

ONE OF OUR OWN

Written by

Tom Butterworth and Chris Hurford

PART ONE

Pink Script
27th August 2014

SCENE NUMBERS LOCKED

Silent Witness XVIII

© BBC Drama Production

1

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

1

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 0

2

A wannabe Boujis. Fancy mirrors and lights. Muffled dance music pounds.

Two pretty 18 year olds check their make-up. Celebrity fashion Essex-style. Expensive lashes, nails, heels.

CHLOE has taken a tiny wrap out of her bra. Two Es.

She offers one to her mate TESS. Tess is hesitant. Relents. They swig them down with some Red Bull.

Chloe pulls her top down a notch. They giggle, pile out of the toilets into the club.

3

INT. CAGE, GYM - NIGHT 0

3

CLOSE ON: A man's face in a sparring mask. Circling, wary. A gloved fist snaps his head back. He rides it. Refocuses. A deadly look. DEAN. Early 20s.

A cage fight. The two men exchange savage blows.

Around the cage, East End guys in expensive shirts and their girlfriends. Screaming, waving money.

Dean's taking punishment. He seems to be smiling. Absorbing the punches. Then he attacks. DOUF DOUF DOUF. His opponent flailing. On the floor now. Dean moves in for the kill. Pummelling.

The guy's out cold. Dean's pulled off. Cheers, applause. Dean struts and crows, arms raised.

3A

EXT/INT. PHONE BOX, ROADSIDE - NIGHT 0

3A

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

A public phone box. A FIGURE 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 0

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 0

4

Dimly-lit trading estate, edge of town. Honeywell's Audi rolls 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 0

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.

INTERCUT WITH TERRIFYING ECU GLIMPSES of:

Honeywell's face now battered. There's a sickening SMACK. Another brutal punch.

(CONTINUED)

A glimpsed jag of colour on the floor. A child's lunch bag -

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

Honeywell lies on the back seat of his Audi. Staring up. A gaping BULLET HOLE in his forehead.

Tess pulls Simons to her and kisses him.

WHUMP! A car is filled with flames.

We pull in past the flames. Past the body. To the shelf behind. Something lit by the rising flames.

A policeman's PEAKED CAP.

RUN TITLES

EXT. REMOTE ESSEX ROAD - DAY 1

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.

NIKKI

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, SOCOs, 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.

NIKKI

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

EXT. BURNT-OUT CAR, REMOTE ESSEX ROAD - DAY 1

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 on-site.

PARRY (O.S.)

You are?

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

NIKKI

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

PARRY

We've got our own people on this.

JACK

By your Chief Constable. An hour ago.
Jack Hodgson.

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

SULLIVAN

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

NIKKI

Nikki Alexander. Our condolences.

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

SULLIVAN

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.

SULLIVAN

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

NIKKI

And before that?

SULLIVAN

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.

SULLIVAN

Just give me something to work with.

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

NIKKI

Torn entry wound margins. No powder tattooing.

Nikki gently tips Honeywell's head to the side. A gaping hole. A hinging flap of skull blasted outward.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Large exit wound at the occipital bone.

SULLIVAN

Point blank, in other words.

NIKKI

Probably. Yes.

Sullivan looks down at the body.

SULLIVAN

Tell me that killed him. Not the fire.

NIKKI

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

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

JACK

(To Parry)

You said Honeywell was going for a run on his way to work?

PARRY

Yes. Why?

JACK

(Indicating the car boot)

No jogging gear.

Beat.

PARRY

So he changed his mind.

Parry sees Honeywell's police cap. Reaches for it. Looks down at it. Suddenly fighting emotion.

JACK

We'll need to bag that.

Parry reluctantly hands it over. Walks away.

An opulent mock-Georgian manse in the Essex country. Pool. Horse paddock. Driveway lined with flash cars.

A pool party in full swing. The Essex A-list at play. A banner reads: WELCOME HOME TERRY!

GUESTS eat barbecue food. Gents, chinos, expensive polo shirts. Ladies, tans, big hair, glitzy dresses. Local businessmen, a reality TV star or two. Waiters circulate.

TRISH FALLON (48) shows off her horse to guests. An Essex girl made good. Glamorous, manicured. In her element.

TERRY FALLON watches Trish from a distance. Early 50s, greying. Local boy in Ralph Lauren and Rolex.

Trish waves to him happily.

TONY (O.S.)

*Terry? Trish told me you're getting out
the game.*

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

(Realising)

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.

TRISH

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 OSRIN

Another drink, Terry? Trish?

Trish annoyed at his interruption.

BEN OSRIN (CONT'D)

(To Terry)

There's some investment guys here.
They're interested in your plans for the
clubs. Introduce you later, yeah?

Watches Osrin move off, slight disapproval.

TRISH

Helpful, isn't he? Been more or less
living here since you got out.

TERRY FALLON

He's a good kid. He's got good ideas. And
I owe him, remember?

Terry kisses her. But as he looks up, his mood darkens.

SHOT: A posse of young HEAVIES get out of their cars and
saunter into the party. Cool, cocky, a presence.

Dean Fallon emerges from the house, greets his mates. Low-key fist bumps. He's jinky, like he's just had a line.

A girl with him: Chloe, from the pre-titles.

Dean saunters over. Gives his mother a kiss on the cheek.
It's close, intimate.

Trish nods to Chloe. Polite.

Dean smiles at his father. Provoking.

DEAN

Mum said I could invite some friends. You
don't mind.

Father and son regard each other. Terry smiles.

TERRY FALLON

Course not, son. This is your house too.

But Dean knows that was guarded. He moves off with Chloe.
Terry watches him go.

Sullivan and CHIEF SUPT HAYNES head fast towards the
viewing gallery, trailing Parry, the murder team.

HAYNES

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

SULLIVAN

I've got all I can handle for now.

HAYNES

It's not optional. The Minister 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.

SULLIVAN

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.

SULLIVAN

(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.

SULLIVAN

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.

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

THOMAS

(To Jack)

Honeywell was an outstanding officer.
(MORE)

11A

CONTINUED:

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.

NIKKI

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.

NIKKI

White granular substance on the palms and beneath the fingernails.

She carefully gathers some with a scalpel.

THOMAS

Lesions on the ulnar border, palms. Possibly defensive.

NIKKI

Bruises to the head and torso.

SULLIVAN

How many?

NIKKI

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.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

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.

SULLIVAN

He was tied. Beaten.

Nikki sees Sullivan. Taking all this in.

NIKKI

(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.

Grainy CCTV FOOTAGE. Remote country lane. Night. Rain.

NOLAN (O.S.)
1.14a.m. A mile from Honeywell's car.

A big black BMW 4x4 swishes past. The image freezes.

NOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Registered to Dean Fallon.

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

SULLIVAN
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 like Dean's previous.

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

SULLIVAN
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.

SULLIVAN
Bring him in.

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 -

Terry and Trish, circulating. Ben Osrin at Terry's side, glad-handing guests, at ease, the trusted lieutenant.

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.

(CONTINUED)

Tess kisses her mate, then Dean. He's strangely wrong-footed 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?

SIMONS

Yeah. How's the Beamer? Happy?

DEAN

It's okay.

SIMONS

Let me know when you want an upgrade.

Tell you what. I'll swing you a deal, you get me into the VIP lounge at the Octane.

TESS

(Pulling Simons away)

We got to eat. He's babbling.

The lovers wander off. Dean's smile sours. Eyes Simons.

Chloe forces a smile. She knows Dean's still got a thing for her best friend.

CUT TO:

Trish sees someone approaching through the crowd.

JUNE HUGHES (48) is immaculate Essex, manicure, gold jewellery. She uses a metal walking crutch.

STAN HUGHES (53) helps her. He's careworn, stressed.

Trish shrieks, hugs June. Old friends. Stan and Terry shake. More distant.

TRISH

I can't believe you made it!

JUNE

(Laughs)

I'm not a complete cripple.

TRISH

I wanted to come round when I heard but it's been quite a time. What with Terry being away.

(CONTINUED)

JUNE

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

TRISH

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.

TRISH

(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.

TRISH

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.

(CONTINUED)

Parry and two uniforms make for Dean.

TERRY FALLON

(Furious)

What is this, Sullivan?

Sullivan ignores him. Glances up at the WELCOME HOME 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 OSRIN

Where are you taking my client?

SULLIVAN

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.

TRISH

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.

SULLIVAN

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

Terry watches him drive away.

INT. CLEAN ROOM, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1

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.)

Anything?

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

JACK (INTO PHONE)

Just some exciting bits of melted
plastic. You?

CLARISSA (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?

INT. FORENSICS LAB, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 1

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.

INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION - DAY 1

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

They approach a packed observation room. OFFICERS spill
 out into the corridor. Grim, focused.

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

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
Where you were last night, Dean?

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

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

DEAN
 No comment.

Dean, Ben Osrin. Sullivan and Nolan. Parry on the door.

CCTV images of Dean's 4x4 on the table.

SULLIVAN

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.

SULLIVAN

Why did it take you so long?

DEAN

Maybe I was pissed.

SULLIVAN

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.

SULLIVAN

So you've no alibi for that journey.

BEN OSRIN

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 OSRIN

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.

SULLIVAN

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. A different league. Class As, Bs, legals.

SULLIVAN

Was Honeywell onto you, Dean? Did things get out of control?

Dean leans back, thoughtful. Takes both cops in.

DEAN

I'll tell you my theory. Honeywell was in all the clubs. Mixing it with ruffians. Fancied himself as a player. How do you think he got his information? Maybe he was playing both sides.

Dean flicks a look to Parry. The tiniest of smiles.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What do you reckon, Sarge? You were his mate. Think golden balls was bent? Think that's what got him snuffed? Or was he just an arsehole?

Parry snaps. LAUNCHES at Dean. Sullivan reacts first. Holds Parry back.

SULLIVAN

16.14. DCI Sullivan ending the interview.

Officers burst in and separate Parry from Dean. Parry is ushered out. Dean grins happily at Sullivan.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

Ben Osrin looking pleased, gathering his papers.

19

INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION - DAY 1

19

Sullivan's walking after Parry. Spins him round.

SULLIVAN

What was that?! In front of his brief?

Parry bows his head. Keeping it all in. Sullivan relents.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

We do it by the book. Every bloody page.
Until that bastard's in jail. And we'll
do it for Sam. Okay?

Parry nods. Not trusting himself to speak.

Sullivan sees Nikki is there. She's seen their pain. How
badly they want this. She feels like an intruder.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

What is it?

NIKKI

You wanted us to swab the suspect.

20

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 1

20

Nikki and Jack enter. Nolan stands at the door.

Dean studies Jack with interest.

NIKKI

My colleague and I will take an oral
sample and some swabs from your skin.

DEAN

Does your 'colleague' tell you what he
gets up to in his spare time? The kind of
places he goes to?

Nikki's wrong-footed. Covers it.

NIKKI

Open your mouth please.

She brings a cotton stick to Dean's mouth. He opens wide
but keeps his teeth bared. As if about to bite.

Nikki inserts the swab. Uncomfortable. Withdraws it.

DEAN

(To Jack)

So you're a cop and a brawler.
Interesting. Man with a dark side.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

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.

NIKKI

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 giving me excuses.

Sullivan is at the door. Nolan 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.

SULLIVAN

(To Nikki, concerned)

You okay?

She nods, glaring at Jack. Sullivan turns on him.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Do you know that suspect?

JACK

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

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

SULLIVAN
Hello, Terry.

Sullivan looks round at the mess. Shakes his head.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Kids. You do your best for them and look
what they do. Get carried away. Run
before they can walk. End up killing a
copper.

TERRY FALLON
What do you want, Sullivan?

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

TERRY FALLON
We'll do this with my solicitor.

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

TERRY FALLON
(Scathing)
I was home last night. My wife was there.
Talk to her.

SULLIVAN
We did. You both had lasagne. But Dean's
been dealing drugs in your club. That's
on your watch.

TERRY FALLON
I don't know what you're talking about.

SULLIVAN
He's a problem for you, Terry. A problem
kid. And you know it wouldn't be hard for
me to make the drugs stick to you too.

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.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Be ironic, wouldn't it? Just when you decide to go straight, your son puts you back inside.

Sullivan leaves Terry to think about it.

DI Nolan's delivering files and a mobile to Parry's desk, keeping an eye on Parry. His slip-up with Dean clearly lingers.

NOLAN
Sam's mobile. The call logs from the service provider. You wanted first look?

Parry's staring at the phone.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
You're up to it?

PARRY
Why wouldn't I be?

NOLAN
I'm happy to do it.

PARRY
(firm)
I'll let you know what I find.

Post mortem debrief. Jack, Nikki, Clarissa, Thomas on one side. Haynes, Sullivan, Nolan, Parry on the other.

Clarissa flicks up images of Honeywell's burned-out car.

JACK
No sign of a bullet in the car. No bone or blood spatter.

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.

(CONTINUED)

SULLIVAN

What about Dean?

Clarissa clicks up another image. Back of the car.

CLARISSA

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.

NIKKI

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

SULLIVAN

So?

NIKKI

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?

SULLIVAN

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)

Meanwhile we've got nothing to help us keep Dean Fallon in custody. Just CCTV and his previous.

THOMAS

At the moment, yes.

HAYNES

Then we'd better find something to link that call to Dean. Otherwise I'll be releasing him in the morning.

Lounge in a very modest, ordinary semi. TV on mute.

June lowers herself into her chair and leans back, staring at the muted TV. She's exhausted.

Hughes comes in with a tea tray.

HUGHES

You overdid it this afternoon.

JUNE

I'm fine. All I overdid was the champagne. That and my pills, I was probably higher than Dean's home boys.

He smiles. Kisses her tenderly.

HUGHES

You were great. I was proud of you.

JUNE

Poor Trish. She can have all the money she wants. What's the point when she's got a kid like Dean getting into trouble?

The front door slams.

TESS (O.S.)

Hi...

A young woman in the doorway. Tess. We realise she's their daughter.

TESS (CONT'D)

Have you seen? They think Dean killed a copper.

Tess switches channel.

NEWS HEADLINES: footage of Honeywell's burnt car.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

Eye witnesses say Dean Fallon was arrested for murder at the family home. Meanwhile tributes continue to pour in for Sergeant Honeywell. Police have said that the 24 year old was an outstanding young officer who would be greatly missed by his colleagues and the public alike.

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

27

SCENE MOVED TO 24A

27

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

Sam's phone log. Message transcripts.

SULLIVAN

Anything for us?

PARRY

(shaking head)

Just personal.

29

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 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

31

SCENE OMITTED

31

32

EXT. CAR PARK, OCTANE CLUB - DAY 2

32

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

(CONTINUED)

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

INT. BAR, OCTANE CLUB - DAY 2

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

SIMONS

Any word on your boy?

Nunn shakes his head.

SIMONS (CONT'D)

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

Nunn nods. Guard up.

SIMONS (CONT'D)

(a wink)

You open for business?

Nunn gets him. Simons checks Tess isn't watching.

CUT TO:

Chloe 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.

CHLOE

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

TESS

What?

CHLOE

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)

SIMONS

(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.

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

Nikki on the phone, reading a report on screen.

NIKKI (INTO PHONE)

The hair sample from Honeywell's body.

SULLIVAN (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.

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

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.

NIKKI (O.S.)

Still there?

SULLIVAN (INTO PHONE)

Please don't tell anyone else.

He's staring at Parry.

EXT. STREET, PARRY'S HOUSE - DAY 2

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.

NIKKI

Do you know her well?

(CONTINUED)

Sullivan looking at the house. Nikki feels his tension.

SULLIVAN

Thought I did.

INT. LOUNGE, PARRY'S HOUSE - DAY 2

An immaculate lounge. A photo of Parry with Honeywell. Some barbecue. Both grinning, waving sausages.

Photos of Parry with a pretty blonde woman.

The woman in the photo enters with tea. KATE PARRY, 20s.

KATE PARRY

(to Nikki)

Sure you won't?

Nikki shakes her head as Kate tries to relax into her Heal's armchair. Sullivan watching her closely.

KATE PARRY (CONT'D)

(to Nikki)

Not seen you before, Nikki. You new?

NIKKI

I'm a pathologist.

Kate confused.

SULLIVAN

Are you still teaching the kids at the swimming baths, Kate?

KATE PARRY

Yes. Why?

NIKKI

(tactful)

I'm here to take a DNA swab from you.

SULLIVAN

To confirm a match with hair strands found on the body of Sam Honeywell.

Kate staring back. Jangling inside.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

When did you last see him, Kate?

Kate's mask starting to drop.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Keeping your relationship with Sam from my investigation is serious. But nobody's judging anyone.

Kate rigid now. Tears coming to her eyes.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

There'll be things you can tell us.
Things you don't even think important.
Details about Sam's last day.

NIKKI

Details that might help catch whoever did
this.

Kate confused suddenly. Staring at him.

KATE PARRY

You haven't arrested him, have you?

SULLIVAN

(concerned)

Kate?

He reaches out, but she stands. Distressed.

KATE PARRY

Have to... get the boys. Johnny's got pre-
school, can collect later.

She's shaking. Losing it. Nikki goes to her.

SULLIVAN

Katie. What's the matter?

KATE PARRY

Did you arrest, Carl? Tell me he's
arrested. Did you get his gun...?

On Sullivan. The horror dawning.

INT. INCIDENT ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

On Sergeant Parry at his desk. He's working the phone.

The busy incident room, buzzing around him.

He sees his boss DCI Sullivan enter, face tight. He sees
two other detectives have discreetly stayed by the door.

Sullivan's heading straight for him.

Something gives behind Parry's eyes. He gets to his feet.

PARRY

I can explain, boss.

SULLIVAN

Make this part easy. Do that for me.

Parry nods. Heads for the door. Sullivan following. The
two detectives fall in step and escort him away.

37

CONTINUED:

37

His departure now rippling through the room.

38

SCENE OMITTED

38

39

INT. MEDICAL ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

39

Jack and Nikki are waiting. Sullivan makes Parry sit.

NIKKI

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

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

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.

SULLIVAN

And Carl found out.

Kate looks up, nods.

(CONTINUED)

KATE PARRY

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

SULLIVAN

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. Please.

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. Miles away.

Nikki has stayed behind with Kate Parry.

NIKKI

Bet you could use a cup of tea.

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

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED:

41A

NIKKI (CONT'D)
Sounds stupid - but that night, did you
and Sam eat that pizza..?

41B

INT. INCIDENT ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

41B

Meanwhile outside. Sullivan focusing on Jack.

SULLIVAN
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.

SULLIVAN
Can you match the gunpowder?

JACK
Any residue on Honeywell combusted. We
need the bullet.

SULLIVAN
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.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
(uneasy)
We didn't have a choice.

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

DEAN
See you out there, killer.

42

INT. INTERVIEW/OBSERVATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 2

42

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

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

SULLIVAN
Yes, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

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'.

(Beep....)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

Parry's staring at the gun photo.

SULLIVAN
Talk to us, Carl.

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

PARRY
My best mate. I loved him.

SULLIVAN
Then you found out. Kate.

PARRY
We had a fight. Me and Sam.

SULLIVAN
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.

SULLIVAN
Where Carl?

PARRY
All over. Trying to get my head straight.

Parry shakes his head. Stares at Sullivan.

PARRY (CONT'D)
You know I never killed him.

HAYNES
You come home from work. You're not
expecting the baby-sitter. You're
expecting your wife. You're still angry
from the fight. You know she's with him.
You make a phone call.

*FLASH ON: The figure in the phone box at night. We see
uniform epaulets on his shoulder.*

Parry's shaking his head. Face tight, pale.

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

Ka-tie!!!

He's furious, desperate.

SULLIVAN

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!

Kate Parry. Her husband distantly shouting for her.

She stares into space. Lost to him.

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

Dean immediately wary.

TERRY FALLON

You alright?

DEAN

Piece of piss.

TERRY FALLON

Yeah, doddle isn't it? They think they
make it hard. But you just switch off.

He gives his dad a level look.

TERRY FALLON (CONT'D)

Years go by. You don't feel them. You're not there. Is that what you want?

DEAN

Was it what you wanted?

TERRY FALLON

I'd do anything to get that time back.

DEAN

Bit late, Dad.

Terry stares back.

BEN OSRIN

(to Terry)

You going to tell him?

Beat. Terry shifts.

BEN OSRIN (CONT'D)

No more dealing at the club. No more taking liberties. Next time this happens, you're on your own.

Dean staring at his Dad.

DEAN

Your idea?

TERRY FALLON

This place is going to be clean from now on. We don't want police near us anymore.

DEAN

Who's we?

BEN OSRIN

(to Terry)

Here we go.

DEAN

It's none of your business.

BEN OSRIN

Your father's businesses are my business. Tell him, Terry or-

TERRY FALLON

That's enough, Ben. He understands.

Terry watching his son. Dean staring angrily at Osrin.

46

INT. FORENSICS LAB, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 2

46

Clarissa looks up from her microscope as Jack enters.

JACK

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

CLARISSA

How old-fashioned 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?

CLARISSA

Reservoir liners, motorways, driveways. See? I'm really narrowing it down here.

Jack ready to leave.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

One weird thing.

She shows a close up image of the charred iPod.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

The melted gloop on the back of this thing was once Velcro.

JACK

To stick it to his dashboard?

CLARISSA

(shrug)

I wondered that. Nothing like that on the SOC photos though...

Jack leans in. Puzzled.

JACK

I'll check Honeywell's car again.

47

INT. CUTTING ROOM, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 2

47

CLOSE ON: A plastic tub. S. HONEYWELL - STOMACH CONTENTS.

Next to Nikki at her microscope.

Thomas approaches. Spots the evidence tub.

THOMAS

I was going to suggest lunch.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

Honeywell ordered pizza that night. Kate Parry says he left without eating it.

THOMAS

And you've found salad? Fish? He ate that later. Somewhere else.

NIKKI

With his mystery caller?

Nikki studies the sample.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Long shot. But this might tell us where.

THOMAS

Do we think Parry did it? To his best friend?

NIKKI

Jealousy. Rage.

She's looking up at a screen. Honeywell's charred body, fists raised, as if fighting off his mystery assailant.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Why not?

Jack taps a petri dish. The white chalky granules found under Honeywell's nails.

JACK

Anything?

CLARISSA

Bentonite is widely used for landfill sites. Drainage channels. It's the lead that keeps on giving.

JACK

Narrows it right down.

Clarissa's gathering her stuff to leave. Nikki enters.

NIKKI

We know what his last meal was.

She holds up a jar with a greenish yellow substance.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

The salad wasn't salad... It's sea kale.

CLARISSA

Very on trend.

(Off Jack's puzzled look)
Too sophisticated?

JACK

Just wondering how this helps.

NIKKI

Sea kale's fashionable with foodies. But
it's a specialty of the Essex marshes.
One estuary in particular. Near the phone
box Honeywell was called from.*FLASH ON: The pay phone box. Night. Now wrapped in crime
scene tape. Night wind phasing the ominous ring tone.*

Hyden Autosales. High-end motors cram a forecourt.

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

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

SIMONS

It's not bad.

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

RICHARDS

The dead uniform. Honeywell. How worried
should I be?

Simons sobering.

SIMONS

Yeah. That wasn't good.

RICHARDS

Only if you know anything about it. Do
you?

SIMONS

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.

RICHARDS

The girl?

(CONTINUED)

SIMONS

She just helps me get close.

RICHARDS

(off forecourt)

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

SIMONS

Be patient. Few days. Be worth the wait.

Richards weighing him.

50

INT. FORENSICS LAB, LYELL CENTRE - NIGHT 2

50

Nikki working late.

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

SULLIVAN

Anything for me?

NIKKI

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

SULLIVAN

Yes. Yes I did.

NIKKI

You alright..?

SULLIVAN

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

Nikki smiles.

SULLIVAN (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.

NIKKI

(off lab)

Sorry.

SULLIVAN

Thought not.

He turns to leave.

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

Unless you're up for some breaking and entering?

51

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

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.

SULLIVAN

Single malt. Thank Christ.

NIKKI

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.

SULLIVAN

It's unbearable.

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

NIKKI

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

SULLIVAN

You think I'm a masochist.

NIKKI

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

SULLIVAN

(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 - suddenly, ridiculously - what it was to have been his parent. And how I would have hated to see him go...

(CONTINUED)

He tails off. Suddenly self-conscious again.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

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

NIKKI

Blood's part of my job.

She sinks her Scotch in one.

SULLIVAN

Steady. That's twenty year old cask
Scotch.

NIKKI

And it's very delicious.

Sullivan smiles. Some rare relief.

EXT. CAR PARK, FISH STALL - DAY 3

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?

SULLIVAN

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

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

SULLIVAN (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 looks at Jack suspiciously.

SULLIVAN
(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.

SULLIVAN
Do you remember serving this man? Two
nights ago.

Mrs Carter peers at the photo.

SULLIVAN (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.

*FLASH ON: Night. The phone box. The figure huddled
inside, talking on the phone. A uniform. Epaulets.*

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

SULLIVAN
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.

(CONTINUED)

SULLIVAN
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?

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)
Limestone aggregate, clay silicates
specifically... sodium bentonite. Clever
boy.

JACK (O.S.)
I need somewhere this stuff is handled in
bulk.

Clarissa typing fast. Scans her screen.

CLARISSA (INTO PHONE)
Jenkins' Pet Supplies. Wholesalers on
Dockton Lane. Looks like they went bust
six months ago. Where are you?

55

EXT. FISH STALL - DAY 3

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

INT. BAR, OCTANE CLUB - DAY 3

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.

CHLOE

What are you doing here?

TESS

Jason's meeting me here in five.

DEAN

(Thoughtful)

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

Tess laughs, slightly ill at ease. Glances 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.

CHLOE

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

Suddenly he's YANKED off Tess.

Simons stands there. Tensed. Ready.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Jase! There you are.

SIMONS
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)
What are you doing here all the time,
Jase? Why all the interest?

Simons is wary. Very still and calm.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I mean, you've been here a year, right?
Hanging about. Month ago you sell me a car. Then you go out with Tessie, buying my Charlie. Now Nunn says you been asking questions.

(Approaching)
Do you love me, Jase? Is that what it is?
Do you fancy me?

Suddenly Dean's fist shoots out, SMACKS him in the face.

Simons reels back. Dean's boys have got him pinned.

BAM, Dean slams a punch to Simon's gut. Another. Another.

Tess and Chloe shouting at Dean to stop.

Dean is on top of him, face contorted. Reaches back and pulls out a HANDGUN. Jams it into Simon's temple.

SIMONS
You really don't want to do that.

DEAN
Who are you working for? Who wants a bit of my business.

SIMONS
You've got me wrong. I'll stay out of your way, okay?

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.

EXT. STREET, OCTANE CLUB - DAY 3

On the street, Simons turns to Tess.

SIMONS

You okay?

Tess nods, numb. Suddenly full of doubt.

TESS

Is he right? Are you using me?

SIMONS

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

TESS

Just tell me.

Simons can't believe this. Angry now.

SIMONS

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.

EXT. JENKINS' PET SUPPLIES - DAY 3

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

Tape, SOCOs, Sullivan and his team.

Jack is crouched over something at the rear of the yard.
Reads a confused mess of footprints and tyre tracks
amongst the dirt and spilled cat litter.

JACK

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

SULLIVAN

What kind of activity?

JACK

He was bleeding.

Jack peers at two smooth round indentations in the chalk.

JACK (CONT'D)

Someone knelt. Knees here. Toes of the shoes digging in there.

(Thinking fast)

Honeywell was six foot. Kneeling, his head is about here. Say the shooter was average height.

Jack stands back, arm out straight, two fingers pointed like a gun. Just over the indentations in the dirt.

JACK (CONT'D)

So the gun would be just about... here.

He raises his 'gun'. Takes aim.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)

Jack...

Jack looks round. Sullivan's team are stood still. Watching him relive the execution of their colleague.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

(Softly)

We get the picture.

Jack looks at Sullivan. His team. Realising.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Go on.

Jack walks beyond the spot, scanning the ground.

JACK

Blood spatter from the head wound here. Someone's tried to cover it.

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.

INT. HALL, HUGHES HOUSE - DAY 3

June Hughes opens her front door.

A surprise visitor. Trish Fallon.

INT. LOUNGE/HALL, HUGHES HOUSE - DAY 3

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

TRISH

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

JUNE

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

TRISH

(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.

TRISH (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 look at us now. Look at me.

TRISH

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

JUNE

(Smiling)

Yes. She is.

TRISH

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

June grins. The old warmth between them growing.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Well? What do we think?

JUNE

He's twenty seven.

TRISH

(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.

TRISH

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.

TRISH

(Rising)

Hello sweetheart. How are you?

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

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.

TRISH

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.

TRISH (CONT'D)
Don't ever ask me to do that again.

INT. FORENSICS LAB, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3

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 Colt
owned 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.

NIKKI
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.

SULLIVAN
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)
Keep Parry in custody for now, the CPS
will have to approve his release.

He rises.

(CONTINUED)

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.

SULLIVAN

Good work. Thank you.

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

SIMONS (O.S.)

You coming over?

TESS (INTO PHONE)

You want me to?

SIMONS (O.S.)

I'm sorry. I was out of order.

TESS (INTO PHONE)

(brave)

Do you love me?

SIMONS (O.S.)

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

On Tess. Wanting to believe him.

SIMONS (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.

JUNE (O.S.)
Stan? Are you upstairs?

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.)
Stan? I've lost the remote.

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. Vulnerable.

INT. CLEAN ROOM, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3

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.

CLARISSA (O.S.)
 Lyell Centre. Clarissa Mullery.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (INTO PHONE)
 Velcro. iPod.

CLARISSA (O.S.)
 Monkey nuts. Scissors. I like this game.

JACK (INTO PHONE)
 Why would anyone Velcro their iPod inside
 the passenger seat?

Beat.

CLARISSA (O.S.)
 Don't worry, I'm looking intrigued.

INT. FORENSICS LAB, LYELL CENTRE - DAY 3

Clarissa's retrieved the evidence baggie with the charred
 iPod device. She's studying it. A penny dropping.

CLARISSA (INTO PHONE)
 When is a door not a door...?

JACK (O.S.)
 (bit tetchy)
Clarissa.

Clarissa pleased with herself.

CLARISSA (INTO PHONE)
 Not an iPod. Is it?

INT. HALL, HUGHES HOUSE - DAY 3

Tess coming down the stairs. Dressed up for a date.

She can hear her parents in the front room. Doesn't want
 to see them before she leaves. So ducks into the kitchen.

INT. GARAGE, HUGHES HOUSE - DAY 3

Tess quietly closes the kitchen door. It gives straight
 into the dark garage.

Tess picks her way round the car but sees something.

Her old bike. She struggles to free it. It's caught on
 something. Tess bends. A tool box under a work bench.

Tess yanks hard. The box shunts out and flaps open.

Exposing THE CHILD'S LUNCH BAG from the pre-titles.

Puzzled, Tess looks inside.

She slowly pulls out something else. Horror mounting.

A shrink-wrapped brick of white powder.

Clarissa has her magnifier on the now dismantled iPod.

Jack hunched behind.

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

CLARISSA

Blink and you'd miss it.

She pulls back from the magnifier. Taps her screen.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

This little baby.

JACK

(reading)

Voice-activated digital recorder.

CLARISSA

Completely fried, unfortunately.

JACK

Honeywell was bugging his own car.

CLARISSA

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 Simons...

(tapping, scrolling)

And he is...

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

CLARISSA

(reading)

One very bad boy...

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

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Juvenile violence. Known organiser of football firms. Charged with two racist attacks. Flogged fake MOT's and cut up cars for a few years. Recent links to suspected Essex drug ring.

NIKKI

So maybe this Simons was afraid Honeywell was onto him?

JACK

Or it's a wild goose chase. Where are you off to?

NIKKI

(Awkward)
Home. Good luck.

Tess and Simons. The child's lunch bag on the table. The brick of drugs next to it. Simons makes a tiny cut with his pen knife.

TESS

Is it coke?

SIMONS

(tasting dab)
Not coke. Could be heroin?

Simons's mind working.

TESS

Makes no sense. Dad's not a drug dealer.

SIMONS

Maybe he got dragged into something.

Tess desperate to make any sense of this.

SIMONS (CONT'D)

He's holding it for someone? Had his arm twisted, owes a favour.

TESS

Dad doesn't know people like that.

SIMONS

One thing's sure...

Simons playing it cool.

71

CONTINUED:

71

SIMONS (CONT'D)
 Whoever gave it him, they won't want it
 here. Or your dad's in trouble.

He gets up. Tess confused.

SIMONS (CONT'D)
 I'll 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.

SIMONS
 I know. You were about to tell me right?

He tucks the hair behind her ear. Kisses her.

SIMONS (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)
 Nolan. I'm outside. How far are you?
 (listens)
 Okay. Bye.

He hangs up and sees Jason Simons hurrying out of the flats with the lunch bag under his arm.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Shit.

74

SCENE OMITTED

74

75

SCENE OMITTED

75

76

EXT. SIMONS'S FLAT - DAY 3

76

Jack gets out of his car.

Simons sees Jack staring, doubles back.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Hey! Hang on there.

Simons 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	<u>SCENE OMITTED</u>	77
78	<u>SCENE OMITTED</u>	78
79	<u>EXT. YARD - DAY 3</u>	79
	Simons hurries towards a car. The dog barking close by.	
	He unlocks the door. Dials his mobile.	
	SIMONS (INTO PHONE) It's me. It's over. I need help.	
	<i>DOUF! DOUF!</i>	
	Simons 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.	
80	<u>EXT. QUIET STREET/YARD - DAY 3 (SECONDS LATER)</u>	80
	Jack runs past the yard. Sees a figure lying in there.	
	Simons. 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 a tyre iron to his shoulder. Jack dips in agony and gets laid out with a boot to the head.	
	He watches groggily from the ground as his assailant hauls Simons into the boot of a car and drives off.	
	Jack loses consciousness...	
81	<u>SCENE OMITTED</u>	81
81A	<u>INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - NIGHT 3</u>	81A
	Sullivan looks up from his desk. Footsteps. The incident room's empty.	

81A CONTINUED:

81A

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

Sullivan takes the bottle. Studies it.

SULLIVAN
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 **EXT. WOODLANDS - NIGHT 3**

82

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

The child's LUNCH BAG slowly swims into focus.

Simons 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.

SIMONS
(weak)
Told you. Jason Simons. I'm a car salesman.

The gloved finger tightens on the trigger.

A thunderous BANG.

83 **INT. TESS'S BEDROOM, HUGHES HOUSE - NIGHT 3**

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 - NIGHT 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