PART 1 - PINK 27.08.14 CONTINUED:	22. 20
	Sullivan forces himself to think past his annoyance.	
	SULLIVAN Does he know anything about you? Anything he could use?	
	JACK No.	
	Sullivan studies Jack. Wondering if he's a liability.	
	SULLIVAN I don't want you near him again. Okay?	
	He walks out.	
	Nikki is staring at Jack, concerned.	
	JACK It had nothing to do with the investigation.	
	NIKKI I thought you'd given up, that's all.	
	He can't answer. She follows Sullivan out.	
21	SCENE OMITTED	21
22	SCENE OMITTED	22
23	INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION - DAY 1	23
	Ben Osrin talks quietly on his mobile.	
	BEN OSRIN (INTO PHONE) They've got his car near the cop's body. That's all. Unless there's more I'll get him out today. What about the clubs?	
24	INT. BASEMENT/OFFICE, OCTANE CLUB - DAY 1	24

The Octane's basement's full of Dean's stuff. A desk, pool table, punch bags, sparring gloves. It has been trashed.

Terry stares at the chaos his son's drawn down.

TERRY FALLON (INTO PHONE) The police have been through them all. They didn't find anything.

BEN OSRIN (O.S.)

You can't have this happening now. We raise that money, you'll be legit. Four more days, you'll be free of it all.

TERRY FALLON (INTO PHONE)

Just get him out of there.

He sees Sullivan coming down the steps into the basement. He rings off.

SULLI VAN

Hello, Terry.

Sullivan looks round at the mess. Shakes his head.

what they do. Get carried away. Run before they can walk. End up killing a copper.

TERRY FALLON

What do you want, Sullivan?

SULLI VAN

I heard you're planning on going straight. Md-life crisis? Or just fed up of being in jail?

TERRY FALLON

We'll do this with my solicitor.

SULLI VAN

Yeah, we could. Ben's a smart lad. Kept HMRC from seizing your assets while you

TERRY FALLON What do you know about kids?

Sullivan's face hardens. Stung by this.

SULLIVAN
Personally I wouldn't back Dean. He's a thug. But then, you are his dad.

He puts his card on the desk.

SwPsk.

JACK (CONT'D)
We think he was killed elsewhere. The car was then driven to the site and torched to wipe any traces.

HAYNES

So we don't yet know where he was killed.

JACK

No.

SULLI VAN

What about Dean?

Clarissa clicks up another image. Back of the car.

CLARI SSA

Additives in the petrol don't match any found at the Fallon property. No gunpowder residue on Dean's skin or clothes. Ditto the white substance we found on Honeywell.

JACK

Ben Osrin's prints were on the driver's side of Dean's car. Not necessarily recent. But they could have been.

NOLAN

So Dean's alibi could still stand up.

Frustration in the room Nikki brings up an image of Honeywell's back. Several red vertical marks.

NI KKI

Regular downward lesions. No shirt fibres in the wounds, suggesting they weren't made through clothing.

SULLI VAN

So?

NI KKI

Hemostasis indicates they were made several hours before his death. Not when the major injuries were sustained. Peripeneal swabs tested positive for semen and vaginal fluid. Honeywell had sex sometime early evening.

Sullivan ponders this.

NOLAN

His mobile received a call later at 9.15p.m, before he was due on shift. From a pay phone in Bramton. No witnesses, no prints.

JACK

So who called him? And where did they go?

SULLI VAN

Let's find the girl.

THOMAS

DNA from the hair found in his armpit was the same as the vaginal fluid. No match on the database. We're running more tests on the follicle.

HAYNES (Impatiently, to Thomas)

On Hughes. Deathly pale. Full of fear...

31

32

SCENE OMITTED

EXT. CAR PARK, OCTANE CLUB - DAY 2

Jason Simons pulls into the car park of the Octane club. Tess climbs out of the Aston Martin's passenger seat.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

27	SCENE MOVED TO 24A			
28	INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - NIGHT 1	28		
	Sullivan stares at a photograph. Hendon. A young Honeywell, proud in his graduation uniform			
	He logs the photo. Places it in a cardboard box.			
	CLOSE ON: Items from Honeywell's desk. Law books. Five-a-side football trophies. A fading photo of his parents.	•		
	Sullivan falters. Finding the strength. Carries on listing them all.			
	Parry in the doorway. Hands a file over. Looks numb.			
	PARRY Samis phone log. Message transcripts.			
	SULLIVAN Anything for us?			
	PARRY (shaki ng head) Just personal.			
29	INT. GARAGE - NI GHT 1	29		
	Black. A thin seam of light cuts a dark tight space.			
	The child's LUNCH BAG from the pre-titles.			
30	SCENE OMITTED	30		

(CONTINUED)

31

32

32

CONTI NUED:

He puts his arm round her as they approach the club.

33 <u>INT. BAR, OCTANE CLUB - DAY 2</u>

33

Si mons and Tess enter the empty club. Chloe at the end of the bar. Tess goes to her, Si mons joins Nunn.

SI MONS

Any word on your boy?

Nunn shakes his head.

SIMONS (CONT'D)

Shouldn't worry. Dean's too smart, right?

Nunn nods. Guard up.

SI MONS (CONT'D)

(a wink)

You open for business?

Nunn gets him Simons checks Tess isn't watching.

CUT TO:

Ohloe finishes her Pils. Leans over the bar and grabs another. There's a couple of empties there.

TESS

Bit early isn't it?

Chloe shrugs. Cool towards Tess.

TESS (CONT'D)

He's not worth it.

(softer)

Dean only thinks about himself.

CHLŒ

Why are you trying to ruin it? Dean loves me. It's your Jason's the wrong 'un.

TESS

What?

CHLŒ

Car salesman? He's at it. Dean says.

Tess. Her disbelief.

CUT TO:

Nunn slips a coke wrap across the bar. Simons already sliding his 'fifty' back. Tess approaching. He quickly pockets the wrap before she sees.

Tess hurries past, not happy.

(CONTINUED)

SI MONS

(to Nunn)

Looks like we're off. Come down the showroom Take something for a spin.

On Nunn as Simons exits. Wary. He flips his phone out.

34 INT. NIKKI'S OFFICE, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 2

34

Nikki on the phone, reading a report on screen.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)

The hair sample from Honeywell's body.

SULLI VAN (O.S.)

Stay on, one sec.

(to Nikki) He had a girlfriend we didn't know about. We're already on it.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)

We had enough sample to run ancillary tests. The spectrometry showed higher than normal chlorine content. Kind they use in swimming pools. The girlfriend's a regular swimmer. Daily, most probably.

34A <u>INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY 2</u>

34A

A busy, distracted Sullivan freezes. He's holding someone on the phone while Nikki is on the other line.

He hangs the other phone up. Turns his chair to the incident room Sergeant Parry manning the phone.

NI KKI (O. S.)

Still there?

SULLI VAN (INTO PHONE)

Please don't tell anyone else.

He's staring at Parry.

35 EXT. STREET, PARRY'S HOUSE - DAY 2

35

Nikki and Sullivan get out of his car in a quiet new build estate.

They cross towards one of the houses. Stone clad, Farrow & Ball, brass light, toddler bike on the neat front lawn.

Someone's trying to make the most of this modest home.

NI KKI

Do you know her well?

(CONTINUED)

Sullivan looking at the house. Nikki feels his tension.

Kate rigid now. Tears coming to her eyes.

His departure now rippling through the room

38 <u>SCENE OMITTED</u>

37

38

37

32.

39 INT. MEDICAL ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

39

Jack and Nikki are waiting. Sullivan makes Parry sit.

NI KKI

Do you consent to a forensic examination?

Parry nods. Face a mask.

JACK

This is a test for gun shot residue.

Jack reaches for Parry. Parry offers his other hand.

PARRY

Right-handed. The gunpowder will be on this hand.

Beat. Looks between Sullivan and the team

PARRY (CONT'D)

I said I can explain.

Jack starts swabbing. Out on Parry. Staring ahead.

40 <u>INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY 2</u>

40

Sullivan, Nikki and Nolan with Kate Parry. Blinds down to screen out the incident room

Kate across the table. She seems numb now. Bereft.

KATE PARRY

Six months. Been bubbling under for years. I loved Carl once. Sam was different. Had a way to him Just talking made you feel special.

Sullivan concentrating. This isn't easy for him either.

KATE PARRY (CONT'D)

One afternoon, Sam came over out of the blue. He knew Carl was on shift. After that, didn't matter where I was. What I was doing. Didn't want to be anywhere but in bed with him

SULLI VAN

And Carl found out.

Kat e I ooks up, nods.

KATE PARRY

Have I shocked you, Jim? I'm sorry. You do pride yourself on knowing your boys.

SULLI VAN

What happened Friday?

KATE PARRY

Carl found out last week. Saw some texts. He confronted Sam the day he died.

Sullivan and Nolan exchange a look. News to them

KATE PARRY (CONT'D)

I left the boys with the sitter, met Sam at his flat. Made love. He said Carl had to know we were serious. Things would explode. But he loved me.

Kate staring into space. Lost.

KATE PARRY (CONT'D)

We phoned for a pizza. Sam got a call. He wouldn't say who. I thought it was Carl. Sam left straight away.

On Nikki. Seeing Kate's pain and distress.

KATE PARRY (CONT'D)

Carl swore he didn't kill him Swore on our boys' lives.

Her sobs coming. The grief and fear.

KATE PARRY (CONT'D)

Keep him away from us.

41 INT. INCIDENT ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

41

Sullivan emerges as if coming up for air. Meets Jack in the incident room

JACK

The sample we took from Parry's hand tests positive for gunpowder.

Sullivan nods. Mles away.

41A INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

41A

Nikki has stayed behind with Kate Parry.

NI KKI

Bet you could use a cup of tea.

Kate grateful. Nikki gets up, something's puzzling her.

(CONTINUED)

41A

CONTI NUED:

 $$\rm NI\ KKI\ (\ CONT'\ D)$$ Sounds stupid - but that night, did you and Sam eat that pizza..?

41B <u>INT. INCIDENT ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2</u>

41B

Meanwhile outside. Sullivan focusing on Jack.

SULLI VAN

Any chance the gunpowder was passive? Third party contact?

JACK

There was high concentration of both propellant and primer. Pretty much what you'd expect from discharging a gun in the last 48 hours.

SULLI VAN

Can you match the gunpowder?

JACK

Any residue on Honeywell combusted. We need the bullet.

SULLI VAN

For that we need a murder scene.

They look out to the corridor.

Dean Fallon is being released. Ben Osrin directing him to sign for his possessions.

Sullivan sees Jack's reaction.

SULLI VAN (CONT'D)

(uneasy)

We didn't have a choice.

Dean can't resist a little wave. M mes a punch at Jack.

DEAN

See you out there, killer.

42 <u>INT. INTERVIEW/OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2</u> 42

DI Nolan at the door as Chief Supt Haynes and DCI Sullivan enter.

HAYNES

(Firm, to Sullivan) I'll be leading. Alright?

3 3

SULLI VAN

Yes, Sir.

42

On Sergeant Carl Parry: His world has come apart.

He's sat at the interrogation watching Haynes and Sullivan as they sit down. He knows more colleagues will be behind mirrors and CCTV.

Chief Supt Haynes is laying out a file in front of Parry.

HAYNES

On the left are the log and transcripts from Sergeant Honeywell's mobile. You submitted them to DI Sullivan yourself.

Parry staring blankly at them

HAYNES (CONT'D)

These are the call logs as compiled by DI Nolan direct from the service provider. Since you were detained.

PARRY

Can I see my wife? Please?

HAYNES

It shows you failed to log four calls and deleted two messages. Both from your wife. Why, Sergeant?

PARRY

Please let me talk to her.

On Sullivan, staring at Parry. He presses a button.

KATE PARRY (RECORDED)

(flirty)

Not there babe? You on lates? I know a girl who stays up. All night if she's in the mood. Just sayin'.

Call babe. Carl's broke into my phone. Read stuff. Went mental. Please ring sweetheart, I'm really worried.

The voice breaks into a sob before hanging up.

Parry staring at the tape as it clicks off.

HAYNES

On detainment, a GSR test indicated you recently discharged a firearm

PARRY

Does she say I did it?

HAYNES

You own a gun don't you? This gun.

He pushes forward a photo of a vintage Colt . 45.

HAYNES (CONT'D)
We can stop this now if you want.

Parry's staring at the gun photo.

SULLI VAN

Talk to us, Carl.

Parry I ooks into the mirror. The window over the door. The CCTV. His knee bobbing. End of his tether

PARRY

My best mate. I loved him

SULLI VAN

Then you found out. Kat e.

PARRY

We had a fight. Me and Sam

SULLI VAN

That night, Carl. The gun.

PARRY

I knew he was with her. Didn't trust myself to go round. I went to the range instead. Shot a few rounds off.

HAYNES

Is that what you do when you're angry?

PARRY

I went to the range. Then I drove.

SULLI VAN

HAYNES (CONT'D)

You weren't planning anything. Boiled up. Must have been out of your mind pouring that petrol over him to destroy the -

Parry leaps for the door.

PARRY

Katie! Katie!!

Nolan grabs him, turns to Sullivan.

NOLAN

(distraught)
Do I cuff him sir?

Parry's banging against the tiny window.

PARRY

<u>Ka-tie</u>!!!

He's furious, desperate.

SULLI VAN

God's sake. Leave him

Nolan releases him and Parry slumps to the ground. He hides his face. Crying now. Deep wracking sobs.

PARRY

I'm sorry... Katie! Wasn't me... wasn't!

43 INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

43

Kate Parry. Her husband distantly shouting for her.

She stares into space. Lost to him

44 SCENE OMITTED

44

45 <u>INT. BASEMENT/OFFICE, OCTANE CLUB - DAY 2</u>

45

Dean and Osrin enter the club's office. Terry is checking paper work by a filing cabinet.

Dean immediately wary.

TERRY FALLON

You alright?

DEAN

Piece of piss.

TERRY FALLON
Yeah, doddleisn't it? They think they
make it hard. But you just switch off.

Clarissa looks up from her microscope as Jack enters.

JACK

Parry's denying everything. Help if we actually had a murder scene.

CLARI SSA

How old-fashi oned of you.

(off microscope)
On that front, the white substance under Honeywell's fingernails. We can now add Bentonite to its thrilling ingredients.

JACK

Why would you add an absorbent to concrete?

CLARI SSA

Reservoir liners, motorways, driveways.

48

CLARI SSA

Very on trend.
(Off Jack's puzzled look)
Too sophisticated?

JACK

Just wondering how this helps.

NI KKI

Sea kale's fashi onable with foodies. But it's a specialty of the Essex marshes. One estuary in particular. Near the phone box Honeywell was called from

49 INT/EXT. CAR OF THE WEEK/CAR SHOWROOM - DAY 2

49

Hyden Autosales. High-end motors cram a forecourt.

A hard-faced man at the wheel of a 'car of the week'. PETER RI CHARDS - 50s. He's looking into the wing mirror as Simons approaches.

Simons jumps in. Tosses the coke wrap to the man.

SI MONS

It's not bad.

He grins. Richards isn't amused. Pockets the wrap.

RI CHARDS

The dead uniform Honeywell. How worried should I be?

Simons sobering.

SI MONS

Yeah. That wasn't good.

RI CHARDS

Only if you know anything about it. Do you?

SI MONS

No.

On Richards. Trying to work out if he's lying.

SIMONS (CONT'D)

No one's looking at me. It don't affect anything.

RI CHARDS

The girl?

SI MONS

She just helps me get close.

RI CHARDS

(off forecourt)

Boss wants something back for all this. You can't deliver, you're out.

SI MONS

Be patient. Few days. Be worth the wait.

Richards weighing him

50 <u>INT. FORENSICS LAB, LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 2</u>

50

Unot

Nikki working late.

She realises Sullivan is in the doorway with his coat. Nikki a little surprised he's here.

SULLI VAN

Anything for me?

NI KKI

We're hoping to trace the location of his last meal. Should have something first thing. But you knew that...

SULLI VAN

Yes. Yes I did.

NI KKI

You alright..?

SULLI VAN

I don't know what I'm doing here. Do I?

Nikki smiles.

SULLI VAN (CONT'D)

Had to get out of the station. Couldn't go home.

(beat)

If this was my office, here's where I'd break out a rubbish Scotch.

NI KKI

(off lab)

Sorry.

SULLI VAN

Thought not.

He turns to leave.

Unless you're up for some breaking and ent er i ng?

INT. THOMAS'S OFFICE, LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 2 51

51

Nikki perches on a chair to reach the top shelf. Retrieves a key. Unlocks Thomas's desk drawer.

Sullivan's waiting with two glasses.

SULLI VAN

Single malt. Thank Christ.

NI KKI

He likes to impress. Lucky for us.

They chink. Sullivan takes a pull. He looks exhausted.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Must be pretty awful over there.

SULLI VAN

It's unbearable.

He takes another pull. Not happy he lowered his guard.

NI KKI

Could they not give this to someone... Less involved?

SULLI VAN

You think I'm a masochist.

NI KKI

I think the job can matter too much. Real life happens outside it too.

SULLI VAN

(off where they are) How's that working for you?

Nikki can't help a smile. Touché.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I went to Sam Honeywell's passing out at Hendon. Big day and he had no family so... We went for a drink, just a quiet pub, talked for a couple of hours. Football mostly. We parted and then he called me back, said he'd forgotten to thank me properly for coming. Watching him strut away, head in the air, I felt -

44.

51

51

He tails off. Suddenly self-conscious again.

SULLI VAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. Didn't come to bleed all over you.

NI KKI

Blood's part of my job.

She sinks her Scotch in one.

SULLI VAN

Steady. That's twenty year old cask Scotch.

NI KKI

And it's very delicious.

Sullivan smiles. Some rare relief.

52 <u>EXT. CAR PARK, FISH STALL - DAY 3</u>

52

Next morning, early. Outside a fish stall on the coast. Cockles, whelks, fish of the day. It's closed. A cat hangs around the door, interested in the fish within.

Sullivan and Jack watch the place. They've been there a while.

JACK

(Playful)

You sure you didn't want to use Nikki for this one?

SULLI VAN

People would talk. And no doubt there's some muscly boyfriend who'd mind.

Jack realises Sullivan's fishing. Lets it hang there.

SULLI VAN (CONT'D)

(Casual)

So who's the lucky man?

JACK

(Shrugs)

No idea. You're the detective, let me know if you find out.

Sullivan none the wiser.

JACK (CONT'D)

(Amused. He nods ahead)

Looks like we're on.

Their POV: MRS CARTER approaches the fish stall and unlocks it, shooing the cat from the door as she does so. Jack and Sullivan approach.

JACK (CONT'D)

You serve sea kale?

MRS CARTER

Yeah. On the sea shore. But we're not open 'til twelve.

Jack takes out a sterile bottle.

JACK

Mind if I take a sample?

She I ooks at Jack suspiciously.

SULLI VAN

(Shows his warrant wallet) Mrs Carter? Chief Inspector Sullivan.

Mrs Carter reaches for a carrier bag. Eyes Jack as he takes a sample.

JACK

Is it picked locally?

MRS CARTER

It's all legal if that's what you mean.

Sullivan pulls out a photo of Honeywell in uniform

SULLI VAN

Do you remember serving this man? Two nights ago.

Mrs Carter peers at the photo.

SULLI VAN (CONT'D)

White shirt, dark trousers. He might have been with someone else.

MRS CARTER

(Remembering)

Yeah... They had the whitebait. The other was a copper. Had his uniform on.

Jack glances at Sullivan. So it was Parry. Sullivan betrays no emotion.

SULLI VAN

What did he look like?

MRS CARTER

Didn't notice. They talked, this fellah paid up, drove off in separate cars.

Sullivan pulls out a picture of Carl Parry.

SULLI VAN

Is this who he met?

Mrs Carter squints at it. Shakes her head, uncertain.

JACK

Do you have CCTV?

MRS CARTER

(Withering. She doesn't like Jack.)

We don't keep money here overnight. Just fish.

CUT TO:

Jack and Sullivan walk away from the stall. Jack tucks an evidence bag of sea kale into his pocket.

Sullivan is sombre. Jack knows what this means for him

They head for the car.

Then Jack stops. Staring at the cat hanging around the fish stall. An idea taking hold...

He pulls out his phone. Dials.

JACK (INTO PHONE)

Constituents of cat litter?

53 SCENE OMITTED

53

54 INT. FORENSICS LAB, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3

54

Clarissa at her computer. Un-phased. Already typing. Talks into her speakerphone.

CLARISSA (INTO PHONE)

If you want company, try a goldfish. Less mess.

(reading screen)
Li mest one aggregate, clay silicates
specifically... sodium bent onite. Clever
boy.

JACK (0. S.)

I need somewhere this stuff is handled in bulk.

Clarissa typing fast. Scans her screen.

CLARISSA (INTO PHONE)

Jenkins' Pet Supplies. Wholesaler's on Dockton Lane. Looks like they went bust six months ago. Where are you?

55 <u>EXT. FISH STALL - DAY 3</u>

55

Jack looks to Sullivan, focused.

JACK (INTO PHONE)

I'll call you back.

He hangs up.

JACK (CONT'D)

(To Sullivan)

We might have the place where Honeywell was murdered.

56 <u>INT. BAR, OCTANE CLUB - DAY 3</u>

56

Lunchtime. The club's closed. Dean and Chloe lounge with his posse. Early drinks. They're giggling, talking fast, out of it. Chloe looks glazed.

Tess comes in.

CHLŒ

What are you doing here?

TESS

Jason's meeting me here in five.

DEAN

(Thought f ul)

Really. That's nice. Come and have a drink. Or do you want a tickle?

Tess laughs, slightly ill at ease. Gances at Chloe.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What do you think I meant?

He waggles a rolled-up coke-note. Suggestive.

Tess starting to feel uneasy. Dean is acting weird.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(To his guys)

Tess was my first girlfriend. Thirteen.

Back of the Anchor.

(Winding her up)

She used to fancy the shit out of me.

TESS

Don't Dean.

DEAN

What? It's only Chloe and the boys. We could have a fivesome.

CHLŒ

Piss off, Dean.

The smile drops away from Dean's face. He nods to his boys. They grab Tess's arms.

She's pinned, helpless.

TESS

Leave it out. This isn't funny.

DEAN

Come on girl. I thought you were giving it out to anyone these days.

He slips his hand up her skirt. Pushing himself on her. Tess is writhing beneath him

Suddenly he's YANKED off Tess.

Si mons stands there. Tensed. Ready.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Jase! There you are.

SI MONS

What are you doing?

DEAN

Just mucking about. I was waiting for you actually.

Simons watches Dean's guys edge round, cutting him off.

DEAN (CONT'D)

56

Dean is slightly unnerved at Simons's cool. He presses the gun harder into Simons's head.

DEAN

That's right. Otherwise - (Whispers.)

Pow. . .

He lets Simons go. Tess helps Simons to his feet.

TESS

Chloe...

Chloe is crying. Too shaken and stoned to move.

Simons puts his arm round Tess, leads her away.

Dean watches them leave. He sits back down. His hand shakes as he pours the rest of his beer.

57 <u>EXT. STREET, OCTANE CLUB - DAY 3</u>

57

On the street, Simons turns to Tess.

SI MONS

You okay?

Tess nods, numb. Suddenly full of doubt.

TESS

Is he right? Are you using me?

SI MONS

For Chrissakes Tess. It's what he wants you to think.

TESS

Just tell me.

Simons can't believe this. Angry now.

SI MONS

You know what? Screw this. Let's not go out tonight. I'll see you later.

He storms off. Leaving Tess fighting tears. Not knowing what to believe.

58 EXT. JENKINS' PET SUPPLIES - DAY 3

58

A large open-sided disused WAREHOUSE. White chalky powder on the ground. A couple of broken bags of cat litter against the wall.

Tape, SOOs, Sullivan and his team

Jack is crouched over something at the rear of the yard. Reads a confused mess of footprints and

JACK Foot prints. Two, maybe three men. A lot of activity.

SULLI VAN

What kind of activity?

JACK

He was bleeding.

Jack peers at two smooth round indentations in the chalk.

 $\label{eq:JACK (CONT'D)} \mbox{Someone knelt. Knees here. Toes of the}$ shoes digg Tweg 9 here.

shot ere was

58

He paces beyond this to a spot three metres further. Runs his eyes in a straight line until -

A TINY HOLE in the dirt. Tweezers reach into it.

Jack peers at a flattened BULLET. Glances at Sullivan. They both know what this might prove.

59 INT. HALL, HUGHES HOUSE - DAY 3

59

June Hughes opens her front door.

A surprise visitor. Trish Fallon.

60 INT. LOUNGE/HALL, HUGHES HOUSE - DAY 3

60

June and Trish sit with a tray of tea between them June pours. Two old friends. Distance between them now.

TRI SH

I'm sorry about the way the party ended. I wanted a proper chat.

JUNE

What about Dean? I saw it on the news...

TRI SH

(Bitterly)

They had nothing on him They just needed someone fast after that poor copper. And they've always had it in for Dean.

June nods. Keeps her thoughts to herself.

TRI SH (CONT'D)

We were such good friends. We raised our kids together. What happened?

JUNE

Different paths. Different men.

That's loaded. Trish nods, pained.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(Edge of bitterness)

And I ook at us now. Look at me.

TRI SH

You've got Stan. And Tess. She's a wonderful girl.

JUNE

(Smiling)

Yes. She is.

TRI SH

She's grown into a real beauty. And a boyfriend now...

June grins. The old warmth between them growing.

TRI SH (CONT'D)

Well? What do we think?

JUNE

He's twenty seven.

TRI SH

(Enjoying the gossip)
I see. And does he have a good job?

JUNE

He's a car salesman.

They look at each other. Burst out laughing.

TRI SH

That might not be all bad.

The front door slams. Tess hurries past the half-open door. Upset from Dean's behaviour, her row with Simons.

JUNE

Tess? We've got company. Come and say hello.

In the hall, Tess closes her eyes. The last thing she needs. Quickly gathers herself and opens the lounge door.

TRI SH

(Rising)

Hello sweetheart. How are you?

Tess' polite smile falls as Trish leans in for a kiss.

61 EXT/INT. HUGHES HOUSE - DAY 3

61

Trish says goodbye to June at the door. A kiss and a long hug. Friends reunited.

With a final wave, Trish walks down the path.

Along the estate street. Turns a corner.

A huge black BMW waiting for her. Trish gets in.

TRI SH

She don't know anything about Simons. Tess hasn't told her much.

Dean Fallon ruminates. Jealous, frustrated.

Trish reaches for her seat belt. Straps it across her.

TRI SH (CONT'D)

Don't ever ask me to do that again.

62 INT. FORENSICS LAB, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3

62

Jack and Nikki head up a debrief. Their microscope image blown up on screens. The bullet from the crime scene.

Sullivan, Haynes, Clarissa and Thomas look on.

JACK

The bullet that killed Sam Honeywell. . 45 calibre. Same as the vintage Coltowned by Carl Parry.

Sullivan and Haynes lean in.

JACK (CONT'D)

Parry's gun uses a black powder cartridge. Composition markedly different to a modern smokeless gunpowder.

NI KKI

The gun shot residue we found on Parry shows he indeed fired such a bullet the day Honeywell died. Problem is...

Jack points to his microscope.

JACK

Wasn't this one.

Beat.

SULLI VAN

You mean he couldn't have. Full stop.

THOMAS

If he was wearing a forensic suit, or scuba gear when he pulled the trigger. Otherwise the barium, calcium and silicon from this cartridge would have shown up. It didn't.

Beat. The cops absorbing this.

HAYNES

(to Sullivan)

Parry in cust ody for now, the CPS have to approve his release.



JACK

Aren't you happy? Means your boy's probably off the hook.

HAYNES

Means we don't have our killer.

Haynes exits. Sullivan's more conciliatory.

SULLI VAN

Good work. Thank you.

63 INT. TESS'S BEDROOM, HUGHES HOUSE - DAY 3

63

Tess in her childhood bedroom Posters, toys, books tell the story of a girl becoming a young woman.

She's on her mobile to Simons. Pensive. Serious.

SI MONS (O.S.)

You coming over?

TESS (INTO PHONE)

You want me to?

SI MONS (O.S.)

I'm sorry. I was out of order.

TESS (INTO PHONE)

(brave)

Do you love me?

SI MONS (O.S.)

I'minto you Tess, you know that. You want to listen to Dean, good luck.

On Tess. Wanting to believe him

SI MONS (O. S.) (CONT' D) Come to the flat. It'll be just us.

TESS (INTO PHONE)

Okay.

He hangs up. Tess clutching the phone.

She sees a shadow shift under her door. She goes to the door and yanks it open.

Her father heading away. He's been listening. She's shocked and angry.

TESS (CONT'D)

Are you serious?

HUGHES

I don't know what's going on with you.

(CONTINUED)

JUNE (O. S.)

On Hughes. A glimpse of his burden. Tess sees it too.

HUGHES

This bloke of yours...

TESS

He's called Jason.

HUGHES

That club. These people you're seeing -

TESS

I'm not doing anything stupid.

JUNE (O.S.)

HUGHES

They don't care about you.

He's oddly intense now.

HUGHES (CONT'D)

Dean Fallon's a criminal. He's dangerous. I don't want you out tonight. End of.

TESS

Jason's not Dean. And he loves me.

Hughes's dismay. Tess angry. Vul nerable.

64 <u>INT. CLEAN ROOM, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3</u>

64

FLASH of a UV light flares the screen.

Jack is sweeping Honeywell's car. Interested in a black residue on the carpet under the passenger seat.

He switches to his flashlight to trace where it came from Up inside the burnt-out skeleton of the seat.

Another blob of the same residue clumped against the metal seat frame.

He quickly scans the dashboard. Nothing similar there.

CUT TO:

Jack dialling his mobile. The seat now outside the car.

CLARI SSA (O.S.)

Lyell Centre. Clarissa Mullery.

JACK (INTO PHONE) Velcro. i Pod.

i Pod

67 CONTINUED:

She slowly pulls out something else. Horror mounting.

A shrink-wrapped brick of white powder.

68 <u>INT. FORENSICS LAB, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3</u>

68

Clarissa has her magnifier on the now dismantled i Pod.

Jack hunched behind.

She's comparing the tiny charred innards to images on her computer screen. i Pod-like devices.

CLARI SSA

Blink and you'd miss it.

She pulls back from the magnifier. Taps her screen.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

This little baby.

JACK

(reading)

Voi ce-activated digital recorder.

CLARI SSA

Completely fried, unfortunately.

JACK

Honeywell was bugging his own car.

CLARI SSA

Possibly. Or...

JACK

(tapping away)

Someone else put it there. Someone with

access and time and...

(reading screen)

Honeywell bought his car just two months

before. Dealer was Hyden Autosales

managed by one Jason Si mons...

(tapping, scrolling)

And he is...

On the police photo of Simons on Jack's screen.

CLARI SSA

(reading)

One very bad boy...

69 INT. RECEPTION, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3

69

Jack crossing to the door with his kit. Walking with Nikki.

(CONTINUED)

SI MONS (CONT'D)

Whoever gave it him they won't want it here. Or your dad's in trouble.

He gets up. Tess confused.

SI MONS (CONT'D)

l'II take it back. Safer, isn't it? You stay here.

He's got the lunch bag, shapes to exit. Tess wary now.

TESS

You don't know where it was.

Beat. Simons nodding. Covering.

SI MONS

I know. You were about to tell me right?

He tucks the hair behind her ear. Kisses her.

SI MONS (CONT'D)

Please. Let me do this for you.

72 SCENE OMITTED

72

73 INT/EXT. JACK'S CAR/SIMONS'S FLAT - DAY 3

73

Dusk. Jack's arrived outside Simons's flat. He's on his mobile.

JACK (INTO PHONE)

JACK Hey! Hang on there.

Si mons starts running. Jack torn. Then gives chase.

As he passes the side door, Tess comes out, clocks Jack as she ducks round the corner.

Jack doesn't get a look at her. Carries on chasing Simons.

When he reaches the street. Simons has vanished. He hears a dog barking and decides to jog towards it.

77	SCENE OMITTED	77
78	SCENE OMITTED	78
79	EXT. YARD - DAY 3	79
	Simons hurries towards a car. The dog barking close by.	

SIMONS (INTO PHONE) It's me. It's over. I need help.

Si mons wheels round in pain. A figure, balaclava, well-built, has stunned him with two vicious kidney punches.

Before Simons can draw breath his attacker lands fast, heavy hits to his ribs.

Someone who knows how to punch. How to really hurt.

Simons falls to his knees, staring up for mercy.

The figure winds up another punch.

He unlocks the door. Dials his mobile.

80 EXT. QUI ET STREET/YARD - DAY 3 (SECONDS LATER) 80

Jack runs past the yard. Sees a figure lying in there.

Si mons. He's out cold.

Jack comes over. Simons's hands have been tied behind his back with orange twine.

Just like Honeywell's...

Jack whirls to a sudden movement behind and is caught by

81A CONTINUED:

Nikki saunters into the doorway. She hands him a whisky bottle she's been hiding behind her back.

Sullivan takes the bottle. Studies it.

SULLI VAN

I've got better at home. (leans in) Much better.

Nikki watching him Bold. She smiles slowly. Takes her bottle back. He collects his coat. Smiles.

82 <u>EXT. WOODLANDS - NI GHT 3</u>

82

A dark outdoors space. We don't know what or where. Jason Si mons's bloodshot eyes blink open.

The child's LUNCH BAG slowly swims into focus.

Si mons has been badly beaten. Teeth broken. One eye a slit.

His wrists bloody from the tight orange twine.

The barrel of a gun is slowly lowered to his forehead.

SI MONS

(weak)

Told you. Jason Simons. I'm a car sal esman.

The gloved finger tightens on the trigger.

A thunderous BANG.

83 <u>INT. TESS'S BEDROOM, HUGHES HOUSE - NI GHT 3</u>

83

Tess Hughes is alone in the dark. On her phone. Hand trembling as she presses re-dial again.

84 INT/EXT. CAR/HUGHES HOUSE - NI GHT 3

84

A figure in a car. He looks up at the Hughes house.

Tess is staring out into the darkness from her bedroom window. Phone to her ear.

In the figure's bloodied hand he's holding a mobile. It's vibrating. It says "TESS CALLING".

END OF PART ONE